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**T H E**  
**P L A Y S**  
**O F**  
**WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.**

**VOLUME THE EIGHTH.**

**C O N T A I N I N G**

**KING JOHN.**

**KING RICHARD II.**

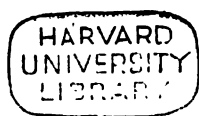
**KING HENRY IV. PART I.**

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K I N G J O H N.\*

Vol. VIII.

B

\* KING JOHN.] *The Troublesome Reign of King John* was written in two parts, by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the present play is entirely different, and infinitely superior to it. POPE.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rowley, nor in the account of Rowley's works is any mention made of his conjunction with Shakspeare in any play. *King John* was reprinted in two parts in 1622. The first edition that I have found of this play in its present form, is that of 1623, in folio. The edition of 1591 I have not seen. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson mistakes when he says there is no mention in Rowley's works of any conjunction with Shakspeare. *The Birth of Merlin* is ascribed to them jointly; though I cannot believe Shakspeare had any thing to do with it. Mr. Capell is equally mistaken when he says (Pref. p. 15.) that Rowley is called his partner in the title-page of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*.

There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded. I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the first *King John*; and when Shakspeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one, with *W. Sh.* in the title-page. FARMER.

The elder play of *King John* was first published in 1591. Shakspeare has preserved the greatest part of the conduct of it, as well as some of the lines. A few of these I have pointed out, and others I have omitted as undeserving notice. The number of quotations from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over this motley piece, ascertain it to have been the work of a scholar. It contains likewise a quantity of rhyming Latin, and ballad-metre; and in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery, there are strokes of humour, which seem, from their particular turn, to have been most evidently produced by another hand than that of our author.

Of this historical drama there is a subsequent edition in 1611, printed for John Helme, whose name appears before none of the genuine pieces of Shakspeare. I admitted this play some years ago as our author's own, among the twenty which I published from the old editions; but a more careful perusal of it, and a further conviction of his custom of borrowing plots, sentiments, &c. disposed me to recede from that opinion. STERVENs.

A play entitled *The troublesome raigne of John King of England*, in two parts, was printed in 1591, without the writer's name. It was written, I believe, either by Robert Greene, or George Peele; and certainly preceded this of our author. Mr. Pope, who is very inaccurate in matters of this kind, says that the former was printed in 1611, as written by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley.

But this is not true. In the *second* edition of this old play in 1611, the letters *W. Sh.* were put into the title-page; to deceive the purchaser, and to lead him to suppose the piece was Shakspeare's play, which at that time was not published.—See a more minute account of this fraud in *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. Our author's *King John* was written, I imagine, in 1596. The reasons on which this opinion is founded, may be found in that Essay. MALONE.

Though this play have the title of *The Life and Death of King John*, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life; and takes in only some transactions of his reign to the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years.

THEOBALD.

Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed not only in the conduct, but sometimes in the very expressions throughout the following historical dramas; viz. *Macbeth*, this play, *Richard II.* *Henry IV.* two parts, *Henry V.* *Henry VI.* three parts, *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.*

"A booke called *The Historie of Lord Faulconbridge, bastard Son to Richard Cordelion*," was entered at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 29, 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter history, or a play on the same subject. For the original *K. John*, see *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross.

STEVENS.

*The historie of Lord Faulconbridge*, &c. is a prose narrative, in bl. l. The earliest edition that I have seen of it, was printed in 1616.

A book entitled "*Richard Cœur de Lion*," was entered on the Stationers' Books in 1558.

A play called *The Funeral of Richard Cordelion*, was written by Robert Wilson, Henry Chettle, Anthony Mundy, and Michael Drayton, and first exhibited in the year 1598. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, Vol. II. MALONE.

## PERSONS represented.

King John:

Prince Henry, *his son; afterwards King Henry III.*

Arthur, *Duke of Bretagne, son of Geffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of King John.*

William Marshall, *Earl of Pembroke.*

Geffrey Fitz-Peter, *Earl of Essex, Chief Justiciary of England.*

William Longsword, *Earl of Salisbury.*<sup>2</sup>

Robert Bigot, *Earl of Norfolk.*

Hubert de Burgh, *Chamberlain to the King.*

Robert Faulconbridge, *son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge:*

Philip Faulconbridge, *his half-brother; bastard son to K. Richard the First.*

James Gurney, *servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

Peter of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of France.*

Lewis, *the Dauphin.*

Arch-duke of Austria.

Cardinal Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*

Melun, *a French Lord.*

Chatillon, *Ambassador from France to King John.*

Elinor, *the widow of King Henry II. and mother of King John.*

Constance, *mother to Arthur.*

Blanch, *daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and niece to King John.*

Lady Faulconbridge, *mother to the bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.*

*Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Salisbury.*] Son to King Henry II. by Rosamond Clifford.  
STEVENS.

# K I N G J O H N.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and Others, with CHATILLON.*

K. JOHN. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

CHAT. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In my behaviour,<sup>a</sup> to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

ELI. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. JOHN. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

<sup>a</sup> *In my behaviour,*] The word *behaviour* seems here to have a signification that I have never found in any other author. *The king of France*, says the envoy, *thus speaks in my behaviour to the majesty of England*; that is, the King of France speaks in the character which I here assume. I once thought that these two lines, *in my behaviour*, &c. had been uttered by the ambassador as part of his master's message, and that *behaviour* had meant the conduct of the King of France towards the King of England; but the ambassador's speech, as continued after the interruption, will not admit this meaning. JOHNSON.

*In my behaviour* means, in the manner that *I now do*.

M. MASON.

*In my behaviour* means, I think, in the words and action that I am now going to use. So, in the fifth act of this play, the Bastard says to the French king,

“ ——— Now hear our English king,

“ For thus his royalty doth speak *in me*.” MALONE.

CHAT. Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair island, and the territories;  
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:  
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,  
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;  
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. JOHN. What follows, if we disallow of this?

CHAT. The proud control<sup>3</sup> of fierce and bloody  
war,  
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. JOHN. Here have we war for war, and blood  
for blood,  
Controlment for controlment; so answer France.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— control——] *Opposition, from controller.* JOHNSON.

I think it rather means *constraint* or *compulsion*. So, in the second act of *King Henry V.* when Exeter demands of the King of France the surrender of his crown, and the King answers—"Or else what follows?" Exeter replies:

"Bloody *constraint*; for if you hide the crown

"Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it."

The passages are exactly similar. M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> *Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,*

*Controlment for controlment; &c.*] King John's reception of Chatillon not a little resembles that which Andrea meets with from the King of Portugal in the first part of *Jeronimo*, &c. 1605:

"And. Thou shalt pay tribute, Portugal, with blood.—

"Bal. *Tribute for tribute* then; and *foes for foes*.

"And. ——— I bid you sudden wars." STEEVENS.

*Jeronimo* was exhibited on the stage before the year 1590.

MALONE.

From the following passage in Barnabie Googe's *Cupido conquered*, (dedicated with his other Poems, in May, 1562, and printed in 1563,) *Jeronimo* appears to have been written earlier than the earliest of these dates:



CHAR. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,  
The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. JOHN. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:

Be thou as lightning<sup>s</sup> in the eyes of France;  
For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:

" Mark hym that shoves y<sup>e</sup> Tragedies,  
" Thyne owne famylyar frende,  
" By whom y<sup>e</sup> Spaviard's hawty style  
" In Englysh verse is pende."

B. Googe had already founded the praises of Phaer and Garganus, and is here descanting on the merits of Kyd.

It is not impossible (though *Ferrex and Porrex* was acted in 1561) that *Hieronymo* might have been the first regular tragedy that appeared in an English dress.

It may also be remarked, that B. Googe, in the foregoing lines, seems to speak of a tragedy "in English verse," as a novelty.

STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> *Be thou as lightning—*] The simile does not suit well: the lightning indeed appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is destructive and the thunder innocent. JOHNSON.

The allusion may notwithstanding be very proper so far as Shakespeare had applied it, i. e. merely to the *swiftness* of the lightning, and its *preceding* and *foretelling* the thunder. But there is some reason to believe that *thunder* was not thought to be innocent in our author's time, as we elsewhere learn from himself. See *King Lear*, Act III. sc. ii. *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. v, *Julius Caesar*, Act I. sc. iii. and still more decisively in *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. ii. This old superstition is still prevalent in many parts of the country. RITSON.

King John does not allude to the destructive powers either of thunder or lightning; he only means to say, that Chatillon shall appear to the eyes of the French like lightning, which shows that thunder is approaching: and the thunder he alludes to is that of his cannon. Johnson also forgets, that though philosophically speaking, the destructive power is in the lightning, it has generally in poetry been attributed to the thunder. So, Lear says:

" You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,  
" Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,  
" Singe my white head!" M. MASON.

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,  
And sullen presage<sup>6</sup> of your own decay.—  
An honourable conduct let him have;—  
Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.]

ELI. What now, my son? have I not ever said,  
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,  
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,  
Upon the right and party of her son?  
This might have been prevented, and made whole,  
With very easy arguments of love;  
Which now the manage<sup>7</sup> of two kingdoms must  
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. JOHN. Our strong possession, and our right,  
for us.

ELI. Your strong possession, much more than  
your right;  
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:  
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;  
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *sullen presage*—] By the epithet *sullen*, which cannot be applied to a trumpet, it is plain that our author's imagination had now suggested a new idea. It is as if he had said, be a *trumpet* to alarm with our invasion, be a *bird of ill omen* to croak out the prognostick of your own ruin. JOHNSON.

I do not see why the epithet *sullen* may not be applied to a *trumpet*, with as much propriety as to a *bell*. In our author's *Henry IV.* P. II. we find

“ Sounds ever after as a *sullen bell*—.” MALONE.

That here are two ideas, is evident; but the second of them has not been luckily explained. *The sullen presage of your own decay*, means, *the dismal passing bell, that announces your own approaching dissolution*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *the manage*—] i. e. conduct, administration. So, in *K. Richard II.*:

“ ———— for the rebels

“ Expedient *manage* must be made, my liege.”

STEEVENS.

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers ESSEX.*<sup>8</sup>

*ESSEX.* My liege, here is the strangest contrivance,  
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,  
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

*K. JOHN.* Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*  
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

*Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE,  
and PHILIP, his bastard brother.*<sup>9</sup>

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

<sup>8</sup> *Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, &c.]* This stage direction I have taken from the old quarto. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *and Philip, his bastard brother.]* Though Shakspeare adopted this character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, it is not improper to mention that it is compounded of two distinct personages.

Matthew Paris says:—"Sub illius temporis curriculo, *Falcaſus de Brete*, Neusterienſis, et ſpurius ex parte matris, atque Baſtardus, qui in vili jumento manticato ad Regis paulo ante clientelam deſcenderat," &c.

Matthew Paris, in his *History of the Monks of St. Albans*, calls him *Falco*, but in his *General History*, *Falcaſus de Brete*, as above.

Holinshed ſays, "That Richard I. had a natural ſon named Philip, who in the year following killed the Viſcount De Limoges to revenge the death of his father." STEEVENS.

Perhaps the following paſſage in the Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, fol. 24, b. ad ann. 1472, induced the author of the old play to affix the name of *Faulconbridge* to King Richard's natural ſon, who is only mentioned in our hiſtories by the name of Philip: "—— one *Faulconbridge*, therle of Kent, his *baſtarde*, a ſtoute-harted man."

Who the mother of Philip was, is not aſcertained. It is ſaid that ſhe was a lady of Poiſſieu, and that King Richard beſtowed upon her ſon a lordſhip in that province.

**BAST.** Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,  
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;  
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

**K. JOHN.** What art thou?

**ROB.** The son and heir to that same Fauleon-  
bridge.

**K. JOHN.** Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?  
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

**BAST.** Most certain of one mother, mighty king,  
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:  
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,  
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.\*

**ELI.** Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame  
thy mother,  
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

**BAST.** I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;  
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;  
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out

In expanding the character of the Bastard, Shakspeare seems to have proceeded on the following slight hint in the original play:

"Next them, a bastard of the king's deceas'd,

"*A hardie wild-head, rough, and ventures.*" MALONE.

\* But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,  
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;

Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.] The resemblance between this sentiment, and that of Telemachus in the first Book of the *Odyssey*, is apparent. The passage is thus translated by Chapman:

"My mother, certaine, sayes I am his sonne;

"I know not; nor was ever simply knowne,

"By any child, the sure truth of his fire."

Mr. Pope has observed that the like sentiment is found in *Euripides*, *Mevander*, and *Aristotle*. Shakspeare expresses the same doubt in several of his other plays. STEVENS.

At least from fair five hundred pound a year:  
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. JOHN. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being  
younger born,  
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

BAST. I know not why, except to get the land.  
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:  
But whe'r<sup>3</sup> I be as true begot, or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head;  
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,  
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)  
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.  
If old sir Robert did beget us both,  
And were our father, and this son like him;—  
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee  
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. JOHN. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent  
us here!

ELI. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> But whe'r.—] *Whe'r* for *whether*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ Good sir, say *whe'r* you'll answer me, or no.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,*] The *trick*, or *tricking*, is the same as the tracing of a drawing, meaning that peculiarity of face which may be sufficiently shown by the slightest outline. This expression is used by Heywood and Rowley in their comedy called *Fortune by Land and Sea*: “ Her face, *the trick of her eye*, her leer.” The following passage in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, proves the phrase to be borrowed from delineation:

“ — You can blazon the rest, Signior?

“ O ay, I have it in writing here o'purpose; it cost me two shillings the *tricking*.” So again, in *Cynthia's Revels*:

“ — the parish-buckets with his name at length *trick'd* upon them.” STEEVENS.

By a *trick*, in this place, is meant some peculiarity of look or motion. So, Helen, in *All's well that ends well*, says, speaking of Bertram:

The accent of his tongue affecteth him :  
Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man ?

*K. JOHN.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,  
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,  
What doth move you to claim your brother's land ?

*BAST.* Because he hath a half-face, like my father ;  
With that half-face<sup>4</sup> would he have all my land :  
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year !

“ ——— ’Twas pretty, though a plague,  
“ To see him every hour ; to sit and draw  
“ His arched brows, &c.  
“ In our heart's table ; heart too capable  
“ Of every line and *trick* of his sweet favour.”

And Gloster, in *K. Lear* says,

“ The *trick* of that voice I do well remember.” *M. MASON.*

Our author often uses this phrase, and generally in the sense of a peculiar air or cast of countenance or feature. So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part I : “ That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion ; but chiefly a villainous *trick* of thine eye,——.” *MALONE.*

<sup>4</sup> *With that half-face—*] The old copy—with *half that face*. But why with *half that face* ? There is no question but the poet wrote, as I have restored the text : *With that half-face—*. Mr. Pope, perhaps, will be angry with me for discovering an anachronism of our poet's in the next line, where he alludes to a coin not struck till the year 1504, in the reign of King Henry VII. viz. a groat, which, as well as the half groat, bore but half faces impressed. Vide *Stowe's Survey of London*, p. 47. *Holinshed*, *Camden's Remains*, &c. The poet sneers at the meagre sharp visage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a silver groat, that bore the King's face in profile, so showed but half the face : the groats of all our Kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of silver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned ; till Henry VII. at the time above mentioned, coined groats and half-groats, as also some shillings, with half faces, i. e. faces in profile, as all our coin has now. The first groats of King Henry VIII. were like those of his father ; though afterwards he returned to the broad faces again. These groats, with the impression in profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to : though, as I said, the poet is knowingly guilty of an anachronism in it : for in the time of King John there were no groats at all ;

**ROB.** My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,  
Your brother did employ my father much;—

**BAST.** Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;  
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

**ROB.** And once despatch'd him in an embassy  
To Germany, there, with the emperor,  
To treat of high affairs touching that time:  
The advantage of his absence took the king,  
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;  
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:  
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores  
Between my father and my mother lay,  
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)  
When this same lusty gentleman was got.  
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd  
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,  
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;  
And, if he were, he came into the world  
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.  
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
My father's land, as was my father's will.

**K. JOHN.** Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;  
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:  
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;  
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands  
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,  
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,

they being first, as far as appears, coined in the reign of King Edward III. **THEOBALD.**

The same contemptuous allusion occurs in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

“ You half-fac'd groat, you thick-cheek'd chitty-face.”

Again, in *Histrionastix*, 1610:

“ Whilst I behold yon half-fac'd minion.” **STEEVENS.**

‘ ——— took it, on his death,] i. e. entertained it as his fixed opinion, when he was dying. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— this, I take it,

“ Is the main motive of our preparations.” **STEEVENS.**

Had of your father claim'd this son for his?  
 In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept  
 This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;  
 In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,  
 My brother might not claim him; nor your father,  
 Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes,<sup>5</sup>—  
 My mother's son did get your father's heir;  
 Your father's heir must have your father's land.

ROB. Shall then my father's will be of no force,  
 To dispossess that child which is not his?

BAST. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,  
 Than was his will to get me, as I think.

ELI. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulcon-  
 bridge,  
 And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;  
 Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,  
 Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?<sup>6</sup>

BAST. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
 And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *This concludes,*] This is a decisive argument. As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to resign him, so not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?*] *Lord of thy presence* means, master of that dignity and grandeur of appearance that may sufficiently distinguish thee from the vulgar, without the help of fortune.

*Lord of his presence* apparently signifies, great in his own person, and is used in this sense by King John in one of the following scenes.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;*] This is obscure and ill expressed. The meaning is—*If I had his shape, sir Robert's—as he has.*

*Sir Robert his*, for *Sir Robert's*, is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the 's added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneously, to be a contraction of *his*. So, Donne:

“ — Who now lives to age,

“ Fit to be call'd Methusalem *his* page?” JOHNSON.

This ought to be printed:

*Sir Robert his, like him.*



And if my legs were two such riding-rods,  
My arms such eelskins stuff'd; my face so thin,  
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,  
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings  
goes!

His according to a mistaken notion formerly received, being the sign of the genitive case. As the text before stood there was a double genitive. MALONE.

\* — my face so thin,

That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,

Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes!'] In this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humorously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full blown rose. We must observe, to explain this allusion, that Queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only prince, who coined in England three-half-pence, and three-farthing pieces. She coined shillings, six-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence. And these pieces all had her head, and were alternately with the rose behind, and without the rose. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has not mentioned a material circumstance relative to these three-farthing pieces, on which the propriety of the allusion in some measure depends; viz. that they were made of silver, and consequently extremely thin. From their thinness they were very liable to be cracked. Hence Ben Jonson, in his *Every Man in his Humour*, says, "He values me at a crack'd three-farthings." MALONE.

So, in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, &c. 1610:

" — Here's a three-penny piece for thy tidings."

" Firk. 'Tis but three-half-pence I think: yes, 'tis three-pence; I smell the rose." STEEVENS.

The sticking roses about them was then all the court-fashion, as appears from this passage of the *Confession Catholique du S. de Sancy*, L. II. c. i: "Je luy ay appris à mettre des roses par tous les coins," i. e. in every place about him, says the speaker, of one to whom he had taught all the court-fashions. WARBURTON.

The roses stuck in the ear, were, I believe, only roses composed of ribbands. In Marston's *What you will*, is the following passage:

" Dupatzo the elder brother, the fool, he that bought the half-penny ribband, wearing it in his ear," &c.

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: " — This ribband in my ear, &c. &c." Again, in *Love and Honour*, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1649:

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,<sup>9</sup>  
 'Would I might never stir from off this place,  
 I'd give it every foot to have this face;  
 I would not be fir Nob in any case.'

ELI. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy  
 fortune,  
 Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?  
 I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

BAST. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my  
 chance:

"A lock on the left side, so rarely hung  
 "With ribbanding," &c.

I think I remember, among Vandyck's pictures in the Duke of  
 Queensbury's collection at Ambrosbury, to have seen one, with  
 the lock nearest the ear ornamented with ribbands which termi-  
 nate in roses; and Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, says,  
 "that it was once the fashion to stick real flowers in the ear."

At Kirtling, in Cambridgeshire, the magnificent residence of  
 the first Lord North, there is a juvenile portrait (supposed to be of  
 Queen Elizabeth) with a red rose sticking in her ear. STEVENS.

Marston in his *Satires*, 1598, alludes to this fashion as fantastical:

"Ribbanded eares, Grenada nether-stocks."

And from the epigrams of Sir John Davies, printed at Middle-  
 burgh, about 1598, it appears that some men of gallantry in our  
 author's time suffered their ears to be bored, and wore their  
 mistress's filken shoe-strings in them. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,] There is no noun  
 to which *were* can belong, unless the personal pronoun in the line  
 last but one be understood here. I suspect that our author wrote—

And though his shape were heir to all this land,—

Thus the sentence proceeds in one uniform tenour. Madam, an if  
 my brother had my shape, and I had his—and if my legs were, &c.—  
 and though his shape were heir, &c. I would give.—MALONE.

"The old reading is the true one. "To his shape" means in ad-  
 dition to it. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,

"Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant."

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> I would not be fir Nob—] Sir Nob is used contemptuously for  
 Sir Robert. The old copy reads—*It* would not be—. The cor-  
 rection was made by the editor of the second folio. I am not  
 sure that it is necessary. MALONE.

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year;  
Yet sell your face for fivepence, and 'tis dear.—  
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.<sup>3</sup>

ELI. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

BAST. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. JOHN. What is thy name?

BAST. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;  
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. JOHN. From henceforth bear his name whose  
form thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;<sup>4</sup>  
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.<sup>5</sup>

BAST. Brother by the mother's side, give me  
your hand;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—  
Now blest be the hour, by night or day,  
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

<sup>3</sup> — *unto the death.*] This expression (a Gallicism, — *à la mort*) is common among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *but arise more great;*] The old copy reads only—*rise*. Mr. Malone conceives this to be the true reading, and that "*more*" is here used as a dissyllable." I do not suppress this opinion, though I cannot concur in it. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.*] It is a common opinion, that *Plantagenet* was the surname of the royal house of England, from the time of King Henry II.; but it is, as Camden observes in his *Remaines*, 1614, a popular mistake. *Plantagenet* was not a family name, but a nick-name, by which a grandson of Geoffrey, the first Earl of Anjou was distinguished, from his wearing a *broom-stalk* in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the first Earl of Anjou, or by King Henry II. the son of that Earl by the Empress Maude; he being always called Henry *Fitz-Empress*; his son, Richard *Cœur-de-lion*; and the prince who is exhibited in the play before us, John *sans-terre*, or *lack-land*. MALONE.

ELI. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—  
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

BAST. Madam, by chance, but not by truth:

What though?<sup>7</sup>

Something about, a little from the right,<sup>8</sup>

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:<sup>9</sup>

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;

And have is have, however men do catch:

Near or far off, well won is still well shot;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

<sup>7</sup> *Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What though?*] I am your grandson, madam, by chance, but not by honesty;—what then?  
JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Something about, a little from the right, &c.*] This speech, composed of allusive and proverbial sentences, is obscure. I am, says the spritely knight, *your grandson*, a little irregularly, but every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that *dares not go about his designs by day*, must *make his motions in the night*; *he*, to whom the door is shut, must *climb the window*, or *leap the hatch*. This, however, shall not depress me; for the world never enquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that *to have is to have*, however it was caught, and that he *who wins, shot well*, whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell near the mark, or far off it. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *In at the window, &c.*] These expressions mean, to be born out of wedlock. So, in *The Family of Love*, 1608:

"Woe worth the time that ever I gave suck to a child that came in at the window!"

So, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607:

"——kindred that comes in o'er the hatch, and sailing to Westminster," &c.

Such another phrase occurs in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*:  
"——then you keep children in the name of your own, which she suspects came not in at the right door." Again, in *The Witches of Lancashire*, by Heywood and Broome, 1634: "——It appears then by your discourse that you came in at the window."—"I would not have you think I scorn my grannam's cat to leap over the hatch." Again: "——to escape the dogs hath leaped in at a window."—"Tis thought you came into the world that way,—because you are a bastard." STEVENS.

**K. JOHN.** Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire,  
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—  
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed  
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

**BAST.** Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!  
For thou wast got i'the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honour<sup>2</sup> better than I was;  
But many a many foot of land the worse.  
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—  
*Good den,*<sup>3</sup> *sir Richard*,—*God-a-mercy*,<sup>4</sup> *fellow*;—  
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:  
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;  
'Tis too respectful, and too sociable,  
For your conversion.<sup>5</sup> Now your traveller,<sup>6</sup>—

<sup>2</sup> *A foot of honour* —] *A step, un pas.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Good den,*] i. e. a good evening. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:  
“God ye *good den*, fair gentlewoman.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *sir Richard,*] Thus the old copy, and rightly. In Act IV. Salisbury calls him *Sir Richard*, and the King has just knighted him by that name. The modern editors arbitrarily read, *Sir Robert*. Faulconbridge is now entertaining himself with ideas of greatness, suggested by his recent knighthood.—*Good den, sir Richard*, he supposes to be the salutation of a vassal, *God-a-mercy, fellow*, his own supercilious reply to it. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *'Tis too respectful, and too sociable,*

*For your conversion.*] *Respectful* is *respectful, formal*. So, in *The Case is Altered*, by Ben Jonson, 1609: “I pray you, sir; you are too *respectful* in good faith.”

Again, in the old comedy called *Michaelmas Term*, 1607: “Seem *respectful*, to make his pride swell like a toad with dew.” Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V:

“You should have been *respectful*,” &c.

*For your conversion*, is the reading of the old copy, and may be right. It seems to mean, his late change of condition from a private gentleman to a knight. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope, without necessity, reads—for your *conversing*. Our author has here, I think, used a licence of phraseology that he

He and his tooth-pick<sup>7</sup> at my worship's mefs ;<sup>8</sup>

often takes. The Bastard has just said, that "new-made honour doth forget men's names;" and he proceeds as if he had said, "—— does not remember men's names." To remember the name of an inferior, he adds, has too much of the respect which is paid to superiors, and of the social and friendly familiarity of equals, for your conversion,—for your present condition, now converted from the situation of a common man to the rank of a knight.

MALONE.

6 —— Now your traveller,] It is said in *All's well that ends well*, that "a traveller is a good thing after dinner." In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller. JOHNSON.

So, in *The partyng of Frenches*, a Copy of Verses subjoined to Tho. Churchyard's *Praise and Reporte of Maister Martyne Forbijffer's Voyage to Meta Incognita*, &c. 1578:

"—— and all the parish throw

"At church or market, in some sort, will talke of trav'lar now." STEEVENS.

7 He and his tooth-pick —] It has been already remarked, that to pick the tooth, and wear a piqued beard, were, in that time, marks of a man affecting foreign fashions. JOHNSON.

Among Gascoigne's poems I find one entitled, *Councell given to Maister Bartholomeu Withpoll a little before his latter Journey to Geane*, 1572. The following lines may perhaps be acceptable to the reader who is curious enough to enquire about the fashionable follies imported in that age:

"Now, sir, if I shall see your mastership

"Come home disguis'd, and clad in quaint array;—

"As with a pike-tooth byting on your lippe;

"Your brave mustachios turn'd the Turkie way;

"A coptankt hat made on a Flemish blocke;

"A night-gowne cloake down trayling to your toes;

"A slender sloop close couched to your dock;

"A curtolde slipper, and a short silk hose," &c.

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson, 1601:

"—— A traveller, one so made out of the mixture and shreds of forms, that himself is truly deformed. He walks most commonly with a clove or pick-tooth in his mouth."

So also, Fletcher:

"—— You that trust in travel;

"You that enhance the daily price of tooth-picks."

Again, in Shirley's *Grateful Servant*, 1630: "I will continue my state-posture, use my tooth-pick with discretion," &c. STEEVENS.

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,  
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise  
 My picked man of countries : '—*My dear sir,*

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1616 [Article, *an Affected Traveller*]: "He censures all things by countenances and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lisping; he will choke rather than confesse beere good drink; and his *tooth-pick* is a main part of his behaviour." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *at my worship's mess;*] means, at that part of the table where I, as a knight, shall be placed. See *The Winter's Tale*, Vol. VII. p. 29, n. 8.

Your *worship* was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in our author's time, as your *honour* was to a lord." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *My picked man of countries:*] The word *picked* may not refer to the beard, but to the *shoes*, which were once worn of an immoderate length. To this fashion our author has alluded in *King Lear*, where the reader will find a more ample explanation. *Picked* may, however, mean only spruce in dress.

Chaucer says in one of his prologues: "Fresh and new her geare *pyked* was." And in *The Merchant's Tale*: "He kempeth him, and proineth him, and *piketb*." In Hyrd's translation of *Vives's Instruction of a Christian woman*, printed in 1591, we meet with "*picked* and apparelled goodly—goodly and *pickedly* arrayed.—Licurgus, when he would have women of his country to be regarded by their virtue and not their ornaments, banished out of the country by the law, all painting, and commanded out of the town all crafty men of *picking* and apparelling."

Again, in a comedy called *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1602:

"'Tis such a *picked* fellow, not a haire

"About his whole bulk, but it stands in print."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "He is too *picked*, too spruce," &c. Again, in Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592, in the description of a pretended traveller: "There be in England, especially about London, certain quaint *picks*, and neat companions, attired, &c. *alamode de France*," &c.

If a comma be placed after the word *man*,—"I catechize

"*My picked man*, of countries."

the passage will seem to mean, "I catechise my selected man, about the countries through which he travelled." STEEVENS.

The last interpretation of *picked*, offered by Mr. Steevens, is undoubtedly the true one. So, in Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553: "—such riot, dicynge, cardynge, *pyking*," &c. *Piked* or *picked*, (for

(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,) *I shall beseech you*—That is question now ;  
 And then comes answer like an ABC-book :<sup>9</sup>—  
*O sir*, says answer, *at your best command ;*  
*At your employment ; at your service, sir :—*  
*No, sir*, says question ; *I, sweet sir, at yours :*  
 And so, ere answer knows what question would,  
 (Saving in dialogue of compliment ;<sup>2</sup>  
 And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,  
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po,) *It draws toward supper in conclusion so.*  
*But this is worshipful society,*  
*And fits the mounting spirit, like myself :*  
*For he is but a bastard to the time,*<sup>3</sup>

the word is variously spelt,) in the writings of our author and his contemporaries, generally means, *spruce, affected, effeminate.*

See also Minshew's Dict. 1617 : " *To picke or trimme.* Vid. *Trimme.*" MALONE.

*My picked man of countries*, is—*my travelled fop.* HOLT WHITE.

<sup>9</sup> — *like an ABC-book* :]. An *ABC-book*, or, as they spoke and wrote it, an *absy-book*, is a *catechism.* JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient *Interlude of Youth*, bl. l. no date :

" In the A. B. C. of bokes the least,

" Yt is written, *deus charitas est.*"

Again, in Tho. Nash's dedication to Greene's *Arcadia*, 1616 :  
 " — make a patrimony of *In speech*, and more than a younger brother's inheritance of their *Abcie.*" STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And so, ere answer knows what question would,*

(*Saving in dialogue of compliment ;*] Sir W. Cornwallis's 28th Essay thus ridicules the extravagance of compliment in our poet's days, 1601 : " We spend even at his (i. e. a friend's or a stranger's) entrance, a whole volume of words.—What a deal of synamon and ginger is sacrificed to diffimulation! *O, how blessed do I take mine eyes for presenting me with this fight! O Signior, the star that governs my life in contentment, give me leave to interre myself in your arms!—Not so, sir, it is too unworthy an inclosure to contain such preciousness, &c. &c.* This, and a cup of drink, makes the time as fit for a departure as can be." TOLLET.

<sup>3</sup> *For he is but a bastard to the time, &c.*] He is accounted but a mean man in the present age, who does not shew by his dress, his



That doth not smack of observation;  
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no;)  
 And not alone in habit and device,  
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement;  
 But from the inward motion to deliver  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:  
 Which, though<sup>4</sup> I will not practise to deceive,  
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;  
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—  
 But who comes<sup>5</sup> in such haste, in riding robes?  
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,  
 That will take pains to blow a horn<sup>6</sup> before her?

*Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE and James Gurney.*<sup>7</sup>

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?  
 What brings you here to court so hastily?

*LADY F.* Where is that slave, thy brother? where  
 is he?

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

*BAST.* My brother Robert? old sir Robert's  
 son?

deportment, and his talk, that he has travelled, and made observations in foreign countries. The old copy in the next line reads—*smoak*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Which, though*—] The construction will be mended, if instead of *which though*, we read *this though*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *But who comes*—] Milton, in his tragedy, introduces Dalilah with such an interrogatory exclamation. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *—to blow a horn*—] He means, that a woman who travelled about like a post, was likely to *horn* her husband.

<sup>7</sup> *—James Gurney*.] JOHNSON.  
 Our author found this name in perusing the history of King John; who not long before his victory at Mirabeau over the French, headed by young Arthur, seized the lands and castle of Hugh Gurney, near Buttevant in Normandy.

MALONE.

Colbrand<sup>a</sup> the giant, that same mighty man?  
Is it fir Robert's son, that you seek so?

LADY F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend  
boy,  
Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at fir Robert?

He is fir Robert's son; and so art thou.

BAST. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a  
while?

GUR. Good leave,<sup>9</sup> good Philip.

BAST. Philip?—sparrow! <sup>2</sup>—James,

<sup>a</sup> Colbrand—] Colbrand was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. The combat is very pompously described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> Good leave, &c.] Good leave means a ready assent. So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part III. Act III. sc. ii:

"K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

"Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Philip?—sparrow!] Dr. Grey observes, that Skelton has a poem to the memory of Philip Sparrow; and Mr. Pope in a short note remarks that a sparrow is called Philip. JOHNSON.

Gascoigne has likewise a poem entitled, *The Praise of Phil Sparrow*; and in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601, is the following passage:

"The birds sit chirping, chirping, &c.

"Philip is treading, treading," &c.

Again, in *The Northern Lass*, 1633:

"A bird whose pastime made me glad,

"And Philip 'twas my sparrow."

Again, in *Magnificence*, an ancient *Interlude*, by Skelton, published by Rastell:

"With me in kepyng such a *Phylip Sparrowe*."

STEEVENS.

The Bastard means: Philip! Do you take me for a sparrow?

HAWKINS.

The sparrow is called Philip from its note.

"——— cry

"Phip phip the sparrows as they fly."

Lyly's *Mother Bombie*.

There's toys abroad; <sup>3</sup> anon I'll tell thee more.

[Exit Gurney.]

Madam, I was not old fir Robert's son;  
 Sir Robert might have eat his part in me  
 Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast: <sup>4</sup>  
 Sir Robert could do well; Marry, (to confesse!) <sup>5</sup>  
 Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;  
 We know his handiwork:—Therefore, good mother,  
 To whom am I beholden for these limbs?  
 Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

LADY P. Hast thou conspired with thy brother  
 too,  
 That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?  
 What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

From the sound of the sparrow's chirping, Catullus in his *Elegy on Lesbia's Sparrow*, has formed a verb:

"Sed circumfiliens modo huc, modo illuc,

"Ad folam dominam usque pipilabat." HOLT WHITE.

<sup>3</sup> *There's toys abroad; &c.*] i. e. rumours, idle reports. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:

"——Toys, mere toys,

"What wisdom's in the streets."

Again, in a postscript of a letter from the Countess of Essex to Dr. Forman, in relation to the trial of Anne Turner for the murder of Sir Tho. Overbury: "——they may tell my father and mother, and fill their ears full of toys." *State Trials*, Vol. I. p. 322.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —— might have eat his part in me

*Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:*] This thought occurs in Heywood's *Dialogues upon Proverbs*, 1562:

"——he may his parte on good Fridaie cate,

"And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geate."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —— (to confesse!)] Mr. M. Mason regards the adverb *to*, as an error of the press: but I rather think, *to* confesse, means—to come to confession. "But, to come to a fair confession now, (says the Bastard,) could he have been the instrument of my production?"

STEEVENS.

*BAST.* Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco—  
like:<sup>6</sup>

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.  
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;  
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;  
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:  
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;  
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

*LADY F.* Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-  
bridge?

*BAST.* As faithfully as I deny the devil.

<sup>6</sup> Knight, knight, *good mother*,—*Basilisco-like*:] Thus must this passage be pointed; and to come at the humour of it, I must clear up an old circumstance of stage-history. Faulconbridge's words here carry a concealed piece of satire on a stupid drama of that age, printed in 1599, and called *Soliman and Perseda*. In this piece there is a character of a bragging cowardly knight, called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is so blown, and seen through, that Piston, a buffoon-servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him, till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dudgeon dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates to him; as, for instance:

“ *Baf.* O, I swear, I swear.

“ *Pist.* By the contents of this blade,—

“ *Baf.* By the contents of this blade,—

“ *Pist.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—

“ *Baf.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—*knight*, good fellow, *knight*.

“ *Pist.* *Knave*, good fellow, knave, knave.”

So that it is clear, our poet is sneering at this play; and makes Philip, when his mother calls him *knave*, throw off that reproach by humorously laying claim to his new dignity of *knighthood*; as Basilisco arrogantly insists on his title of *knight* in the passage above quoted. The old play is an execrable bad one; and, I suppose, was sufficiently exploded in the representation: which might make this circumstance so well known, as to become the butt for a stage-sarcastm. THEOBALD.

The character of *Basilisco* is mentioned in Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. printed in the year 1596.

STEEVENS.

LADY F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd  
To make room for him in my husband's bed:—  
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—  
Thou art ' the issue of my dear offence,  
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

BAST. Now, by this light, were I to get again,  
Madam, I would not wish a better father.  
Some sins<sup>8</sup> do bear their privilege on earth,  
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:  
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—  
Subjécted tribute to commanding love,—  
Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The awless lion could not wage the fight,<sup>9</sup>  
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.  
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,  
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!  
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well  
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.

<sup>1</sup> Thou art—] Old copy—*That* art. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.  
MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Some sins—] There are *sins*, that whatever be determined of them above, are not much censured on earth. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—  
Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The awless lion could not wage the fight, &c.] Shakspeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of *Richard Cœur-de-lion*, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart to whose fury he was exposed by the Duke of Austria, for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. From this ancient romance the story has crept into some of our old chronicles: but the original passage may be seen at large in the introduction to the third volume of *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. PERCY.

Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin;  
 And they shall say, when Richard me begot,  
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:  
 Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.  
[Exeunt.]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

France. *Before the walls of Angiers.*

*Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces, LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.*

LEW. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—  
 Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,  
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,<sup>2</sup>  
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
 By this brave duke came early to his grave:<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Richard, that robb'd &c.*] So, Raftal, in his *Chronicle*: "It is sayd that a *lyon* was put to kynge *Richard*, beyng in prison, to have devoured him, and when the *lyon* was gapyng he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the *lyon* by the harte so hard that he slewe the *lyon*, and therefore some say he is called *Rycharde Cure de Lyon*; but some say he is called *Cure de Lyon*, because of his boldnes and hardy stomake." GREY.

I have an old *black-lettered history* of lord *Fauconbridge*, whence Shakspeare might pick up this circumstance. FARMER.

In Heywood's *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, there is a long description of this fabulous achievement.

The same story is told by Knighton, inter *Decem Scriptores*, and by Fabian, who calls it a *fable*. It probably took its rise from Hugh de Neville, one of Richard's followers, having killed a lion, when they were in the Holy Land: a circumstance recorded by Matthew Paris. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *By this brave duke came early to his grave:*] The old play led Shakspeare into this error of ascribing to the Duke of Austria the

And, for amends to his posterity,  
 At our importance <sup>4</sup> hither is he come,  
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;  
 And to rebuke the usurpation  
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:  
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

ARTH. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's  
 death,

The rather, that you give his offspring life,  
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war:

death of Richard, who lost his life at the siege of Chaluz, long after he had been ransomed out of Austria's power. STEEVENS.

The producing *Austria* on the scene is also contrary to the truth of history, into which anachronism our author was led by the old play. Leopold Duke of Austria, by whom Richard I. had been thrown in prison in 1193, died in consequence of a fall from his horse in 1195, some years before the commencement of the present play.

The original cause of the enmity between Richard the First, and the Duke of Austria, was, according to Fabian, that Richard "tooke from a knight of the Duke of *Ostrie* the said Duke's banner, and in despite of the said duke, trade it under foote, and did unto it all the spite he might." Harding says, in his Chronicle, that the cause of quarrel was Richard's taking down the Duke of Austria's arms and banner, which he had set up above those of the King of France and the King of Jerusalem. The affront was given, when they lay before Acre in Palestine. This circumstance is alluded to in the old *King John*, where the Bastard, after killing Austria, says,

"And as my father triumph'd in thy spoils,

"And trod thine ensigns underneath his feet," &c.

Other historians say, that the Duke suspected Richard to have been concerned in the assassination of his kinsman, the Marquis of Montferrat, who was stabbed in Tyre, soon after he had been elected King of Jerusalem; but this was a calumny, propagated by Richard's enemies for political purposes. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *At our importance—*] *At our importunity.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"—Maria writ

"The letter at Sir Toby's great *importance*." STEEVENS.

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
 But with a heart full of unstained love :  
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

LEW. A noble boy ! Who would not do thee  
 right ?

AUST. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
 As seal to this indenture of my love ;  
 That to my home I will no more return,  
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,  
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,<sup>5</sup>  
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,  
 And coops from other lands her islanders,  
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
 And confident from foreign purposes,  
 Even till that utmost corner of the west,  
 Salute thee for her king : till then, fair boy,  
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

CONST. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's  
 thanks,  
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,  
 To make a more requital to your love.<sup>6</sup>

AUST. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift  
 their swords  
 In such a just and charitable war.

K. PHIL. Well then, to work ; our cannon shall be  
 bent  
 Against the brows of this resisting town.—  
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

<sup>5</sup> ——— *that pale, that white-fac'd shore,*] England is supposed to be called Albion from the *white rocks* facing France.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *To make a more requital, &c.*] I believe it has been already observed, that *more* signified in our author's time, *greater*.

STEVENS.



To cull the plots of best advantages :—<sup>7</sup>  
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,  
 Wade to the marketplace in Frenchmen's blood,  
 But we will make it subject to this boy.

CONST. Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
 Left unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood :  
 My lord Chatillon may from England bring  
 That right in peace, which here we urge in war ;  
 And then we shall repent each drop of blood,  
 That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Enter CHATILLON.*

K. PHI. A wonder, lady!<sup>8</sup>—lo, upon thy wish,  
 Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—  
 What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,  
 We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak.

CHAT. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege  
 And stir them up against a mightier task.  
 England, impatient of your just demands,  
 Hath put himself in arms ; the adverse winds,  
 Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time  
 To land his legions all as soon as I :  
 His marches are expedient<sup>9</sup> to this town,  
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
 With him along is come the mother-queen,

<sup>7</sup> *To cull the plots of best advantages :* ] i. e. to mark such stations as might most over-awe the town. HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> *A wonder, lady !* ] The wonder is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him ; which the French king, according to a superstition which prevails more or less in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *expedient*—] Immediate, *expeditious*. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part II :

“ A breach, that craves a quick, *expedient* stop.” STEEVENS.

An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;<sup>2</sup>  
 With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;  
 With them a bastard of the king deceas'd:<sup>3</sup>  
 And all the unsettled humours of the land,—  
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
 With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—  
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,<sup>4</sup>  
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.  
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,<sup>5</sup>  
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
 To do offence and scath<sup>6</sup> in Christendom.

<sup>2</sup> *An Até, stirring him, &c.*] *Até* was the Goddess of Revenge. The player-editors read—*an Ace*. STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

This image might have been borrowed from the celebrated libel, called *Leicester's Commonwealth*, originally published about the year 1584: "— She standeth like a fiend or fury, at the elbow of her Amadis, to stirre him forward when occasion shall serve." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *With them a bastard of the king deceas'd:*] The old copy, erroneously, reads—*king's*. STEEVENS.

This line, except the word *with*, is borrowed from the old play of *King John*, already mentioned. Our author should have written—*king*, and so the modern editors read. But there is certainly no corruption, for we have the same phraseology elsewhere. MALONE.

It may as justly be said, that the same error has been elsewhere repeated by the same illiterate compositors. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Bearing their birthrights, &c.*] So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"——— O, many

" Have broke their backs with laying manors on them."

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,*] *Waft* for *wafted*. So again in this play:

" The iron of itself, though *beat* red hot——."

i. e. heated. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— *scath* ——] Destruction, harm. JOHNSON.

So, in *How to chuse a good Wife from a Bad*, 1602:

" For these accounts, 'faith it shall *scath* thee something."

Again:

" And it shall *scath* him somewhat of my purse." STEEVENS.

The interruption of their churlish drums

[*Drums beat.*

Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,  
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

*K. PHI.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

*AUST.* By how much unexpected, by so much  
We must awake endeavour for defence;  
For courage mounteth with occasion:  
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard,  
PEMBROKE, and Forces.*

*K. JOHN.* Peace be to France; if France in peace  
permit  
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!  
If not; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!  
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct  
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

*K. PHI.* Peace be to England; if that war return  
From France to England, there to live in peace!  
England we love; and, for that England's sake,  
With burden of our armour here we sweat:  
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;  
But thou from loving England art so far,  
That thou hast underwrought<sup>1</sup> his lawful king,  
Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape  
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.

<sup>1</sup> — *underwrought*—] i. e. underworked, undermined.

Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—  
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:  
 This little abstract doth contain that large,  
 Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time  
 Shall draw this brief<sup>8</sup> into as huge a volume.  
 That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,  
 And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,  
 And this is Geffrey's:<sup>9</sup> In the name of God,  
 How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,  
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
 Which owe the crown that thou o'ermaimest?

K. JOHN. From whom hast thou this great com-  
 mission, France,  
 To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. PHIL. From that supernal judge, that stirs good  
 thoughts  
 In any breast of strong authority,  
 To look into the blots and stains of right.\*

\* — *this brief*—] A *brief* is a short writing, abstract, or  
 description. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“Here is a *brief* how many sports are ripe.”

STREVENS.

9 — *England was Geffrey's right,*

*And this is Geffrey's:*] I have no doubt but we should read—  
 “and *this* is Geffrey's.” The meaning is, “England was Geffrey's  
 right, and whatever was Geffrey's, is now *this*,” pointing to Arthur.

M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> *To look into the blots and stains of right.*] Mr. Theobald reads,  
 with the first folio, *blots*, which being so early authorized, and  
 so much better understood, needed not to have been changed by  
 Dr. Warburton to *bolts*, though bolts might be used in that time  
 for *spots*: so Shakspeare calls Banquo “*spotted with blood, the*  
*blood-bolter'd Banquo.*” The verb to *blot* is used figuratively for to  
*disgrace*, a few lines lower. And perhaps, after all, *bolts* was only  
 a typographical mistake. JOHNSON.

*Blots* is certainly right. The illegitimate branch of a family  
 always carried the arms of it with what in ancient heraldry was

That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :  
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;  
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. JOHN. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. PHI. Excuse ; it is to beat usurping down.

ELI. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France ?

CONST. Let me make answer ;—thy usurping son.

ELI. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king ;  
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world !<sup>3</sup>

CONST. My bed was ever to thy son as true,  
As thine was to thy husband : and this boy  
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,  
Than thou and John in manners ; being as like,  
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.  
My boy a bastard ! By my soul, I think,  
His father never was so true begot ;  
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.<sup>4</sup>

called a *blot* or *difference*. So, in Drayton's *Epistle from Queen Isabel to K. Richard II* :

“ No bastard's mark doth *blot* his conquering shield.”

*Blots* and *stains* occur again together in the first scene of the third act. STEEVENS.

*Blot* had certainly the heraldical sense mentioned by Mr. Steevens. But it here, I think, means only *blemishes*. So again, in Act III.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world !*] “ Surely (says Holinshed) Queen Eleanor, the kyngs mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envye conceived against his mother, than upon any just occasion, given in the behalfe of the childe ; for that she saw, if he were king, how his mother Constance would looke to beare the most rule within the realme of Englande, till her sonne should come to a lawfull age to govern of himselfe. So hard a thing it is, to bring women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being so contrary.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *an if thou wert his mother.*] Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband Lewis the Seventh, when they were in the

ELI. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

CONST. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

AUST. Peace!

BAST. Hear the crier.<sup>5</sup>

AUST. What the devil art thou?

BAST. One that will play the devil, fir, with you, An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.<sup>6</sup> You are the hare<sup>7</sup> of whom the proverb goes, Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard; I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right; Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Holy Land; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards (1151) married our King Henry II. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Hear the crier.*] Alluding to the usual proclamation for *silence*, made by criers in courts of justice, beginning *Oyez*, corruptly pronounced *O-Yes*. Austria has just said *Peace!* MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *One that will play the devil, fir, with you, An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.*] The ground of the quarrel of the Bastard to Austria is no where specified in the present play. But the story is, that Austria, who killed King Richard *Cœur-de-lion*, wore as the spoil of that prince, a lion's *hide*, which had belonged to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the Bastard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. POPE.

See p. 27, n. 9, and p. 28, n. 2. MALONE.

The omission of this incident was natural. Shakspeare having familiarized the story to his own imagination, forgot that it was obscure to his audience; or what is equally probable, the story was then so popular that a hint was sufficient at that time to bring it to mind; and these plays were written with very little care for the approbation of posterity. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *You are the hare*—] So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

“ He hunted well that was a lion's death;

“ Not he that in a garment wore his skin:

“ So *hares* may pull dead lions by the beard.”

See p. 6, n. 4. STREVEN.

The proverb alluded to is, “*Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant.*” Erasmus ADAG. MALONE.

BLANCH. O, well did he become that lion's robe,  
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

BAST. It lies as fightly on the back of him,  
As great Alcides' shoes upon an afs :<sup>8</sup>—  
But, afs, I'll take that burden from your back;  
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

AUST. What cracker is this fame, that deafs our  
ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

<sup>8</sup> *It lies as fightly on the back of him,*

*As great Alcides' shoes upon an afs :*] But why his *shoes* in the name of propriety? For let Hercules and his *shoes* have been really as big as they were ever supposed to be, yet they (I mean the *shoes*) would not have been an overload for an afs. I am persuaded, I have retrieved the true reading; and let us observe the justness of the comparison now. Faulconbridge in his resentment would say this to Austria: "That lion's skin, which my great father King Richard once wore, looks as uncouthly on thy back, as that other noble hide, which was borne by Hercules, would look on the back of an afs." A double allusion was intended; first, to the fable of the afs in the lion's skin; then Richard I. is finely set in competition with Alcides, as Austria is satirically coupled with the afs.

THEOBALD.

The *shoes* of Hercules are more than once introduced in the old comedies on much the same occasions. So, in *The Isle of Gulls*, by J. Day, 1606:

"—are as fit, as Hercules's *shoe* for the foot of a pigmy." Again, in Greene's Epistle Dedicatory to *Perimedes the Blacksmith*, 1588: "—and so, lest I should shape Hercules' *shoe* for a child's foot, I commend your worship to the Almighty." Again, in Greene's *Penelope's Web*, 1601: "I will not make a long harvest for a small crop, nor go about to pull a Hercules' *shoe* on Achilles' foot." Again, *ibid*: "Hercules' *shoe* will never serve a child's foot." Again, in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "—to draw the lyon's skin upon Æsop's asse, or Hercules' *shoes* on a childes feete." Again, in the second of William Rankins's *Seven Satyres*, &c. 1598:

"Yet in Alcides' buskins will he stalk." STEEVENS.

—upon an afs:] i. e. upon the *hoofs* of an afs. Mr. Theobald thought the *shoes* must be placed on the *back* of the afs; and, therefore, to avoid this incongruity, reads—Alcides' *shoes*. MALONE.

K. PHI. Lewis, determine<sup>9</sup> what we shall do straight.

LEW. Women and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very sum of all,—  
England, and Ireland, Anjou,<sup>2</sup> Touraine, Maine,  
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:  
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. JOHN. My life as soon:—I do defy thee,  
France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;  
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more  
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:  
Submit thee, boy.

<sup>9</sup> K. Phi. *Lewis, determine, &c.*] Thus Mr. Malone, and perhaps rightly; for the next speech is given in the old copy (as it stands in the present text) to *Lewis* the dauphin, who was afterwards Lewis VIII. The speech itself, however, seems sufficiently appropriated to the King; and nothing can be inferred from the folio with any certainty, but that the editors of it were careless and ignorant. STEEVENS.

In the old copy this line stands thus:

*King Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.*

To the first three speeches spoken in this scene by King Philip, the word *King* only is prefixed. I have therefore given this line to him. The transcriber or compositor having, I imagine, forgotten to distinguish the word *King* by Italicks, and to put a full point after it, these words have been printed as part of Austria's speech: "King Lewis," &c. but such an arrangement must be erroneous, for Lewis was not king. Some of our author's editors have left Austria in possession of the line, and corrected the error by reading here, "*King Philip, determine,*" &c. and giving the next speech to him, instead of Lewis.

I once thought that the line before us might stand as part of Austria's speech, and that he might have addressed *Philip* and the *Dauphin* by the words, King,—Lewis, &c. but the addressing Philip by the title of King, without any addition, seems too familiar, and I therefore think it more probable that the error happened in the way above stated. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *Anjou,*] Old copy—*Angiers.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald.  
MALONE.



ELI. Come to thy grandam, child.

CONST. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child;  
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will  
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:  
There's a good grandam.

ARTH. Good my mother, peace!  
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;  
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

ELI. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he  
weeps.

CONST. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does,  
or no!<sup>3</sup>

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,  
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poore eyes,  
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;  
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd  
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

ELI. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and  
earth!

CONST. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and  
earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp  
The dominations, royalties, and rights,  
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's son,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no! ] Whe'r for whether.  
So, in an Epigram, by Ben Jonson:

"Who shall doubt, Donne, whe'r I a poet be,

"When I dare send my epigrams to thee?"

Again, in Gower's *De Confessione Amantis*, 1532:

"That maugre where she wolde or not,—," MALONE.

Read: — whe'r he does, or no!—i. e. whether he weeps, or  
not. Constance, so far from admitting, expressly denies that she  
shames him. RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's son, ] Mr. Ritson  
would omit the redundant words—*This is*, and read:

Of this oppressed boy: thy eldest son's son. STEEVENS.

Infortunate in nothing but in thee ;  
 Thy sins are visited in this poor child ;  
 The canon of the law is laid on him ,  
 Being but the second generation  
 Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. JOHN. Bedlam, have done.

CONST.                                      I have but this to say,—  
 That he's not only plagued for her sin,  
 But God hath made her sin and her the plague<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *I have but this to say,——*

*That he's not only plagued for her sin,*

*But God hath made her sin and her the plague, &c.]* This passage appears to me very obscure. The chief difficulty arises from this, that Constance having told Elinor of her *sin-conceiving womb*, pursues the thought, and uses *sin* through the next lines in an ambiguous sense, sometimes for *crime*, and sometimes for *offspring*.

*He's not only plagued for her sin, &c.* He is not only made miserable by vengeance for her *sin* or *crime*; but her *sin*, her *offspring*, and she, are made the instruments of that vengeance, on this descendant; who, though of the second generation, is *plagued for her and with her*; to whom she is not only the cause but the instrument of evil.

The next clause is more perplexed. All the editions read :

—— *plagu'd for her,*

*And with her plague her sin; his injury*

*Her injury, the beadle to her sin,*

*All punish'd in the person of this child.*

I point thus :

—— *plagu'd for her*

*And with her.—Plague her son! his injury*

*Her injury, the beadle to her sin.*

That is; instead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote descendant, *punish her son*, her immediate offspring: then the affliction will fall where it is deserved; *his injury* will be *her injury*, and the misery of her *sin*; her son will be a *beadle*, or chastiser, to her *crimes*, which are now *all punish'd in the person of this child*.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Roderick reads :

—— *plagu'd for her,*

*And with her plagu'd; her sin, his injury.—*

We may read :

*But God hath made her sin and her the plague*

*On this removed issue, plagu'd for her;*

On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,  
And with her plague, her sin; his injury

*And, with her sin, her plague, his injury*

*Her injury, the beadle to her sin.*

i. e. God hath made her and her sin together, the plague of her most remote descendants, who are plagued for her; the same power hath likewise made her sin her own plague, and the injury she has done to him her own injury, as a beadle to lash that sin. i. e. Providence has so ordered it, that she who is made the instrument of punishment to another, has, in the end, converted that other into an instrument of punishment for herself. STEEVENS.

Constance observes that *he* (*is*te, pointing to *King John*, "whom from the flow of gall she names not," is not only plagued [with the present war] for his mother's sin, but God hath made her sin and her the plague also on this removed issue, [Arthur,] plagued on her account, and by the means of her sinful offspring, whose injury [the usurpation of Arthur's rights] may be considered as her injury, or the injury of her sin-conceiving womb; and John's injury may also be considered as the beadle or officer of correction employed by her crimes to inflict all these punishments on the person of this child. TOLLET.

*Plagued* in these plays generally means *punished*. So, in *King Richard III*:

"And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed."

So, Holinshed: "—they for very remorse and dread of the divine plague, will either shamefully flie," &c.

Not being satisfied with any of the emendations proposed, I have adhered to the original copy. I suspect that two half lines have been lost after the words—And with her—. If the text be right, *with*, I think, means *by*, (as in many other passages,) and Mr. Toller's interpretation the true one. *Removed*, I believe, here signifies *remote*. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues."

MALONE.

Much as the text of this note has been belaboured, the original reading needs no alteration.

— I have but this to say,—

*That he's not only plagued for her sin,  
But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
On this removed issue, plagued for her,  
And with her plague, her sin; his injury,  
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,  
All punish'd in the person of this child.*

Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;  
 All punish'd in the person of this child,  
 And all for her; A plague upon her!

ELI. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce  
 A will, that bars the title of thy son.

CONST. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked  
 will;  
 A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. PHI. Peace, lady; pause, or be more tempe-  
 rate:  
 It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim

The key to these words is contained in the last speech of Constance, where she alludes to the denunciation in the *second commandment*, of "*visiting the iniquities of the parents upon the children, unto the THIRD and FOURTH generation*," &c.

"Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

" — This is thy eldest son's son,

" Thy sins are visited in this poor child;

" The canon of the law is laid on him,

" Being but the *second generation*

" Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb."

Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering from the guilt of his grandmother; but, also, by *her*, in person, she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. As he was not her immediate, but REMOVED issue—the *second generation from her sin-conceiving womb*—it might have been expected, that the evils to which, upon her account, he was obnoxious, would have incidentally befallen him; instead of his being punished for them all, by *her* immediate infliction.—He is not only plagued on account of her sin, according to the threatening of the commandment; but, she is preserved alive to her *second generation*, to be the instrument of inflicting on her grandchild the penalty annexed to her sin; so that he is plagued on her account, and with her plague, which is, *her sin*, that is [taking, by a common figure, the cause for the consequence] the penalty entailed upon it. His injury, or the evil he suffers, her sin brings upon him, and HER injury, or, the evil she inflicts, he suffers from her, as the beadle to her sin, or executioner of the punishment annexed to it. HENLEY.

To these ill-tuned repetitions.<sup>5</sup>—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,  
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.*

1 *CIT.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

*K. PHI.* 'Tis France, for England.

*K. JOHN.* England, for itself;  
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

*K. PHI.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's  
subjects,  
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

*K. JOHN.* For our advantage;—Therefore, hear  
us first.<sup>6</sup>—

<sup>5</sup> *It ill befits this presence, to cry aim*

*To these ill-tuned repetitions.*] Dr. Warburton has well observed on one of the former plays, that to *cry aim* is to *encourage*. I once thought it was borrowed from archery; and that *aim*! having been the word of command, as we now say *present*! to *cry aim* had been to *incite notice*, or *raise attention*. But I rather think, that the old word of applause was *J'aime*, *I love it*, and that to applaud was to cry *J'aime*, which the English, not easily pronouncing *Je*, sunk into *aime*, or *aim*. Our exclamations of applause are still borrowed, as *bravo* and *encore*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's first thought, I believe, is best. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure*, or *The Martial Maid*:

“ — Can I *cry aim*

“ To this against myself? — ”

Again, in Churchyard's *Charge*, 1580, p. 8, b:

“ Yet he that stands, and *giveth aime*,

“ Maie judge what shott doeth lose the game;

“ What shooter beats the marke in vaine,

“ Who shooteth faire, who shooteth plaine.”

Again, in our author's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Vol. III. p. 409, where Ford says: “ — and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall *cry aim*.” See the note on that passage.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.*] If we read—

These flags of France, that are advanced here  
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,  
 Have hither march'd to your endamagement :  
 The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;  
 And ready mounted are they, to spit forth  
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :  
 All preparation for a bloody siege,  
 And merciless proceeding by these French,  
 Confront your city's eyes,<sup>7</sup> your winking gates ;<sup>8</sup>  
 And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,  
 That as a waist do girdle you about,  
 By the compulsion of their ordnance  
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
 Had been dishabited,<sup>9</sup> and wide havock made  
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
 But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,——  
 Who painfully, with much expedient march,  
 Have brought a countercheck<sup>2</sup> before your gates,  
 To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,——  
 Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle :  
 And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,  
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,  
 They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,<sup>3</sup>

*For your advantage,* it would be a more specious reason for interrupting Philip. TYRWHITT.

<sup>7</sup> Confront *your city's eyes*,] The old copy reads—*Comfort*, &c. Mr. Rowe made this necessary change. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— *your winking gates* ;] i. e. gates hastily closed from an apprehension of danger. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II:

“ And winking leap'd into destruction.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —— *dishabited*,] i. e. dislodged, violently removed from their places:—a word, I believe, of our author's coinage. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —— *a countercheck*——] This, I believe, is one of the ancient terms used in the game of chess. So, in *Mucedorus*, 1598:

“ Post hence thyself, thou counterchecking trull.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke*,] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ This helpless smoke of words, doth me no right.” MALONE.

To make a faithless error in your ears :  
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,  
Forwearied<sup>4</sup> in this action of swift speed,  
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

*K. PHIL.* When I have said, make answer to us both.  
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection  
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;  
Son to the elder brother of this man,  
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :  
For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
In warlike march these greens before your town;  
Being no further enemy to you,  
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,  
In the relief of this oppressed child,  
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then  
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,  
To him that owes it ;<sup>5</sup> namely, this young prince :  
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up ;  
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent  
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven ;  
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,  
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,  
We will bear home that lusty blood again,  
Which here we came to spout against your town,  
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.  
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,

<sup>4</sup> *Forwearied*—] i. e. worn out. Sax. So, Chaucer, in his *Roman of the Rose*, speaking of the mantle of Avarice :

“ And if it were *forwerid*, the

“ Would havin,” &c. STERVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *To him that owes it* ;] i. e. *owns* it. See our author and his contemporaries, *passim*. So, in *Otello* :

“ — that sweet sleep

“ That thou *ow'd'st* yesterday.” STERVENS.

'Tis not the roundure <sup>4</sup> of your old-fac'd walls  
 Can hide you from our messengers of war;  
 Though all these English, and their discipline,  
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.  
 Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?  
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
 And stalk in blood to our possession?

1 *CIT.* In brief, we are the king of England's  
 subjects;

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

*K. JOHN.* Acknowledge then the king, and let  
 me in.

1 *CIT.* That can we not: but he that proves the  
 king,

To him will we prove loyal; till that time,  
 Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

*K. JOHN.* Doth not the crown of England prove  
 the king?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

*BAST.* Bastards, and else.

*K. John.* To verify our title with their lives.

*K. PHI.* As many, and as well-born bloods as  
 those,—

*BAST.* Some bastards too.

<sup>4</sup> *'Tis not the roundure, &c.] Roundure means the same as the French rondeur, i. e. the circle.*

So, in *All's lost by Lust*, a tragedy by Rowley, 1633:

“ — will she meet our arms

“ With an alternate *roundure*?”

Again, in Shakespeare's 21st Sonnet:

“ — all things rare,

“ That heaven's air in this huge *roundure* hems.”

STEEVENS.



*K. PHI.* Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

*I CIT.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,  
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

*K. JOHN.* Then God forgive the sin of all those  
souls,  
That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

*K. PHI.* Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to  
arms!

*BAST.* St. George,—that swing'd the dragon, and  
e'er since,  
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,  
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,  
At your den, sirrah, [*To AUSTRIA.*] with your lionses,  
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,<sup>s</sup>  
And make a monster of you.

*AUST.* Peace; no more.

*BAST.* O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

*K. JOHN.* Up higher to the plain; where we'll  
set forth,  
In best appointment, all our regiments.

*BAST.* Speed then, to take advantage of the  
field.

*K. PHI.* It shall be so;— [*To LEWIS.*] and at the  
other hill  
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!  
[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>s</sup> *I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,*] So, in the old spurious  
play of *K. John*:

“ But let the frolick Frenchman take no scorn,  
“ If Philip front him with an English horn.”

STERVENS.

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. HER. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,<sup>6</sup>  
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;  
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made  
Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground:  
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;  
And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French;  
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim  
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

*Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.*

E. HER. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;<sup>7</sup>  
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,  
Commander of this hot malicious day!

<sup>6</sup> *You men of Angiers, &c.*] This speech is very poetical and smooth, and except the conceit of the *widow's husband* embracing the earth, is just and beautiful. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Rejoice, you men of Angiers, &c.*] The English herald falls somewhat below his antagonist. *Silver armour gilt with blood* is a poor image. Yet our author has it again in *Macbeth*:

“ — Here lay Duncan,

“ His *silver skin* lac'd with his *golden blood*.” JOHNSON.

Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,  
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;  
 There stuck no plume in any English crest,  
 That is removed by a staff of France;  
 Our colours do return in those same hands  
 That did display them when we first march'd forth;  
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen,<sup>s</sup> come  
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
 Died in the dying slaughter of their foes:  
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

*CIT.* 'Heralds, from off our towers we might  
    behold,  
From first to last, the onset and retire  
Of both your armies; whose equality  
By our best eyes cannot be censured: '2  
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd  
    blows;  
Strength match'd with strength, and power con-  
    fronted power:  
Both are alike; and both alike we like.  
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,  
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

<sup>8</sup> *And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, &c.*] It was, I think, one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare alludes to the same practise in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ — Here thy *hunters* stand,  
“ Sign’d in thy spoil, and *crimson’d* in thy *letbe*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Heralds, from off, &c.*] These three speeches seem to have been laboured. The citizen's is the best; yet *both alike we like* is a poor gingle. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— cannot be censured:] i. e. cannot be estimated. Our author ought rather to have written—whose *superiority*, or whose *inequality*, cannot be censured. MALONE.

So, in *King Henry VI. Part I*:

" If you do *censure* me by what you were,

"Not what you are." STEVENS.

*Enter, at one side, King JOHN, with his power;  
ELINOR, BLANCH, and the Bastard; at the other,  
King PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.*

*K. JOHN.* France, hast thou yet more blood to  
cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?<sup>3</sup>  
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,  
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erflow  
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;  
Unless thou let his silver water keep  
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

*K. PHI.* England, thou hast not sav'd one drop  
of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;  
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,  
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—  
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,  
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we  
bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead;  
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,  
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

*BAST.* Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,  
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!

<sup>3</sup> *Say, shall the current of our right run on?* The old copy—  
*ream on.* STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio substituted *run*, which has been  
adopted in the subsequent editions. I do not perceive any need of  
change. In *The Tempest* we have—"the wandering brooks."

MALONE.

I prefer the reading of the second folio. So, in *K. Henry V*:

"As many streams *run* into one self sea."

The King would rather describe his right as *running on* in a  
*direct* than in an *irregular* course, such as would be implied by  
the word *ream*. STEEVENS.

O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;  
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;  
 And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,<sup>4</sup>  
 In undetermin'd differences of kings.—  
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?  
 Cry, havock, kings!<sup>5</sup> back to the stained field,  
 You equal potents,<sup>6</sup> fire-kindled spirits!  
 Then let confusion of one part confirm  
 The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and  
 death!

K. JOHN. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. PHI. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

† CIT. The king of England, when we know the king.

<sup>4</sup> — mouthing the flesh of men,] The old copy reads—*moufing*.

STEEVENS.

*Moufing*, like many other ancient and now uncouth expressions, was expelled from our author's text by Mr. Pope; and *mouthing*, which he substituted in its room, has been adopted in the subsequent editions, without any sufficient reason, in my apprehension. *Moufing* is, I suppose, mamocking, and devouring eagerly, as a cat devours a mouse. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "Well mous'd, Lion!" Again, in *The Wonderful Year*, by Thomas Decker, 1603: "Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and *moufing* fat venison, the mad Greekes made bonfires of their houses."

MALONE.

I retain Mr. Pope's emendation, which is supported by the following passage in *Hamlet*: "—— first mous'd to be last swallowed." Shakspeare designed no ridicule in this speech; and therefore did not write, (as when he was writing the burlesque interlude of *Pyramus and Thisbe*,)—*moufing*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Cry, havock, kings! ] That is, command slaughter to proceed; so, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"Cry, havock, and let slip the dogs of war." JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> You equal potents,] Potents for potentates. So, in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intituled PHILOTUS*, &c. 1603: "Ane of the potentes of the towne,——" STEEVENS.

K. *PHI.* Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. *JOHN.* In us, that are our own great deputy,  
And bear possession of our person here;  
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

I *CIT.* A greater power than we, denies all this;  
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:  
King'd of our fears;<sup>1</sup> until our fears, resolv'd,  
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

<sup>1</sup> *A greater power than we, denies all this;—  
King'd of our fears;]* The old copy reads—  
*Kings of our fears—* &c. STEVENS.

*A greater power than we,* may mean, *the Lord of hosts*, who has not yet decided the superiority of either army; and till it be undoubted, the people of Angiers will not open their gates. *Secure and confident as lions*, they are not at all afraid, but are *kings*, i. e. masters and commanders, of their fears, until their fears or doubts about the rightful King of England are removed.

TOLLET.

We should read, *than ye*. What power was this? *their fears*. It is plain, therefore we should read:

*Kings are our fears;—*

i. e. our fears are the kings which at present rule us.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton saw what was requisite to make this passage sense; and Dr. Johnson rather too hastily, I think, has received his emendation into the text. He reads:

*Kings are our fears;—*

which he explains to mean, “our fears are the kings which at present rule us.”

As the same sense may be obtained by a much slighter alteration, I am more inclined to read:

*King'd of our fears;—*

*King'd* is used as a participle passive by Shakspeare more than once, I believe. I remember one instance in *Henry the Fifth*, Act II. sc. v. The Dauphin says of England:

“—she is so idly *king'd*.”

It is scarce necessary to add, that, *of*, here (as in numberless other places,) has the signification of, *by*. TYKWHITT.

*Bast.* By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers<sup>8</sup> flout  
 you, kings;  
 And stand securely on their battlements,  
 As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
 At your industrious scenes<sup>9</sup> and acts of death.  
 Your royal preferences be rul'd by me;

King'd of our fears;] i. e. our fears being our kings, or rulers.  
*King'd* is again used in *King Richard II*:

"Then I am king'd again:"

It is manifest that the passage in the old copy is corrupt, and that it must have been so worded, that their *fears* should be styled their *kings* or masters, and not they, kings or masters of their fears; because in the next line mention is made of these *fears* being *deposed*. Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation produces this meaning by a very slight alteration, and is, therefore, I think, entitled to a place in the text.

The following passage in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, strongly, in my opinion, confirms his conjecture:

"So shall these *slaves* [Tarquin's unruly *passions*] be *kings*,  
 and thou their slave."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"—— It seems, she was a queen

"Over her *passion*, *who*, most rebel-like,

"Sought to be king o'er her."

This passage in the folio is given to King Philip, and in a subsequent part of this scene, all the speeches of the citizens are given to Hubert; which I mention, because these, and innumerable other instances, where the same error has been committed in that edition, justify some licence in transferring speeches from one person to another. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —— these scroyles of Angiers——] *Escrouelles*, Fr. i. e. scabby scrophulous fellows.

Ben Jonson uses the word in *Every Man in his Humour*:

"—— hang them *scroyles*!" STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> At your industrious scenes——] I once wished to read—*illustrious*; but now I believe the text to be right. MALONE.

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one. Your *industrious* scenes and acts of death, is the same as if the speaker had said—your laborious *industry* of war. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— and put we on

"*Industrious* foldiership." STEEVENS,

Do like the mutines of Jerusalem;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,*] The *mutines* are the *mutineers*, the *feditious*. So again, in *Hamlet*:

“ — and lay

“ Worfe than the *mutines* in the bilboes.”

Our author had probably read the following passages in *A Compendious and most marvellous History of the latter times of the Jewes Common-weale, &c.* Written in Hebrew, by Joseph Ben Gorion, — translated into English, by Peter Morwyn: “ The same yeere the civil warres grew and increased in Jerusalem; for the citizens slew one another without any truce, rest, or quietnesse. — The people were divided into *three parties*; whereof the first and best followed Anani, the high-priest; another part followed seditious Jehochanan; the third most cruel Schimeon. — Anani, being a perfect godly man, and seeing the common-weale of Jerusalem governed by the *seditious*, gave over his third part, that stacke to him, to Eliasar, his sonne. Eliasar with his companie took the Temple, and the courts about it; appoynting of his men, some to bee spyes, some to keepe watche and warde. — But Jehochanan tooke the marketplace and streetes, the lower part of the citie. Then Schimeon, the Jerosolomite, tooke the highest part of the towne, wherefore his men annoyed Jehochanan's parte sore with slings and crosse-bowes. Betweene these three there was also most cruel battailes in Jerusalem for the space of four daies.

“ Titus' campe was about fixe furlongs from the towne. The next morrow they of the towne seeing Titus to be encamped upon the mount Olivet, the captaines of the *seditious* assembled together, and fell at argument, every man with another, intending to *turne their cruelty upon the Romaines*, confirming and ratifying the same *atone-ment* and purpose, by swearing one to another; and so became peace amongst them. Wherefore *joyning together*, that before were *three severall parts*, they set open the gates, and all the best of them issued out with an horrible noyse and shoute, that they made the Romaines afraide withall, in such wise that they fled before the *seditious*, which sodainly did set upon them unawares.”

The book from which I have transcribed these passages, was printed in 1602, but there was a former edition, as that before me is said to be “ newly corrected and amended by the translatour.” From the spelling and the style, I imagine the first edition of this book had appeared before 1580. This allusion is not found in the old play.

Since this note was written, I have met with an edition of the book which Shakspeare had here in his thoughts, printed in 1575.

MALONE.



Be friends a while,<sup>3</sup> and both conjointly bend  
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town :  
By east and west let France and England mount  
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths ;  
Till their soul-fearing clamours<sup>4</sup> have brawl'd  
down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :  
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
Even till unfenced desolation  
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.  
That done, dissever your united strengths,  
And part your mingled colours once again ;  
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point :  
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth  
Out of one side her happy minion ;  
To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory.  
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?  
Smacks it not something of the policy ?

K. JOHN. Now, by the sky that hangs above our  
heads,

I like it well ;—France, shall we knit our powers,  
And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;  
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

BAST. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—  
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—  
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
As we will ours, against these saucy walls :  
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,  
Why, then defy each other ; and, pell-mell,  
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

<sup>3</sup> *Be friends a while, &c.*] This advice is given by the Bastard in the old copy of the play, though compriz'd in fewer and less spirited lines. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Till their soul-fearing clamours*—] i. e. soul-appalling. See Vol. V. p. 423, n. 9. MALONE.

K. PHI. Let it be so:—Say, where will you assault?

K. JOHN. We from the west will send destruction  
Into this city's bosom.

AUST. I from the north.

K. PHI. Our thunder from the south,  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

BAST. O prudent discipline! From north to  
south;  
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:

[*Aside.*  
I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

I CIT. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while  
to stay,

And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;  
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;  
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
That here come sacrifices for the field:  
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. JOHN. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to  
hear.

I CIT. That daughter there of Spain, the lady  
Blanch,<sup>5</sup>

Is near to England; Look upon the years  
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:  
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?  
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,<sup>6</sup>  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,

<sup>5</sup> — *the lady Blanch,*] The lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonso the Ninth, king of Castile, and was niece to King John by his sister Elianor. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *If zealous love, &c.*] *Zealous* seems here to signify *pious*, or influenced by motives of religion. JOHNSON.

Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?  
 Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
 Is the young Dauphin every way complete:  
 If not complete, O say,<sup>7</sup> he is not she;  
 And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
 If want it be not, that she is not he:  
 He is the half part of a blessed man,  
 Left to be finished by such a she;<sup>8</sup>  
 And she a fair divided excellence,  
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.  
 O, two such silver currents, when they join,  
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in:  
 And two such shores to two such streams made  
     one,  
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
 To these two princes, if you marry them.  
 This union shall do more than battery can,  
 To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,  
 With swifter spleen<sup>9</sup> than powder can enforce,  
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
 And give you entrance: but, without this match,  
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
 More free from motion; no, not death himself  
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
 As we to keep this city.

<sup>7</sup> *If not complete, O say,*] The old copy reads—*If not complete of, say, &c.* Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *such a she;*] The old copy—*as she.* STEEVENS.

Dr. Thirlby prescribed that reading, which I have here restored to the text. THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> — *at this match,*

*With swifter spleen, &c.*] Our author uses *spleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, he applies *spleen* to the *lightning*. I am loath to think that Shakspeare meant to play with the double of *match* for *nuptial*, and the *match* of a *gun*. JOHNSON.

*BAST.* Here's a stay,  
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death  
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,

<sup>2</sup> *Here's a stay,  
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death*

*Out of his rags!*] I cannot but think that every reader wishes for some other word in the place of *stay*, which though it may signify an *hindrance*, or *man that binds*, is yet very improper to introduce the next line. I read:

*Here's a flaw,  
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death.*

That is, here is a *gulf* of bravery, a *blast* of menace. This suits well with the spirit of the speech. *Stay* and *flaw*, in a careless hand are not easily distinguished; and if the writing was obscure, *flaw* being a word less usual, was easily missed. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare seems to have taken the hint of this speech from the following in *The Famous History of The Stukely*, 1605, bl. 1:

"Why here's a gallant, here's a king indeed!  
"He speaks all Mars:—tut, let me follow such  
"A lad as this:—This is pure fire:  
"Ev'ry look he casts, flasheth like lightning;  
"There's mettle in this boy.  
"He brings a breath that sets our sails on fire:  
"Why now I see we shall have cuffs indeed."

Perhaps the force of the word *stay*, is not exactly known. I meet with it in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"Not to prolong my life thereby, for which I reckon not this,  
"But to set my things in a *stay*."

Perhaps by a *stay*, the Bastard means "a *steady, resolute fellow*, who shakes," &c. So, in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, bl. l. 4to. 1567: "—more apt to follow th' inclination of vaine and lascivious desyer, than disposed to make a *stave* of herselfe in the trade of honest vertue." A *stay*, however, seems to have been meant for something *active*, in the following passage in the 6th canto of Drayton's *Barons Wars*:

"Oh could ambition apprehend a *stay*,  
"The giddy course it wandereth in, to *guide*."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. x:

"Till ripper yeares he raught, and stronger *stay*."

Shakspeare therefore, who uses *wrongs* for *wrongers*, &c. &c. might have used a *stay* for a *slayer*. Churchyard, in his *Siege of Leith*, 1575, having occasion to speak of a trumpet that sounded to proclaim a truce, says—

"This *stave* of warre made many men to muse."

That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!  
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?  
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;  
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;  
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,  
But buffets better than a fist of France:  
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,  
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

ELI. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough:

I am therefore convinced that the first line of Faulconbridge's speech needs no emendation. STEEVENS.

*Stay*, I apprehend, here signifies a *supporter of a cause*. Here's an extraordinary partizan, that shakes, &c. So, in the last act of this play:

"What surety in the world, what hopes, what *stay*,

"When this was now a king, and now is clay?"

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* Part III:

"Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no *stay*."

Again, in *K. Richard III.*:

"What *stay* had I, but Edward, and he's gone."

Again, in Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, printed about the year 1611:

"England's fast friend, and Ireland's constant *stay*."

It is observable that *partizan* in like manner, though now generally used to signify an *adherent* to a party, originally meant a pike or halberd.

Perhaps, however, our author meant by the words, Here's a *stay*, "Here's a fellow, who whilst he makes a proposition as a *stay* or *obstacle*, to prevent the effusion of blood, shakes," &c. The Citizen has just said:

"Hear us, great kings, vouchsafe a while to *stay*,

"And I shall show you peace," &c.

It is, I conceive, no objection to this interpretation, that an *impediment* or *obstacle* could not shake death, &c. though the *person* who endeavoured to *stay* or prevent the attack of the two kings, might. Shakspeare seldom attends to such *minutiae*.—But the first explanation appears to me more probable. MALONE.

**For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
Thy now unfur'd assurance to the crown,  
That yon green boy shall have no fun to ripe  
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
I see a yielding in the looks of France;  
Mark, how they whisper : urge them, while their  
                souls  
Are capable of this ambition ;  
Left zeal, now melted, by the windy breath  
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.'**

<sup>3</sup> *Left zeal, now melted, &c.*] We have here a very unusual, and, I think, not very just image of *zeal*, which, in its highest degree, is represented by others as a flame, but by Shakspeare, as a frost. To *represent zeal*, in the language of others, is to *cool*, in Shakspeare's to *melt* it; when it exerts its utmost power it is commonly said to *flame*, but by Shakspeare to be *congealed*. JOHNSON.

Sure the poet means to compare *zeal* to metal in a state of fusion, and not to dissolving ice. STEEVENS.

The allusion, I apprehend, is to dissolving ice; and if this passage be compared with others in our author's plays, it will not, I think, appear liable to Dr. Johnson's objection.—The sense, I conceive, is, *Left the now zealous and to you well-affected heart of Philip, which but lately was cold and hard as ice, and has newly been melted and softened, should by the soft petitions of Constance, and pity for Arthur, again become congealed and frozen.* I once thought that "the windy breath of soft petitions," &c. should be coupled with the preceding words, and related to the proposal made by the citizen of Angiers; but I now believe that they were intended to be connected, in construction, with the following line.—In a subsequent scene we find a similar thought couched in nearly the same expressions:

" This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts

“Of all his people, and *freeze* up their *zeal*.”

Here Shakspeare does not say that *zeal*, when "*congealed*, exerts its utmost power," but, on the contrary, that when it is congealed or frozen, it *ceases* to exert itself at all; it is no longer *zeal*.

We again meet with the same allusion in *King Henry VIII*:

“ — This makes bold mouths :

**"Tongues spit their duties out, and *cold hearts freeze*"**

"Allegiance in them."

1 *CIT.* Why answer not the double majesties  
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

*K. PHI.* Speak England first, that hath been forward first

To speak unto this city: What say you?

*K. JOHN.* If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read,<sup>4</sup> I love,  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:  
For Anjou,<sup>5</sup> and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,

Both zeal and allegiance therefore, we see, in the language of Shakspeare, are in their highest state of exertion, when *melted*; and repressed or diminished, when *frozen*. The word *freeze* in the passages just quoted, shews that the allusion is not, as has been suggested, to *metals*, but to *ice*.

The obscurity of the present passage arises from our author's use of the word *zeal*, which is, as it were, personified. *Zeal*, if it be understood strictly, cannot "cool and congeal again to what it was," (for when it cools, it ceases to be *zeal*;) though a *person* who is become warm and zealous in a cause, may afterwards become cool and indifferent, *as he was*, before he was warmed.—"To what it was," however, in our author's licentious language, may mean, "to what it was, *before it was zeal*." MALONE.

The *windy breath* that will cool metals in a state of fusion, produces not the effects of frost. I am therefore yet to learn, how "the soft petitions of Constance, and pity for Arthur," (two gentle agents) were competent to the act of *freezing*.—There is surely somewhat of impropriety, in employing *Favonius* to do the work of *Boreas*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Can in this book of beauty read,*] So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"Her face, the book of praises," &c.

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men

"May read strange matters." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *For Anjou,*] In old editions:

*For Angiers, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,*

*And all that we upon this side the sea,*

(Except this city now by us besieged,)

Find liable, &c.

What was the city *besieged*, but Angiers? King John agrees to give

And all that we upon this side the sea  
 (Except this city now by us besieg'd,)  
 Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
 Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich  
 In titles, honours, and promotions,  
 As she in beauty, education, blood,  
 Holds hand with any princess of the world.

*K. PHILIP.* What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's  
 face.

*LEWELIN.* I do, my lord; and in her eye I find  
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;  
 Which, being but the shadow of your son,  
 Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:  
 I do protest, I never lov'd myself,  
 Till now infixed I beheld myself,  
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.<sup>6</sup>

[*Whispers with BLANCH.*

*BASTARD.* Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—  
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—  
 And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy  
 Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,

up all he held in France, except the city of Angiers, which he now besieged and laid claim to. But could he give up all except Angiers, and give up *that* too? *Anjou* was one of the provinces which the English held in France. *THEOBALD.*

Mr. Theobald found, or might have found, the reading which he would introduce as an emendation of his own, in the elder play of *King John*, 4to. 1591. *STEEVENS.*

See also p. 38, n. 2. *MALONE.*

<sup>6</sup> Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.] So, in *All's well that ends well*:

“ ——— to fit and draw

“ His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,

“ In our heart's table.”

*Table* is picture, or, rather, the board or canvas on which any object is painted. *Tableau*, Fr. *STEEVENS.*



That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there  
should be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

*BLANCH.* My uncle's will, in this respect, is  
mine:

If he see aught in you, that makes him like,  
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,  
I can with ease translate it to my will;  
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)  
I will enforce it easily to my love.  
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,  
That all I see in you is worthy love,  
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,  
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be  
your judge,)

That I can find should merit any hate.

*K. JOHN.* What say these young ones? What say  
you, my niece?

*BLANCH.* That she is bound in honour still to do  
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

*K. JOHN.* Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you  
love this lady?

*LEW.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;  
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

*K. JOHN.* Then do I give Volqueffen,<sup>1</sup> Touraine,  
Maine,  
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,  
With her to thee; and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—

<sup>1</sup> — *Volqueffen*,] This is the ancient name for the country  
now called the *Vexin*; in Latin, *Pagus Velocassinus*. That part of  
it called the *Norman Vexin*, was in dispute between Philip and John.

STEEVENS.

This and the subsequent line (except the words, "do I give")  
are taken from the old play. MALONE.

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. PHI. It likes us well;—Young princes, close  
your hands.<sup>7</sup>

AUST. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,  
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.<sup>8</sup>

K. PHI. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,  
Let in that amity which you have made;  
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,  
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—  
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—  
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,  
Her presence would have interrupted much:—  
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

LEW. She is sad and passionate at your highness'  
tent.<sup>9</sup>

K. PHI. And, by my faith, this league, that we  
have made,  
Will give her sadness very little cure.—  
Brother of England, how may we content

<sup>7</sup> ——— *Young princes, close your hands.*] See *The Winter's Tale*, Vol. VII. p. 17, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *I am well assur'd,*  
*That I did so, when I was first assur'd.*] *Assur'd* is here used both in its common sense, and in an uncommon one, where it signifies *assuaged, contracted*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ ——— called me Dromio, swore I was *assur'd* to her.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.*] *Passionate*, in this instance, does not signify *disposed to anger*, but a *prey to mournful sensations*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

“ ——— Thou art *passionate*,

“ Hast been brought up with girls.” STEEVENS.

Again, in the old play entitled *The True Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, 1600:

“ Tell me, good madam,

“ Why is your grace so *passionate* of late?” MALONE.

This widow lady? In her right we came;  
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,  
To our own vantage.

K. JOHN. We will heal up all:  
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,  
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town  
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,  
If not fill up the measure of her will,  
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,  
That we shall stop her exclamation.  
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the walls.*]

BAST. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part:<sup>2</sup>  
And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on;  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,  
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — departed *with a part*:] To *part* and to *depart* were formerly synonymous. So, in *Every Man in his Humour*: "Faith, fir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money." Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "She'll serve under him till death us *depart*." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — rounded *in the ear*—] i. e. whispered in the ear. This phrase is frequently used by Chaucer, as well as later writers. So, in *Lingua*, or *A Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607: "I help'd Herodotus to pen some part of his Muses; lent Pliny ink to write his history, and rounded Rabelais *in the ear* when he historified Pantagruel." Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"Forthwith Revenge she rounded me i' th' ear."

STEEVENS.

With that same purpose-changer, that fly devil;  
 That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;  
 That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,  
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—  
 Who having no external thing to lose  
 But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;<sup>4</sup>  
 That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commo-  
 dity,—

Commodity, the bias of the world;<sup>5</sup>  
 The world, who of itself is peised well,  
 Made to run even, upon even ground;  
 Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,

<sup>4</sup> *Who having no external thing to lose*

*But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;]* The construction here appears extremely harsh to our ears, yet I do not believe there is any corruption; for I have observed a similar phraseology in other places in these plays. The construction is,—Commodity, he that wins of all,—*be that* cheats the poor maid of that only external thing she has to lose, namely the word maid, i. e. her chastity. *Who having* is used as the absolute case, in the sense of “*they having—;*” and the words “*who having no external thing to lose but the word maid;*” are in some measure parenthetical; yet they cannot with propriety be included in a parenthesis, because then there would remain nothing to which the relative *that* at the end of the line could be referred. In *The Winter's Tale*, are the following lines, in which we find a similar phraseology:

“ ——— This your son-in-law,

“ And son unto the king (*whom* heavens directing,)

“ Is troth-plight to your daughter.”

Here the pronoun *whom* is used for *him*, as *who*, in the passage before us, is used for *they*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Commodity, the bias of the world;]* *Commodity* is interest. So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

“ ——— for virtue's sake only,

“ They would honour friendship, and not for *commodities*.”

Again:

“ I will use his friendship to mine own *commodities*.”

STEEVENS.

So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607:

“ O the world is like a *byas* bowle, and it runs all on the rich mens sides.” HENDERSON.

This sway of motion, this commodity,  
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent :  
 And this same bias, this commodity,  
 This bawd, this broker,<sup>6</sup> this all-changing word,  
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,<sup>7</sup>  
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,  
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—  
 And why rail I on this commodity ?  
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :  
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,<sup>8</sup>  
 When his fair angels would salute my palm ;  
 But for my hand,<sup>9</sup> as unattempted yet,  
 Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.  
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,  
 And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich ;  
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
 To say,—there is no vice, but beggary :

<sup>6</sup> ——— [*this broker,*] A *broker* in old language meant a *pimp* or *procurefs*. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act II.

" Do not believe his vows, for they are *brokers*," &c.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— [*from his own determin'd aid,*] The word *eye*, in the line preceding, and the word *own*, which can ill agree with *aid*, induces me to think that we ought to read—" his *own* determin'd *aim*," instead of *aid*. His *own aid* is little better than nonsense.

M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— [*clutch my hand,*] To *clutch* my hand, is to clasp it close. So, in *Measure for Measure*: " —putting the hand into the pocket, and extracting it *clutched*." Again, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

" The fist of strenuous vengeance is *clutch'd*."

See also note on *Macbeth*, Act II. sc. i. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> But for, &c.] i. e. because. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" I curse myself, for they are sent by me." REED.

Again, in *Othello*:

" ——— or for I am dealin'd

" Into the vale of years." MALONE.

Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee! [*Exit.*]

### ACT III.      SCENE I.

*The same. The French King's Tent.*

*Enter* CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

CONSR. Gone to be married! gone to swear a  
peace!  
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be  
friends!  
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those pro-  
vinces?  
It is not so; thou hast mispoke, misheard;  
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:  
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;  
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word  
Is but the vain breath of a common man:  
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;  
I have a king's oath to the contrary.  
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
For I am sick, and capable of fears;<sup>1</sup>  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;

<sup>1</sup> In the old copy the second act extends to the end of the speech of Lady Constance in the next scene, at the conclusion of which she throws herself on the ground. The present division which was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by the subsequent editors, is certainly right. MALONE.

See Mr. Theobald's note, p. 73. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *For I am sick, and capable of fears;*] i. e. I have a strong sensibility; I am tremblingly alive to apprehension. So, in *Hamlet*:

"His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,  
"Would make them *capable*." MALONE.

A widow,<sup>4</sup> husbandless, subject to fears ;  
 A woman, naturally born to fears :  
 And though thou now confests, thou didst but jest,  
 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,  
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?  
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?  
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?  
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?<sup>5</sup>  
 Be these sad signs<sup>6</sup> confirmers of thy words ?  
 Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,  
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

SAL. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,  
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

CONST. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;  
 And let belief and life encounter so,  
 As doth the fury of two desperate men,  
 Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—  
 Lewis marry Blanch ! O, boy, then where art thou ?

<sup>4</sup> *A widow,*] This was not the fact. Constance, was at this time married to a third husband, Guido, brother to the Viscount of Touars. She had been divorced from her second husband, Ranulph, Earl of Chester. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?*] This seems to have been imitated by Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

"Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins,

"*Like a proud river o'erflow their bounds—*."

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Be these sad signs—*] The *sad signs* are, *the shaking of his head, the laying his hand on his breast, &c.* We have again the same words in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"So she, at these *sad signs* exclaims on death."

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*Be these sad signs—&c.*

MALONE.

France friend with England! what becomest of me?—

Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy fight;  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

SAL. What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

CONST. Which harm within itself so heinous is,  
As it makes harmful all that speak of it,

ARTH. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

CONST. If thou,<sup>1</sup> that bid'st me be content, wert  
grim,

Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of unpleasing blots,<sup>2</sup> and fightless<sup>3</sup> stains,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart,<sup>4</sup> prodigious,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *If thou, &c.*] Massinger appears to have copied this passage in *The Unnatural Combat*:

“ ——— If thou hadst been born  
“ Deform'd and crooked in the features of  
“ Thy body, as the manners of thy mind;  
“ Moor-lip'd, flat-nos'd, &c. &c.  
“ I had been blest.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of unpleasing blots,*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*,  
1594:

“ The blemish that will never be forgot,  
“ Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-bow's blot.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *fightless*—] The poet uses *fightless* for that which we now express by *unfightably*, disagreeable to the eyes. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *swart*,] *Swart* is brown, inclining to black. So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part I. Act I. sc. ii:

“ And whereas I was black and *swart* before.”  
Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. sc. ii:

“ *Swart* like my shoe, but her face nothing so clean kept.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *prodigious*,] That is, *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil*. JOHNSON.

In this sense it is used by Decker, in the first part of *The Honest Whore*, 1604:



Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,  
 I would not care, I then would be content;  
 For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou  
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.  
 But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!  
 Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:  
 Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,  
 And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!  
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;  
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;  
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.  
 France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;  
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:—  
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?  
 Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,  
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone,  
 Am bound to underbear.

SAL. Pardon me, madam,  
 I may not go without you to the kings.

CONST. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go  
 with thee:  
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;  
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.<sup>4</sup>

" — yon comet shews his head again;

" Twice hath he thus at cross-turns thrown on us

" *Prodigious* looks,"

Again, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

" Over whose roof hangs this *prodigious* comet."

Again, in *The English Arcadia*, by Jarvis Markham, 1607;

" O, yes, I was *prodigious* to thy birth-right, and as a blazing star  
 at thine unlook'd for funeral." STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — makes his owner stout,] The old editions have—*makes its  
 owner stoop*: the emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's, JOHNSON,  
 So, in *Daniel's Civil Wars*, B. VI:

" Full with *stout* grief and with disdainful woe," STEVENS.

To me, and to the state of my great grief,  
Let kings assemble;’ for my grief’s so great,

Our author has rendered this passage obscure, by indulging himself in one of those conceits in which he too much delights, and by bounding rapidly, with his usual licence, from one idea to another. This obscurity induced Sir T. Hanmer for *sloop* to substitute *flout*; a reading that appears to me to have been too hastily adopted in the subsequent editions.

The confusion arises from the poet’s having personified grief in the first part of the passage, and supposing the afflicted person to be *bowed* to the earth by that pride or haughtiness which Grief is said to possess; and by making the afflicted person, in the latter part of the passage, actuated by this very pride, and exacting the same kind of obedience from others, that Grief has exacted from her.—“ I will not go (says Constance) to these kings; I will teach my sorrows to be proud; for Grief is proud, and makes the afflicted *sloop*; therefore here I throw myself, and let them come to me.” Here, had she stopped, and thrown herself on the ground, and had nothing more been added, however we might have disapproved of the conceit, we should have had no temptation to disturb the text. But the idea of throwing herself on the ground suggests a new image; and because her *stately* grief is so great that nothing but the huge earth can support it, she considers the ground as her *throne*; and having thus invested herself with regal dignity, she as queen in *misery*, as possessing (like Imogen) “ the supreme *crown* of grief,” calls on the princes of the world to bow down before her, as she has herself been *bowed down* by affliction.

Such, I think, was the process that passed in the poet’s mind; which appears to me so clearly to explain the text, that I see no reason for departing from it. MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> *To me, and to the state of my great grief,*

*Let kings assemble;*] In *Much ado about Nothing*, the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a *thread may lead him*. How is it that grief in Leonato and Lady Constance produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn; angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer’s knowledge of the passions. JOHNSON.

That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;<sup>6</sup>  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.<sup>7</sup>

[*She throws herself on the ground.*]

<sup>6</sup> — *here I and sorrow sit*;) The old copy has—*sorrows*.

STEEVENS.

A slight corruption has here destroyed a beautiful image. There is no poetical reader that will not join with me in reading—*“here I and Sorrow sit.”* M. MASON.

Perhaps we should read—*Here I and sorrow sit*. Our author might have intended to personify sorrow, as Marlowe had done before him, in his *King Edward II*:

“While I am lodg’d within this cave of care,

“Where Sorrow at my elbow still attends.”

The transcriber’s ear might easily have deceived him, the two readings, when spoken, founding exactly alike. So, we find in the quarto copy of *K. Henry IV*. P. I:

“The mailed Mars shall on his *altars* sit,—”

instead of—shall on his *altar* sit. Again, in the quarto copy of the same play we have—monstrous *scantle*, instead of—monstrous *cantle*.

In this conjecture I had once great confidence; but, a preceding line—

“I will instruct my *sorrows* to be proud,”

now appears to me to render it somewhat disputable.

Perhaps our author here remembered the description of Elizabeth, the widow of King Edward IV. given in an old book, that, I believe, he had read: “The Queen *sat alone below on the rushes*, all desolate and dismaide; whom the Archbishop comforted in the best manner that he could.” Continuation of Harding’s Chronicle, 1543. So also, in a book already quoted, that Shakspeare appears to have read, *A compendious and most marvelous history of the latter times of the Jewes Commonweale*: “All those things when I Joseph heard tydings of, I tare my head with my hand, and cast ashes upon my beard, *sitting in great sorrow upon the ground.*” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *bid kings come bow to it.*] I must here account for the liberty I have taken to make a change in the division of the second and third acts. In the old editions, the second act was made to end here; though it is evident Lady Constance here, in her despair, seats herself on the floor: and she must be supposed, as I formerly observed, immediately to rise again, only to go off and end the act decently; or the *flat scene* must shut her in from the sight of the audience, an absurdity I cannot wish to accuse Shakspeare of. Mr. Gildon and some other critics fancied, that a considerable part of the second act was lost; and that the chasm began here. I had joined

*Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.*

*H. PHIL.* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,  
Ever in France shall be kept festival:

in this suspicion of a scene or two being lost; and unwittingly drew Mr. Pope into this error. "It seems to be so, (says he,) and it were to be wish'd the *restorer* (meaning *me*) could supply it." To deserve this great man's thanks, I will venture at the task; and hope to convince my readers, that nothing is lost; but that I have supplied the suspected chasm, only by rectifying the division of the acts. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the constitution of the play, I am satisfied that the third act ought to begin with that scene which has hitherto been accounted the last of the second act; and my reasons for it are these. The match being concluded, in the scene before that, betwixt the Dauphin and Blanch, a messenger is sent for Lady Constance to King Philip's tent, for her to come to Saint Mary's church to the solemnity. The princes all go out, as to the marriage; and the Bastard staying a little behind, to descend on interest and commodity, very properly ends the act. The next scene then, in the French king's tent, brings us Salisbury delivering his message to Constance, who, refusing to go to the solemnity, sets herself down on the floor. The whole train returning from the church to the French king's pavilion, Philip expresses such satisfaction on occasion of the happy solemnity of that day, that Constance rises from the floor, and joins in the scene by entering her protest against their joy, and cursing the business of the day. Thus, I conceive, the scenes are fairly continued; and there is no chasm in the action, but a proper interval made both for Salisbury's coming to Lady Constance, and for the solemnization of the marriage. Besides, as Faulconbridge is evidently the poet's favourite character, it was very well judged to close the act with his soliloquy. THEOBALD.

This whole note seems judicious enough; but Mr. Theobald forgets there were, in Shakspeare's time, no moveable scenes in common playhouses. JOHNSON.

It appears from many passages that the ancient theatres had the advantages of machinery as well as the more modern stages. See a note on the fourth scene of the fifth act of *Cymbeline*.

How happened it that Shakspeare himself should have mentioned the act of *shifting scenes*, if in his time there were no scenes capable of being *shifted*? Thus in the chorus to *King Henry V*:

"Unto Southampton do we *shift our scene*."

To solemnize this day,<sup>8</sup> the glorious sun  
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;<sup>9</sup>  
 Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,  
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:  
 The yearly course, that brings this day about,  
 Shall never see it but a holyday.<sup>2</sup>

*Conv.* A wicked day,<sup>3</sup> and not a holyday!——  
 [Rising.]

This phrase was hardly more ancient than the custom which it describes. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *To solemnize this day, &c.*] From this passage Rowe seems to have borrowed the first lines of his *Fair Penitent*. JOHNSON.

The first lines of Rowe's tragedy—

"Let this auspicious day be ever sacred," &c.

are apparently taken from Dryden's Version of the second *Satire of Persius*:

"Let this auspicious morning be express," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— and plays the alchemist;] Milton has borrowed this thought:

"———when with one virtuous touch

"Th' arch-chemic sun," &c. *Paradise Lost*, B. III. STEEVENS.

So, in our author's 33d Sonnet:

"Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Shall never see it but a holyday.*] So, in *The Famous Historie of George Lord Fauconbridge*, 1616: "This joyful day of their arrival [that of Richard I. and his mistress, Clarabel,] was by the king and his counsell canonized for a holy-day." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *A wicked day, &c.*] There is a passage in *The Honest Whore*, by Decker, 1604, so much resembling the present, that I cannot forbear quoting it:

"Curst be that day for ever, that robb'd her

"Of breath, and me of blis! henceforth let it stand

"Within the wizzard's book (the kalendar)

"Mark'd with a marginal finger, to be chosen

"By thieves, by villains, and black murderers,

"As the best day for them to labour in.

"If henceforth this adulterous bawdy world

"Be got with child with treason, sacrilege,

"Atheism, rapes, treacherous friendship, perjury,

"Slander (the beggars sin), lies (the sin of fools),

"Or any other damn'd impieties,

"On Monday let them be delivered," &c. HENDERSON.

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;  
 That it in golden letters should be set,  
 Among the high tides,<sup>4</sup> in the kalendar?  
 Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;<sup>5</sup>  
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury:  
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
 Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,  
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:<sup>6</sup>  
 But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;  
 No bargains break, that are not this day made:<sup>7</sup>  
 This day, all things begun come to ill end;  
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

<sup>4</sup> — *high tides,*] i. e. solemn seasons, times to be observed above others. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;*] In allusion (as Mr. Upton has observed) to Job iii. 3: "Let the day perish," &c. and v. 6: "Let it not be joined to the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months." MALONE.

In *The Fair Penitent*, the imprecation of Calista on the night which betrayed her to Lothario, is chiefly borrowed from this and subsequent verses in the same chapter of Job. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *prodigiously be cross'd:*] i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Nor mark *prodigious*, such as are  
 "Despised in nativity." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *But on this day, &c.*] That is, *except* on this day. JOHNSON.

In the ancient almanacks (several of which I have in my possession) the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains, are distinguished among a number of other particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"By the almanac, I think  
 "To choose good days and shun the critical."

Again, in *The Elder Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— an almanac  
 "Which thou art daily poring in, to pick out  
 "Days of iniquity to cozen fools in." STEEVENS.

See *Macbeth*, Act IV. sc. i. MALONE.

*K. PHI.* By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
To curse the fair proceedings of this day :  
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

*CONST.* You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,  
Resembling majesty ;<sup>8</sup> which, being touch'd, and  
tried,<sup>9</sup>

Proves valueless : You are forsworn, forsworn ;  
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :<sup>2</sup>  
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,  
Is cold in amity and painted peace,  
And our oppression hath made up this league :—  
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd  
kings !

A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !  
Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
Wear out the day<sup>3</sup> in peace ; but, ere sunset,  
Set armed discord<sup>4</sup> 'twixt these perjur'd kings !  
Hear me, O, hear me !

*Ausr.*

Lady Constance, peace.

<sup>8</sup> *You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,*

*Resembling majesty ;*] i. e. a false coin. A counterfeit formerly signified also a portrait.—A representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin, the word seems to be here used equivocally.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Resembling majesty ; which, being touch'd, and tried,*] Being touch'd—signifies, having the touchstone applied to it. The two last words—and tried, which create a redundancy of measure, should, as Mr. Ritson observes, be omitted. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,*

*But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :*] I am afraid here is a clinch intended. *You came in war to destroy my enemies, but now you strengthen them* in embraces. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Wear out the day—*] Old copy—*days*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Set armed discord, &c.*] Shakspeare makes this bitter curse effectual. JOHNSON.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O Lymoges! O Austria!<sup>4</sup> thou dost shame  
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou  
coward;  
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!  
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!  
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight  
But when her humourous ladyship is by  
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,  
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,  
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,  
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?

<sup>4</sup> O Lymoges! O Austria!] The propriety or impropriety of these titles, which every editor has suffered to pass unnoted, deserves a little consideration. Shakspeare has, on this occasion, followed the old play, which at once furnished him with the character of Faulconbridge, and ascribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Austria. In the person of Austria, he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition; [in 1193] but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell, [in 1199] belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges; and the archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. The editors seem hitherto to have understood *Lymoges* as being an appendage to the title of Austria, and therefore enquired no further about it.

Holinshed says on this occasion: "The same yere, Phillip, bastard sonne to king Richard, to whom his father had given the castell and honor of Coinacke, killed the viscount of *Limoges*, in revenge of his father's death," &c. Austria, in the old play [printed in 1591] is called *Lymoges*, *the Austrian duke*.

With this note, I was favoured by a gentleman to whom I have yet more considerable obligations in regard to Shakspeare. His extensive knowledge of history and manners, has frequently supplied me with apt and necessary illustrations, at the same time that his judgement has corrected my errors; yet such has been his constant solicitude to remain concealed, that I know not but I may give offence while I indulge my own vanity in affixing to this note the name of my friend HENRY BLAKE, Esq. STEVENSON.



Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend  
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?  
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ~~—~~ doff is for shame.] To doff is to do off, to put off. So, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

"Sorrow must doff her sable weeds." STEEVENS.

\* *And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.*] When fools were kept for diversion in great families, they were distinguished by a *calf's-skin coat*, which had the buttons down the back; and this they wore that they might be known for fools, and escape the resentment of those whom they provoked with their waggeries.

In a little penny book, intitled *The Birth, Life, and Death of John Franks, with the Pranks he played though a meer Fool*, mention is made in several places of a *calf's-skin*. In chap. x. of this book, Jack is said to have made his appearance at his lord's table, having then a new *calf-skin*, red and white spotted. This fact will explain the farcaim of Constance and Faulconbridge, who mean to call Austria a fool. SIR J. HAWKINS.

I may add, that the custom is still preserved in Ireland; and the fool in any of the legends which the mummings act at Christmas, always appears in a *calf's* or *cow's skin*. In the prologue to *Wily Beguiled*, are the two following passages:

"I'll make him do penance upon the stage in a *calf's-skin*."

Again:

"His *calf's-skin* jests from hence are clean exil'd."

Again, in the play:

"I'll come wrapp'd in a *calf's-skin*, and cry bo, bo."

Again:—"I'll wrap me in a rousing *calf-skin* suit, and come like some Hobgoblin."—"I mean my *Christmas calf's-skin* suit."

STEEVENS.

It does not appear that Constance means to call Austria a *fool*, as Sir John Hawkins would have it; but she certainly means to call him *coward*, and to tell him that a *calf's-skin* would suit his *recreant limbs* better than a lion's. They still say of a dastardly person that he is a *calf-hearted fellow*; and a run-away school boy is usually called a *great calf*. RITSON.

The speaker in the play [*Wily Beguiled*] is *Robin Goodfellow*. Perhaps, as has been suggested, Constance, by cloathing Austria in a *calf's-skin*, means only to insinuate that he is a *coward*. The word *recreant* seems to favour such a supposition. MALONE.

AUST. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

BAST. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

AUST. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

BAST. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.<sup>7</sup>

K. JOHN. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

<sup>7</sup> Here Mr. Pope inserts the following speeches from the old play of *King John*, printed in 1591, before Shakspeare appears to have commenced a writer:

" Aust. Methinks, that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall,  
" Should be a precedent to fright you all.

" Faulc. What words are these? how do my sinews shake!

" My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!

" How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,

" Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight;

" Disrobe him of the matchless monument,

" Thy father's triumph o'er the savages!—

" Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,

" Twice will I not review the morning's rise,

" Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,

" And split thy heart for wearing it so long." STEEVENS.

I cannot by any means approve of the insertion of these lines from the other play. If they were necessary to *explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel to Austria*, as Mr. Pope supposes, they should rather be inserted in the first scene of the second act, at the time of *the first altercation* between the Bastard and Austria. But indeed the ground of their quarrel seems to be as clearly expressed in the first scene as in these lines; so that they are unnecessary in either place; and therefore, I think, should be thrown out of the text, as well as the three other lines, which have been inserted with as little reason in Act III. sc. ii: *Thus bath king Richard's, &c.*

TYRWHITT.

*Enter PANDULPH.*

*K. PHI.* Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

*PAND.* Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—  
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.  
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
And from pope Innocent the legate here,  
Do, in his name, religiously demand,  
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,  
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?  
This, in our 'forefaid holy father's name,  
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

*K. JOHN.* What earthly name to interrogatories,<sup>\*</sup>  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?

<sup>\*</sup> *What earthly, &c.]* This must have been at the time when it was written, in our struggles with popery, a very captivating scene.

So many passages remain in which Shakspeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in motion, that I cannot but suspect that time has obscured much of his art, and that many allusions yet remain undiscovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by succeeding commentators.

JOHNSON.

The speech stands thus in the old spurious play: "And what hast thou, or the pope thy master to do, to demand of me how I employ mine own? Know, sir priest, as I honour the church and holy churchmen, so I scorn to be subject to the greatest prelate in the world. Tell thy master so from me; and say, John of England said it, that never an Italian priest of them all, shall either have tythe, toll, or polling penny out of England; but as I am king, so will I reign next under God, supreme head both over spiritual and temporal: and he that contradicts me in this, I'll make him hop headless." STEEVENS.

*What earthly name to interrogatories,*

*Can task the free breath, &c.]* i. e. What earthly name, *subjoined*

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Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
 To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
 Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of Eng-  
                   land,

Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest  
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
 But as we under heaven are supreme head,  
 So, under him, that great supremacy,  
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand:  
 So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,  
 To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. PHIL. Brother of England, you blaspheme in  
                   this.

K. JOHN. Though you, and all the kings of Chris-  
                   tendom,  
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out;  
 And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
 Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:  
 Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,

to interrogatories, can force a king to *speak* and answer them? The old copy reads—*earthly*. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. It has also *taft* instead of *task*, which was substituted by Mr. Theobald. *Breath* for speech is common with our author. So, in a subsequent part of this scene:

“The latest *breath* that gave the sound of words.”  
 Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*, “*breathing* courtesy,” for *ver-  
 bal* courtesy. MALONE.

The emendation [*task*] may be justified by the following passage in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

“How show'd his *tasking*? seem'd it in contempt?”  
 Again, in *King Henry V.*

“That *task* our thoughts concerning us and France.”

STEVENS.

This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;  
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose  
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

PAND. Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:  
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt  
From his allegiance to an heretick;  
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
Canonized, and worship'd as a faint,  
That takes away by any secret course  
Thy hateful life.\*

CONST. O, lawful let it be,  
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!  
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,  
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,  
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

PAND. There's law and warrant, lady, for my  
curse.

CONST. And for mine too; when law can do no  
right,

\* *That takes away by any secret course,*

*Thy hateful life.*] This may allude to the bull published against Queen Elizabeth. Or we may suppose, since we have no proof that this play appeared in its present state before the reign of King James, that it was exhibited soon after the popish plot. I have seen a Spanish book in which Garnet, Faux, and their accomplices, are registered as saints. JOHNSON.

If any allusion to his own times was intended by the author of the old play, (for this speech is formed on one in *King John*, 1591,) it must have been to the bull of Pope Pius the Fifth, 1569: "Then I Pandulph of Padua, legate from the Apostolike see, doe in the name of Saint Peter, and his successor, our holy father Pope Innocent, pronounce thee *accursed*, discharging every of thy subjects of all dutie and fealtie that they do owe to thee, and pardon and forgiveness of sinne to those or them whatsoever which shall *carrie armes* against thee or murder thee. This I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an *excommunicate* person."

MALONE.

Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong :  
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;  
 For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law :  
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

*PAND.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
 Let go the hand of that archheretick ;  
 And raise the power of France upon his head,  
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

*ELI.* Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go  
 thy hand.

*CONST.* Look to that, devil! lest that France re-  
 pent,  
 And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

*AUST.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

*BAST.* And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant  
 limbs.

*AUST.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these  
 wrongs,

Because——

*BAST.* Your breeches best may carry them.

*K. JOHN.* Philip, what say'st thou to the cardi-  
 nal?

*CONST.* What should he say, but as the cardi-  
 nal?

*LEW.* Bethink you, father; for the difference  
 Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,<sup>3</sup>  
 Or the light loss of England for a friend :  
 Forgo the easier.

*BLANCH.* That's the curse of Rome.

<sup>3</sup> *Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,]* It is a political maxim, that *kingdoms are never married*. Lewis, upon the wedding, is for making war upon his new relations. JOHNSON.

CONSR. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.\*

\* — the devil tempts thee here,

[In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.] Though all the copies concur in this reading, yet as *untrimmed* cannot bear any signification to square with the sense required, I cannot help thinking it a corrupted reading. I have ventured to throw out the negative, and read:

In likeness of a new and trimmed bride.

i. e. of a new bride, and one decked and adorned as well by art as nature. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald says, "that as *untrimmed* cannot bear any signification to square with the sense required," it must be corrupt; therefore he will cashier it, and read—*and trimmed*; in which he is followed by the Oxford editor; but they are both too hasty. It squares very well with the sense, and signifies *unsteady*. The term is taken from navigation. We say too, in a similar way of speaking, *not well manned*. WARBURTON.

I think Mr. Theobald's correction more plausible than Dr. Warburton's explanation. A commentator should be grave, and therefore I can read these notes with proper severity of attention; but the idea of *trimming* a lady to keep her *steady*, would be too risible for any common power of face. JOHNSON.

*Trim* is *dress*. An *untrimmed* bride is a bride *undress'd*. Could the tempter of mankind assume a semblance in which he was more likely to be successful? The devil (says Constance) raises to your imagination your bride disencumbered of the forbidding forms of dress, and the memory of my wrongs is lost in the anticipation of future enjoyment.

Ben Jonson, in his *New Inn*, says;

"Bur. Here's a lady gay.

"Tip. A well-trimm'd lady!"

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown."

Again, in *King Henry VI*, P. III. Act II:

"Trim'm'd like a younker prancing to his love."

Again, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584:

"—a good hufwife, and also well trimmed up in apparel."

Mr. Collins inclines to a colder interpretation, and is willing to suppose that by an *untrimmed* bride is meant a bride *unadorned with the usual pomp and formality of a nuptial habit*. The propriety of

**BLANCH.** The lady Constance speaks not from  
her faith,  
But from her need.

this epithet he infers from the haste in which the match was made, and further justifies it from *King John's* preceding words :

" Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
" To this unlook'd for, *unprepared* pomp."

Mr. Tollet is of the same opinion, and offers two instances in which *untrimmed* indicates a deshabille or a frugal vesture. In Minshieu's *Dictionary*, it signifies one not finely dressed or attired. Again, in *Vive's Instruction of a Christian Woman*, 1592, p. 98 and 99 : " Let her [the mistress of the house] bee content with a maide not faire and wanton, that can sing a ballad with a clere voice, but sad, pale, and *untrimmed*." STEEVENS.

I incline to think that the transcriber's ear deceived him, and that we should read, as Mr. Theobald has proposed,—

— a *new* and trimmed bride.

The following passage in *King Henry IV. P. I.* appears to me strongly to support his conjecture :

" When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,—  
" Came there a certain lord, neat, *trimly* dress'd,  
" Fresh as a *bridegroom*——"

Again, more appositely, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" Go, waken Juliet; go, and *trim* her up;  
" Make haste; the *bridegroom* he is come already."

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

" ——— and forget  
" Your labourfome and dainty *trims*, wherein  
" You made great Juno angry."

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

" The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and *trim*——"

The freshness which our author has connected with the word *trim*, in the first and last of these passages, and the "labourfome and dainty *trims* that made great Juno angry," which surely a bride may be supposed most likely to indulge in, (however scantily Blanch's toilet may have been furnished in a camp,) prove, either that this emendation is right, or that Mr. Collins's interpretation of the word *untrimmed* is the true one. Minshieu's definition of *untrimmed*, " qui n'est point orné,—*inornatus, incultus*," as well as his explanation of the verb "*to trim*," which, according to him, means the same as "*to prank up*," may also be adduced to the same point. See his *Dict.* 1617. Mr. M. Mason justly observes, that "*to trim* means to *dress out*, but not to *clothe*; and consequently, though it might mean *unadorned*, it cannot mean *unclad*, or *naked*."

MALONE.



*CONST.* O, if thou grant my need,  
Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
That need must needs infer this principle,—  
That faith would live again by death of need;  
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts  
up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

*K. JOHN.* The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

*CONST.* O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

*AUST.* Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.

*BAST.* Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

*K. PHI.* I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

*PAND.* What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee more,  
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?

*K. PHI.* Good reverend father, make my person yours,  
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.  
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;  
And the conjunction of our inward souls  
Married in league, coupled and link'd together  
With all religious strength of sacred vows;  
The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,  
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,  
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;  
And even before this truce, but new before,—  
No longer than we well could wash our hands,  
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—  
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-  
stain'd

With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint  
 The fearful difference of incensed kings :  
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,  
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,<sup>5</sup>  
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?<sup>6</sup>  
 Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,  
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm ;  
 Unswear faith sworn ; and on the marriage bed  
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
 And make a riot on the gentle brow  
 Of true sincerity? O holy sir,  
 My reverend father, let it not be so :  
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
 Some gentle order ; and then we shall be bless'd  
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

PAND. All form is formless, order orderless,  
 Save what is opposite to England's love.  
 Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our church !  
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.  
 France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,  
 A cased lion<sup>7</sup> by the mortal paw,

<sup>5</sup> — *so strong in both,*] I believe the meaning is, *love so strong in both parties.* JOHNSON.

Rather, in *hatred* and in *love* ; in deeds of *amity* or *blood*. HENLEY.

<sup>6</sup> — *this kind regret?*] A *regret* is an exchange of salutation. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632 :

" So bear our kind *regrets* to Hecuba." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *A cased lion*—] The modern editors read—a *chafed* lion. I see little reason for change. A *cased* lion is a lion irritated by confinement. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act I. sc. iii :

" So looks the *pent-up* lion o'er the wretch

" That trembles under his devouring paws ;" &c.

STEEVENS.

Again, in Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, 1621 :

" The lyon in his *cage* is not so sterne

" As royal Henry in his wrathful spleene."

A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

*K. PHIL.* I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

*PAND.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;  
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,  
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow  
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;  
That is, to be the champion of our church!  
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,  
And may not be performed by thyself:  
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,  
Is not amiss, when it is truly done ; \*

Our author was probably thinking on the lions, which in his time, as at present, were kept in the Tower, in dens so small as fully to justify the epithet he has used. MALONE.

\* Is not amiss, when it is truly done ;] This is a conclusion *de travers*. We should read :

*Is yet amiss,——*

The Oxford editor, according to his usual custom, will improve it further, and reads—*most amiss*. WARBURTON.

I rather read :

*Is't not amiss, when it is truly done ?*

as the alteration is less, and the sense which Dr. Warburton first discovered is preserved. JOHNSON.

The old copies read :

*Is not amiss, when it is truly done.*

Pandulph, having conjured the King to perform his first vow to heaven,—to be champion of the church,—tells him, that what he has since sworn is sworn against himself, and therefore may not be performed by him : for *that*, says he, which you have sworn to *do amiss*, is *not amiss*, (i. e. becomes right) when it is *done truly* (that is, as he explains it, not done at all;) and being *not done*, where it would be a *sin* to do it, the truth is *most done* when you *do it not*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ It is religion to be thus forsworn.” RITSON.

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ ——— she is fool'd

“ With a most false effect, and I the truer

“ So to be false with her.”

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,  
 The truth is then most done not doing it:  
 The better act of purposes mistook  
 Is, to mistake again; though indirect,  
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,  
 And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,  
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.  
 It is religion, that doth make vows kept;  
 But thou hast sworn against religion;<sup>9</sup>

By placing the second couplet of this sentence before the first, the passage will appear perfectly clear. *Where doing tends to ill*, where an intended act is criminal, the truth is most done, by not doing the act. The criminal act therefore which thou hast sworn to do, is not amiss, will not be imputed to you as a crime, if it be done truly, in the sense I have now affixed to truth; that is, if you do not do it. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> But thou hast sworn against religion; &c.] The propositions, that the voice of the church is the voice of heaven, and that the pope utters the voice of the church, neither of which Pandulph's auditors would deny, being once granted, the argument here used is irresistible; nor is it easy, notwithstanding the gingle, to enforce it with greater brevity or propriety:

*But thou hast sworn against religion:  
 By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st:  
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,  
 Against an oath the truth thou art unsure  
 To swear, swear only not to be forsworn.*

By what. Sir T. Hanmer reads—By that. I think it should be rather by which. That is, thou swear'st against the thing, by which thou swear'st; that is, against religion.

The most formidable difficulty is in these lines:

*And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,  
 Against an oath the truth thou art unsure  
 To swear, &c.*

This Sir T. Hanmer reforms thus:

*And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,  
 Against an oath; this truth thou art unsure  
 To swear, &c.*

Dr. Warburton writes it thus:

*Against an oath the truth thou art unsure—*  
 which leaves the passage to me as obscure as before.

By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou  
swear'st;

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth  
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure  
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;<sup>2</sup>

I know not whether there is any corruption beyond the omission of a point. The sense, after I had considered it, appeared to me only this: *In swearing by religion against religion, so which thou hast already sworn, thou makest an oath the security for thy faith against an oath already taken.* I will give, says he, a rule for conscience in these cases. Thou may'st be in doubt about the matter of an oath; *when thou swearest, thou may'st not be always sure to swear rightly*; but let this be thy settled principle, *swear only not to be forsworn*; let not the latter oaths be at variance with the former.

Truth, through this whole speech, means *rectitude* of conduct.

JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is right; and that the line "By what," &c. is put in apposition with that which precedes it: "But thou hast sworn against religion; thou hast sworn, *by what thou swearest*, i. e. in that which thou hast sworn, *against the thing thou swearest by*; i. e. religion. Our author has many such elliptical expressions. So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

"—Whoever the king favours,

"The cardinal will quickly find employment [*for*],

"And far enough from court too."

Again, *ibidem*:

"This is about that which the bishop spake" [*of*],

Again, in *K. Richard III*:

"True ornaments to know a holy man" [*by*],

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"A bed-swerver, even as bad as those

"That vulgars give bold't titles" [*to*].

Again, *ibidem*:

"—the queen is spotless—

"In this that you accuse her" [*of*], MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —swear only not to be forsworn;] The old copy reads—*swears*, which in my apprehension shews that two half lines have been lost, in which the person supposed to *swear* was mentioned. When the same word is repeated in two succeeding lines, the eye of the compositor often glances from the first to the second, and in consequence the intermediate words are omitted. For what has

Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?  
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;  
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.  
 Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,  
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:  
 And better conquest never canst thou make,  
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
 Against these giddy loose suggestions:  
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
 If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,  
 The peril of our curses light on thee;  
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,  
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

AUST. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

BAST. Will't not be?  
 Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

LEW. Father, to arms!

BLANCH. Upon thy wedding day?  
 Against the blood that thou hast married?  
 What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?  
 Shall braying trumpets,<sup>3</sup> and loud churlish drums,—

been lost, it is now in vain to seek; I have therefore adopted the emendation made by Mr. Pope, which makes some kind of sense.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *braying trumpets*,] *Bray* appears to have been particularly applied to express the harsh grating sound of the trumpet. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. xii. st. 6:

"And when it ceast shrill *trompets* loud did *bray*."  
 Again, B. IV. c. iv. st. 48:

"Then shrilling *trompets* loudly 'gan to *bray*."  
 And elsewhere in the play before us:

"—Hard-resounding *trumpets*' dreadful *bray*."  
 Again, in *Hamlet*:

"The *trumpet* shall *bray* out —."

Gawin Douglas, in his Translation of the *Æneid*, renders "*sub axe tonanti*—" (Lib. V. v. 820:)

"Under the *brayand* quhelis and affiltre."

Blackmore is ridiculed in the *Dunciad*, (B. II.) for *endeavouring*

Clamours of hell,—be measures <sup>4</sup> to our pomp?  
 O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new  
 Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,  
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,  
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
 Against mine uncle.

CONST. O, upon my knee,  
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
 Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
 Fore-thought by heaven.

BLANCH. Now shall I see thy love; What motive  
 may  
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

CONST. That which upholdeth him that thee  
 upholds,  
 His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

LEW. I muse,<sup>5</sup> your majesty doth seem so cold,  
 When such profound respects do pull you on.

*so ennoble this word by applying it to the sound of armour, war, &c.,  
 He might have pleaded these authorities, and that of Milton:*

*"Arms on armour clashing bray'd*

*"Horrible discord." Paradise Lost, B. VI. v. 209.*

Nor did Gray, scrupulous as he was in language, reject it in  
*The Bard:*

*"Heard ye the din of battle bray?" HOLT WHITE.*

<sup>4</sup> —be measures—] The *measures*, it has already been more  
 than once observed, were a species of solemn dance in our author's  
 time.

This speech is formed on the following lines in the old play:

*"Blanch. And will your grace upon your wedding-day*

*"Forsake your bride, and follow dreadful drums?"*

*"Phil. Drums shall be musick to this wedding day."*

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> I muse,] i. e. I wonder. REED.

So, in Middleton's "Tragi-Coomodie, called *The Witch:*"

*"And why thou stait so long, I muse,*

*"Since the air's so sweet and good." STEVENS.*

*PAND.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.

*K. PHI.* Thou shalt not need :—England, I'll fall from thee.

*CONST.* O fair return of banish'd majesty !

*ELI.* O foul revolt of French inconstancy !

*K. JOHN.* France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

*BAST.* Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

*BLANCH.* The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day, adieu !

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.<sup>5</sup>

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Affured loss, before the match be play'd.

*LEW.* Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

*BLANCH.* There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

*K. JOHN.* Cousin, god draw our puissance together.—

[*Exit* Bastard.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition,

Than nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

<sup>5</sup> *They whirl asunder, and dismember me.*] Alluding to a well-known Roman punishment:

“ — Metium in diversa quadrigæ

“ Distulerant.” *Æneid*. VIII. 642. STEVENS.



**K. PHIL.** Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn  
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :  
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

**K. JOHN.** No more than he that threatens.—To arms  
let's hie ! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. Plains near Angiers.*

*Alarums, Excursions. Enter the Bastard, with AUSTRIA'S head.*

**BAST.** Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot ;  
Some airy devil<sup>6</sup> hovers in the sky,

<sup>6</sup> *Some airy devil*—] Shakspeare here probably alludes to the distinctions and divisions of some of the demonologists, so much regarded in his time. They distributed the devils into different tribes and classes, each of which had its peculiar qualities, attributes, &c.

These are described at length in Burton's *Anatomic of Melancholy*, Part I. sect. ii. p. 45, 1632 :

"Of these sublunary devils—Pfellus makes six kinds; fiery, aërial, terrestriall, watery, and subterranean devils, besides those faeries, satyres, nymphes," &c.

"Fiery spirits or divells are such as commonly worke by blazing starres, fire-drakes, and counterfeit funnes and moones, and sit on ships' masts," &c. &c.

"Aeriall spirits or divells are such as keep quarter most part in the aire, cause many tempests, thunder and lightnings, teare oakes, fire steeples, houses, strike men and beasts, make it raine stones," &c. PERCY.

There is a minute description of different devils or spirits, and their different functions, in *Pierce Penniless's his Supplication*, 1592 : With respect to the passage in question, take the following: "—the spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so *infect* the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the moone." HENDERSON.

And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there ;  
While Philip breathes.<sup>6</sup>

*Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.*

*K. JOHN.* Hubert, keep this boy :<sup>7</sup>—Philip,<sup>8</sup> make  
up :

My mother is assailed in our tent,<sup>9</sup>  
And ta'en, I fear.

*BAST.* My lord, I rescu'd her ;  
Her highness is in safety, fear you not :  
But on, my liege ; for very little pains  
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> Here Mr. Pope, without authority, adds from the old play already mentioned :

“ Thus hath king Richard's son perform'd his vow,  
“ And offer'd Austria's blood for sacrifice  
“ Unto his father's ever-living soul.” STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Hubert, keep this boy :*] Thus the old copies. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read :

*Hubert, keep thou this boy :—.* STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *Philip,*] Here the King, who had knighted him by the name of *Sir Richard*, calls him by his former name. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *My mother is assailed in our tent,*] The author has not attended closely to the history. The Queen-mother, whom King John had made Regent in Anjou, was in possession of the town of Mirabeau in that province. On the approach of the French army with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to King John to come to her relief ; which he did immediately. As he advanced to the town, he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The Queen in the mean while remained in perfect security in the castle of Mirabeau.

Such is the best authenticated account. Other historians however say that Arthur took Elinor prisoner. The author of the old play has followed them. In that piece Elinor is taken by Arthur, and rescued by her son. MALONE.

## SCENE III.

*The same.*

*Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and Lords.*

K. JOHN. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,  
[To ELINOR.  
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:  
[To ARTHUR.

Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

ARTH. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. JOHN. Cousin, [To the Bastard.] away for England; haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels  
Set thou at liberty:<sup>3</sup> the fat ribs of peace  
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:<sup>4</sup>  
Use our commission in his utmost force.

<sup>3</sup> *Set thou at liberty:*] The word *thou* (which is wanting in the old copy) was judiciously added, for the sake of metre, by Sir T. Hanmer. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *the fat ribs of peace*

*Must by the hungry now be fed upon:*] This word *now* seems a very idle term here, and conveys no satisfactory idea. An antithesis, and opposition of terms, so perpetual with our author, requires:

*Must by the hungry war be fed upon.*

*War*, demanding a large expence, is very poetically said to be *hungry*, and to prey on the wealth and *fat* of *peace*.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is better than the former word, but yet not necessary. Sir T. Hanmer reads—hungry *marw*, with less deviation from the common reading, but with not so much force or elegance as *war*. JOHNSON.

*BAST.* Bell, book, and candle<sup>3</sup> shall not drive  
me back,  
When gold and silver becks me to come on.  
I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray

Either emendation may be unnecessary. Perhaps, the *hungry* now is *this hungry instant*. Shakspeare uses the word *now* as a substantive, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ——— till this very *now*,

“ When men were foud, I smil’d and wonder’d how.”

STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, “ —the fat ribs of peace must now be fed upon by the hungry troops,” —to whom some share of this ecclesiastical spoil would naturally fall. The expression, like many other of our author’s, is taken from the sacred writings: “ And there he maketh *the hungry* to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation.” 107th *Psalms*.—Again: “ He hath filled *the hungry* with good things,” &c. *St. Luke*, i. 53.

This interpretation is supported by the passage in the old play, which is here imitated:

“ Philip, I make thee chief in this affair;

“ Ranfack their abbeyes, cloysters, priories,

“ Convert their coin unto my *soldiers’* use.”

When I read this passage in the old play, the first idea that suggested itself was, that a word had dropped out at the press, in the line before us, and that our author wrote:

*Must by the hungry soldiers now be fed on.*

But the interpretation above given renders any alteration unnecessary. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Bell, book, and candle—] In an account of the Romish curse given by Dr. Grey, it appears that three candles were extinguished, one by one, in different parts of the execration. JOHNSON.

I meet with the same expression in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“ I’ll have a priest shall mumble up a marriage

“ Without bell, book, or candle.” STEEVENS.

In Archbishop Winchelsea’s sentences of excommunication, anno 1298, (see Johnson’s *Ecclesiastical Laws*, Vol. II.) it is directed that the sentence against infringers of certain articles should be “ —throughout explained in order in *Engliß*, with *bells tolling*, and *candles lighted*, that it may cause the greater dread; for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity, than to the effect of such sentences.” See Doddsley’s *Old Plays*, Vol. XII. p. 397, edit. 1780.

REED.

(If ever I remember to be holy,  
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

ELI. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. JOHN.

Coz, farewell.

[Exit Bastard.

ELI. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[She takes ARTHUR aside.

K. JOHN. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle  
Hubert,

We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh  
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,  
And with advantage means to pay thy love:  
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—  
But I will fit it with some better time.<sup>4</sup>  
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed  
To say what good respect I have of thee.

HUB. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. JOHN. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say  
so yet:

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so  
flow,

Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—But let it go:

The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasures of the world,

<sup>4</sup> ———[with some better time.] The old copy reads—*tune*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. The same mistake has happened in *Twelfth Night*. See that play, Vol. IV. p. 63, n. 8. In *Macbeth*, Act IV. sc. ult. we have—"This *time* goes manly," instead of—"This *tune* goes manly." MALONE.

In the handwriting of Shakspeare's age, the words *time* and *tune* are scarcely to be distinguished from each other. STEEVENS.

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,<sup>5</sup>  
 To give me audience:—If the midnight bell  
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
 Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— full of gawds,] *Gawds* are any showy ornaments. So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

“ To caper in his grave, and with vain *gawds*

“ Trick up his coffin.”

See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Vol. V. p. 7. n. 8. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;*] Old copy—*Sound on*—. STEEVENS.

We should read—*Sound one*—. WARBURTON.

I should suppose the meaning of—*sound on*, to be this: *If the midnight bell, by repeated strokes, was to hasten away the race of beings who are busy at that hour, or quicken night itself in its progress;* the morning bell (that is, the bell that strikes *one*) could not, with strict propriety, be made the agent; for the bell has ceased to be in the service of night, when it proclaims the arrival of day. *Sound on* may also have a peculiar propriety, because by the repetition of the strokes at *twelve*, it gives a much more forcible warning than when it only strikes *one*.

Such was once my opinion concerning the old reading; but on re-consideration, its propriety cannot appear more doubtful to any one than to myself.

It is too late to talk of hastening the night when the arrival of the morning is announced; and I am afraid that the repeated strokes have less of solemnity than the single notice, as they take from the horror and awful silence here described as so propitious to the dreadful purposes of the king. Though the hour of *one* be not the natural midnight, it is yet the most solemn moment of the poetical one; and Shakspeare himself has chosen to introduce his Ghost in *Hamlet*:

“ The bell then beating *one*.” STEEVENS.

The word *one* is here, as in many other passages in these plays, written *on* in the old copy. Mr. Theobald made the correction. He likewise substituted *unto* for *into*, the reading of the original copy; a change that requires no support. In Chaucer and other old writers *one* is usually written *on*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's Glossary to *The Canterbury Tales*. So *once* was anciently written *ons*. And it should seem from a quibbling passage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, that *one*, in some counties at least, was pronounced in our author's time as if written *on*. Hence the transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him. One of the persons whom I employed

If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

to read aloud to me each sheet of the present work [Mr. Malone's edition of our author] before it was printed off, constantly founded the word *one* in this manner. He was a native of Herefordshire.

The instances that are found in the original editions of our author's plays, in which *on* is printed instead of *one*, are so numerous, that there cannot, in my apprehension, be the smallest doubt that *one* is the true reading in the line before us. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, edit. 1623, p. 15:

" — This double worship,—

" Where *on* part does disdain with cause, the other

" Insult without all reason."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, 1623, p. 380:

" — perchance he spoke not; but,

" Like a full-acorn'd boar, a Jarmen *on*," &c.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1623, p. 66:

" And thou, and Romeo, press *on* heavie bier."

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*, 1623, p. 94:

" *On*, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, 1623, p. 240: "A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner,—but *on* that lies three thirds," &c.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, quarto, 1598:

" *On*, whom the musick of his own vain tongue—."

Again, *ibid.* edit. 1623, p. 133:

" *On*, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes."

The same spelling is found in many other books. So, in Holland's *Suetonius*, 1606, p. 14: "—he caught from *on* of them a trumpet," &c.

I should not have produced so many passages to prove a fact of which no one can be ignorant, who has the *slightest knowledge* of the early editions of these plays, or of our old writers, had not the author of *Remarks*, &c. on the last Edition of *Shakspeare*, asserted, with that *modesty and accuracy* by which his pamphlet is distinguished, that the observation contained in the former part of this note was made by one totally unacquainted with the old copies, and that "it would be difficult to find a *single instance*" in which *on* and *one* are confounded in those copies.

I suspect that we have too hastily in this line substituted *unto* for *into*; for *into* seems to have been frequently used for *unto* in Shakspeare's time. So, in Harfnet's *Declaration*, &c. 1603: "—when the nimble Vice would skip up nimbly—*into* the devil's neck,"

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;  
 (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,  
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,  
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
 A passion hateful to my purposes;)  
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,  
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,<sup>7</sup>  
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;  
 Then, in despite of brooded<sup>8</sup> watchful day,

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, B. IV. folio, 1602 :

"She doth conspire to have him made away,  
 "Thrust *thereinto* not only with her pride,  
 "But by her father's counfel and consent."

Again, in our poet's *King Henry V* :

"Which to reduce *into* our former favour—"

Again, in his Will:—"I commend my soul *into* the hands of God,  
 my creator."

Again, in *King Henry VIII* :

"——— Yes, that goodness

"Of gleaning all the land's wealth *into* one."

i. e. *into* one man. Here we should now certainly write "*unto* one."

Independently indeed of what has been now stated, *into* ought  
 to be restored. So, Marlowe in his *King Edward II*. 1598 :

"I'll thunder such a peal *into* his eares," &c. MALONE.

Shakspeare may be restored into obscurity. I retain Mr.  
 Theobald's correction; for though "thundering a peal *into* a  
 man's ears" is good English, I do not perceive that such an ex-  
 pression as "founding one *into* a drowfy race," is countenanced by  
 any example hitherto produced. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *using conceit alone*,] *Conceit* here, as in many other  
 places, signifies *conception*, thought. So, in *K. Richard III* :

"There's some *conceit* or other likes him well,

"When that he bids good-morrow with such spirit."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *brooded*—] So the old copy. Mr. Pope reads—*broad-  
 cy'd*, which alteration, however elegant, may be unnecessary. All  
 animals while *brooded*, i. e. *with a brood of young ones under their  
 protection*, are remarkably vigilant.—The King says of Hamlet :

"——— something's in his soul

"O'er which his melancholy fits at *brood*."



I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :  
But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well ;  
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

HUB. So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
By heaven, I'd do't.

K. JOHN. Do not I know, thou would'st ?  
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
He is a very serpent in my way ;  
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me ?  
Thou art his keeper.

HUB. And I'll keep him so,  
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. JOHN. Death.

HUB. My lord ?

K. JOHN. A grave.

HUB. He shall not live.

K. JOHN. Enough.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee ;  
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :  
Remember.<sup>9</sup>——Madam, fare you well :  
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Milton also, in *L'Allegro*, desires Melancholy to—

“ —— Find out some uncouth cell

“ Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings :”  
plainly alluding to the *watchfulness* of fowls while they are sitting.

STEEVENS.

*Brooded*, I apprehend, is here used, with our author's usual licence, for *brooding*; i. e. day, who is as vigilant, as ready with open eye to mark what is done in his presence, as an animal at brood. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Remember.*] This is one of the scenes to which may be

*ELI.* My blessing go with thee !

*K. JOHN.* For England, cousin :  
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you  
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho !  
[*Exeunt.*]

# SCENE IV.

*The same. The French King's Tent.*

*Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.*

*K. PHI.* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole armado<sup>3</sup> of convicted sail<sup>4</sup>  
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection, and time itself can substract nothing from its beauties.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *For England, cousin:]* The old copy—

*For England, cousin, go:*

I have omitted the last useless and redundant word, which the eye of the compositor seems to have caught from the preceding hemistich. STEEVENS.

King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his Chamberlain; from whence he was afterwards removed to *Rouen*, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *A whole armado—]* This similitude, as little as it makes for the purpose in hand, was, I do not question, a very taking one when the play was first represented; which was a winter or two at most after the Spanish invasion in 1588. It was in reference likewise to that glorious period that Shakspeare concludes his play in that triumphant manner:

“ This England never did, nor never shall,

“ Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,” &c.

But the whole play abounds with touches relative to the then posture of affairs. WARBURTON.

This play, so far as I can discover, was not played till a long time after the defeat of the *armada*. The old play, I think, wants

PAND. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. PHI. What can go well, when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?  
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?  
And bloody England into England gone,  
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

LEW. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,  
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,  
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,  
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. PHI. Well could I bear that England had this praise,  
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

this simile. The commentator should not have affirmed what he can only guess. JOHNSON.

*Armado* is a Spanish word signifying a *fleet of war*. The *armado* in 1588 was called so by way of distinction. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— of convicted *sail*—] Overpowered, baffled, destroyed. To *convict* and to *convince* were in our author's time synonymous. See Minshew's Dict. 1617: "To *convict*, or convince, a Lat. *convictus*, overcome." So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— their malady *convinces*

" The great assay of art."

Mr. Pope, who ejected from the text almost every word that he did not understand, reads—*collected sail*; and the change was too hastily adopted by the subsequent editors.

See also Florio's Italian Dict. 1598. "*Convitto*. Vanquished, *convicted*, convinced." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— in *so fierce a cause*,] We should read *course*, i. e. *march*. The Oxford editor condescends to this emendation.

WARBURTON.

Change is needless. A *fierce cause* is a cause conducted with precipitation. "*Fierce wretchedness*," in *Timon*, is, *hasty, sudden misery*. STEEVENS.

*Enter* CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;  
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:<sup>6</sup>—  
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

<sup>6</sup> — *a grave unto a soul;*

*Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,*

*In the vile prison of afflicted breath:]* I think we should read *earth*. The passage seems to have been copied from Sir Thomas More: "If the body be to the *soule* a *prison*, how strait a prison maketh he the body, that stuffeth it with *rif-rass*, that the *soule* can have no room to stirre itself—but is, as it were, enclosed not in a prison, but in a *grave*." FARMER.

Perhaps the old reading is justifiable. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"To be *imprison'd* in the viewless *winds*." STEEVENS.

It appears from the amendment proposed by Farmer, and by the quotation adduced by Steevens in support of the old reading, that they both consider this passage in the same light, and suppose that King Philip intended to say, "that the breath was the prison of the soul;" but I think they have mistaken the sense of it; and that by "the vile prison of afflicted breath," he means the same vile prison in which the breath is confined; that is, the body.

In the second scene of the fourth act, K. John says to Hubert, speaking of what passed in his own mind:

"Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,

"This kingdom, this *confine* of blood and breath,

"Hostility and civil tumult reign."

And Hubert says in the following scene:

"If I, in act, consent, or sin of thought,

"Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath

"Which was *embounded* in this beauteous clay,

"May hell want pains enough to torture me!"

It is evident that, in this last passage, the breath is considered as *embounded* in the body; but I will not venture to assert that the same inference may with equal certainty be drawn from the former.

M. MASON.

There is surely no need of change. "The vile prison of afflicted breath," is the body, the prison in which the *distressed soul* is confined.

CONST. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. PHI. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

CONST. No, I defy<sup>1</sup> all counsel, all redress,  
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,  
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!  
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;  
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;  
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;  
And stop this gap of breath<sup>2</sup> with fulsome dust,  
And be a carrion monster like thyself:  
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,  
And buss thee as thy wife!<sup>3</sup> Misery's love,<sup>3</sup>  
O, come to me!

We have the same image in *K. Henry VI.* Part III:

“Now my *soul's* palace is become her *prison*.”

Again, more appositely, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast

“A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd;

“That blow did bail it from the deep unrest

“Of that polluted *prison* where it *breath'd*.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> No, I defy, &c.] To *defy* anciently signified to *refuse*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“I do *defy* thy commiseration.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> And stop this gap of breath—] The *gap of breath* is the mouth; the outlet from whence the breath issues. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> And buss thee as thy wife!] Thus the old copy. The word *buss*, however, being now only used in vulgar language, our modern editors have exchanged it for *kiss*. The former is used by Drayton, in the third canto of his *Barons' Wars*, where Queen Isabel says:

“And we by signs sent many a secret *buss*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. x:

“But every satyre first did give a *buss*

“To Hellenore; so *busses* did abound.”

K. PHI.            O fair affliction, peace.

CONST. No, no, I will not, having breath to  
cry:—

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!  
Then with a passion would I shake the world;  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a modern invocation.<sup>4</sup>

PAND. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

CONST. Thou art not holy<sup>5</sup> to belie me so;  
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;  
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;  
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:  
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!  
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:  
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—  
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

Again, Stanyhurst the translator of *Virgil*, 1582, renders

“ — *oscula libavit natæ* —

“ *Bust his pritty parrat prating,*” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Misery's* love, &c.] Thou, death, who art *courted* by *Misery* to come to his relief, O come to me. So before:

“ Thou *bate* and terror to *prosperity*.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *modern invocation*.] It is hard to say what Shakspeare means by *modern*: it is not opposed to *ancient*. In *All's well that ends well*, speaking of a girl in contempt, he uses this word: “her *modern* grace.” It apparently means something *slight* and *inconsiderable*. JOHNSON.

*Modern*, is *trite*, *ordinary*, *common*.  
So, in *As you Like it*:

“ Full of wise saws, and *modern* instances.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ As we greet *modern* friends withal.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Thou art not holy* —] The word *not*, which is not in the old copy, (evidently omitted by the carelessness of the transcriber, or compositor,) was inserted in the fourth folio. MALONE.

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;  
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,  
 My reasonable part produces reason  
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself:  
 If I were mad, I should forget my son;  
 Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:  
 I am not mad; too well, too well I feel  
 The different plague of each calamity.

K. PHIL. Bind up those tresses:<sup>6</sup> O, what love I  
 note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!  
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,  
 Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends<sup>7</sup>  
 Do glew themselves in sociable grief;

<sup>6</sup> *Bind up those tresses:*] It was necessary that Constance should be interrupted, because a passion so violent cannot be borne long. I with the following speeches had been equally happy; but they only serve to show, how difficult it is to maintain the pathetic long. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *wiry friends* —] The old copy reads—*wiry fiends*. *Wiry* is an adjective used by Heywood, in his *Silver Age*, 1613:

“ My vassal furies, with their *wiery* strings,

“ Shall lash thee hence.” STEVENS.

Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

*Fiends* is obviously a typographical error. As the epithet *wiry* is here attributed to *hair*; so, in another description the *hair* of Apollo supplies the office of *wire*. In the *Instructions to the commissioners for the choice of a wife for Prince Arthur*, it is directed “ to note the eye-browes” of the young Queen of Naples (who, after the death of Arthur, was married to Henry VIII. and divorced by him for the sake of Anna Bulloyn). They answer, “ Her browes are of a browne heare, very small, like a *wyre* of beare.” Thus also, Gascoigne:

“ First for her head, the hairs were not of gold,

“ But of some other mettall farre more fine,

“ Wherof each crinet seemed to behold,

“ Like glistering *wyars* against the sunne that shine.”

HENLEY.

Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
Sticking together in calamity.

CONST. To England, if you will.\*

K. PHI. Bind up your hairs.

CONST. Yes, that I will ; And wherefore will I  
do it ?

I tore them from their bonds ; and cried aloud,  
*O that these bands could so redeem my son,  
As they have given these hairs their liberty !*  
But now I envy at their liberty,  
And will again commit them to their bonds,  
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—  
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,  
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :  
If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;  
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
To him that did but yesterday suspire,<sup>9</sup>  
There was not such a gracious creature born.<sup>2</sup>

\* *To England, if you will.*] Neither the French king nor Pandolph, has said a word of England, since the entry of Constance. Perhaps therefore, in despair, she means to address the absent King John : “ Take my son to England, if you will ; ”—now that he is in your power, I have no prospect of seeing him again. It is therefore of no consequence to me where he is. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *but yesterday suspire,*] *To suspire* in Shakspeare, I believe, only means *to breathe*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II :

“ Did he *suspire*, that light and weightless down

“ Perforce must move.”

Again, in a Copy of Verses prefixed to Thomas Powell's *Pastorale Poet*, 1601 :

“ Believe it, I *suspire* no fresher aire,

“ Than are my hopes of thee, and they stand faire.”

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *a gracious creature born.*] *Gracious*, i. e. *graceful*. So, in *Albion's Triumph*, a Masque, 1631 :

“ — on the which (*the freene*) were festoons of several fruits  
in their natural colours, on which, in *gracious* postures, lay children  
sleeping.”



But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost;  
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;  
 And so he'll die; and, rising so again,  
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven  
 I shall not know him: therefore never, never  
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

PAND. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

CONST. He talks to me, that never had a son.<sup>3</sup>

K. PHI. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

CONST. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,<sup>4</sup>

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;

Again, in the same piece: "—— they stood about him, not in set ranks, but in several *gracious* postures." STEEVENS.

A passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604, induces me to think that *gracious* likewise in our author's time included the idea of *beauty*: "—— he is the most exquisite in forging of veins, spright'ning of eyes,—seeking of skinnies, blushing of cheeks,—blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an old lady *gracious* by torch-light." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *He talks to me, that never had a son.*] To the same purpose Macduff observes—

"He has no children."

This thought occurs also in *King Henry VI.* Part III.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Grief fills the room up of my absent child,*]

"Perfruitur lachrymis, et amat *pro conjuge* luctum."

*Lucan, Lib. IX.*

Maynard, a French poet, has the same thought:

"Qui me console, excite ma colere,

"Et le repos est un bien que je crains:

"Mon deuil me plaît, et me doit toujours plaire,

"Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains." MALONE.

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;  
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.  
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,  
I could give better comfort<sup>4</sup> than you do.—  
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her bead-dress.*

When there is such disorder in my wit.  
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!  
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!  
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

[*Exit.*

K. PHI. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*

LEW. There's nothing in this world, can make  
me joy:<sup>5</sup>

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,<sup>6</sup>  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;

<sup>4</sup> ——— *had you such a loss as I,  
I could give better comfort—*] This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *There's nothing in this, &c.*] The young prince feels his defeat with more sensibility than his father. Shame operates most strongly in the earlier years; and when can disgrace be less welcome than when a man is going to his bride? JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,*] Our author, here and in another play, seems to have had the goth Psalm in his thoughts: "For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told." So again, in *Macbeth*:

"Life's but a walking shadow;—

"————— it is a tale

"Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,

"Signifying nothing." MALONE.

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's  
taste,<sup>7</sup>

That it yields naught, but shame, and bitterness.

PAND. Before the curing of a strong disease,  
Even in the instant of repair and health,  
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,  
On their departure most of all show evil:  
What have you lost by losing of this day?

LEW. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

PAND. If you had won it, certainly, you had.  
No, no: when fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.  
'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath lost  
In this which he accounts so clearly won:  
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?

LEW. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

PAND. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.  
Now hear me speak, with a prophetick spirit;  
For even the breath of what I mean to speak  
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,  
Out of the path which shall directly lead  
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.

<sup>7</sup> — *the sweet world's taste,*] The old copy—*sweet word*.

STEEVENS.

The *sweet word* is *life*; which, says the speaker, is no longer sweet, yielding now nothing but shame and bitterness. Mr. Pope, with some plausibility, but certainly without necessity, reads—*the sweet world's taste*. MALONE.

I prefer Mr. Pope's reading, which is sufficiently justified by the following passage in *Hamlet*:

“How weary, *stale, flat* and unprofitable

“Seem to me all the uses of this *world*!”

Our present rage for *restoration* from ancient copies, may induce some of our readers to exclaim, with Othello,—“Chaos is *come again*.” STEEVENS.

John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,  
 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
 The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,  
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:  
 A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,  
 Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:  
 And he, that stands upon a slippery place,  
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:  
 That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;  
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

LEW. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

PAND. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

LEW. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

PAND. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!<sup>8</sup>

John lays you plots;<sup>9</sup> the times conspire with you:  
 For he, that sleeps his safety in true blood,<sup>1</sup>  
 Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.  
 This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts

<sup>8</sup> *How green, &c.*] Hall in his Chronicle of Richard III. says,  
 "—what neede in that grene worlde the protector had," &c.

HENDERSON.

<sup>9</sup> *John lays you plots;*] That is, lays plots, which must be serviceable to you. Perhaps our author wrote—*your* plots. John is doing your business. MALONE.

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one. A similar phrase occurs in the First Part of *K. Henry VI*:

"He writes *me* here,—that," &c.

Again, in the Second Part of the same play—"He would have carried you a fore-hand shaft," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *true blood,*] The blood of him that has the just claim.

JOHNSON.

The expression seems to mean no more than *innocent* blood in general. RITSON.

Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;  
 That none so small advantage shall step forth,  
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it:  
 No natural exhalation in the sky,  
 No scape of nature,<sup>3</sup> no distemper'd day,  
 No common wind, no custom'd event,  
 But they will pluck away his natural cause,  
 And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,  
 Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,  
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

LEW. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's  
 life,  
 But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

PAND. O, fir, when he shall hear of your approach,  
 If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
 Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts  
 Of all his people shall revolt from him,  
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;  
 And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,  
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.  
 Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;  
 And, O, what better matter breeds for you,  
 Than I have nam'd!<sup>4</sup>—The bastard Faulconbridge  
 Is now in England, ransacking the church,  
 Offending charity: If but a dozen French

<sup>3</sup> *No scape of nature,*] The old copy reads:—*No scope*, &c.

STEEVENS.

It was corrected by Mr. Pope. The word *abortives* in the latter part of this speech, referring apparently to these *scapes of nature*, confirms the emendation that has been made. MALONE.

The author very finely calls a *monstrous birth*, an *escape of nature*. As if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent upon some other thing. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *And, O, what better matter breeds for you,  
 Than I have nam'd!*] I believe we should read—*lo!* instead of O. M. MASON.



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Northampton.\* *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter HUBERT, and two Attendants.*

HUB. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;  
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

I ATTEND. I hope, your warrant will bear out  
the deed.

HUB. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look  
to't.— [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR.*

ARTH. Good morrow, Hubert.

HUB. Good morrow, little prince.

\* *Northampton.*] The fact is, as has been already stated, that Arthur was first confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen in Normandy, where he was put to death.—Our author has deviated in this particular from the history, and brought King John's nephew to England; but there is no circumstance either in the original play, or in this of Shakspeare, to point out the particular castle in which he is supposed to be confined. The castle of Northampton has been mentioned in some modern editions as the place, merely because in the first act King John *seems* to have been in that town. In the old copy there is no where any notice of place. MALONE.

ARTH. As little prince (having so great a title  
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

HUB. Indeed, I have been merrier.

ARTH.

Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad but I:  
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness.<sup>9</sup> By my christendom,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Young gentlemen, &c.*] It should seem that this affectation had found its way into England, as it is ridiculed by Ben Jonson in the character of Master Stephen in *Every Man in his Humour*, 1601. Again, in *Questions concerning Conie-hood, and the nature of the Conie, &c.* 1595: "That conie-hood which proceedes of *Melancholy*, is, when in feasting appointed for merriment, this kind of conie-man fits like Mopius or Corydon, blockish, never laughing, never speaking, but so bearishlie as if he would devoure all the companie; which he doth to this end, that the guests might matter how this his deep *melancholy* argueth great learning in him, and an intendment to most weighty affaires and heavenlie speculations." Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth*, Onos says:

"Come let's be *melancholy*."

Again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "*Melancholy!* is *melancholy* a word for a barber's mouth? Thou should'st say, heavy, dull, and doltish: *melancholy* is the crest of courtiers, and now every base companion, &c. says he is *melancholy*." Again, in *The Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, 1613:

"My nobility is wonderful *melancholy*.——"

"Is it not most gentleman-like to be *melancholy*?"

STEEVENS.

Lyly, in his *Midas*, ridicules the affectation of *melancholy*: "Now every base companion, being in his *noble fables*, says, he is *melancholy*.—Thou should'st say thou art *lumpish*. If thou encroach on our *courty* terms, wee'll trounce thee." FARMER.

I doubt whether our author had any authority for attributing this species of affectation to the French. He generally ascribes the manners of England to all other countries. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — By my christendom,] This word is used both here and in *All's well that ends well*, for baptism, or rather the baptismal name: nor is this use of the word peculiar to our author. Lyly, his predecessor, has employed the word in the same way: "Concerning the body, as there is no gentlewoman so curious to have him in



So I were out of prifon, and kept fheep,  
 I fhould be as merry as the day is long;  
 And fo I would be here, but that I doubt  
 My uncle practifes more harm to me:  
 He is afraid of me, and I of him:  
 Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's fon?  
 No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,  
 I were your fon, fo you would love me, Hubert.

*HUB.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:  
 Therefore I will be fudden, and defpatch. [*Aside.*]

*ARTH.* Are you fick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:

In footh, I would you were a little fick;  
 That I might fit all night, and watch with you:  
 I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

*HUB.* His words do take poffeffion of my bofom.—  
 Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How  
 now, foolifh rheum! [*Aside.*]

Turning difpiteous torture out of door!  
 I muft be brief; left refolution drop  
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanifh tears.—  
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*ARTH.* Too fairly, Hubert, for fo foul effect:  
 Muft you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*HUB.* Young boy, I muft.

*ARTH.* And will you?

*HUB.* And I will.

*ARTH.* Have you the heart? When your head did  
 but ake,

print, fo there is no one fo carelefs to have him a wretch,—only  
 his right fhape to fhew him a man, his *chriſtendome* to prove his  
 faith." *Emphues and his England*, 1581. See alfo Vol. VI. p. 201.  
 n. 4. MALONE.

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)  
 And I did never ask it you again:  
 And with my hand at midnight held your head;  
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;  
 Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?  
 Or, What good love may I perform for you?  
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
 But you at your sick service had a prince.  
 Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,  
 And call it, cunning; Do, an if you will:  
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?  
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
 So much as frown on you?

HUB. I have sworn to do it;  
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTH. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!  
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,<sup>3</sup>  
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
 And quench his fiery indignation,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— [*though heat red-hot,*] The participle *heat*, though now obsolete, was in use in our author's time. See *Twelfth Night*, Vol. IV. p. 8, n. 9.

So, in the sacred writings: "He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be *heat*." *Dan.* iii. 19. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> And quench his fiery indignation,] The old copy—*this* fiery indignation. STEEVENS.

We should read either "*its* fiery," or "*his* fiery indignation." The late reading was probably an error of the press. *His* is most in Shakspeare's style. M. MASON.

By *this* fiery indignation, however, he might mean,—the indignation *thus* produced by the iron being made red-hot for such an inhuman purpose. MALONE.

Even in the matter of mine innocence :  
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.  
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron ?  
 An if an angel should have come to me,  
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
 I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hubert's.<sup>s</sup>

HUB. Come forth.

[Stamps.

*Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

ARTH. O, save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes  
 are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

HUB. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

ARTH. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough ?  
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !

Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly :

These last words are taken from the Bible. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, we read—" a certain fearful looking for of judgement and fiery indignation." ch. x. v. 27. WHALLEY.

<sup>s</sup> *I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hubert's.*] The old copy, and some of our modern editors, read :

*I would not have believ'd him ; no tongue but Hubert's.*

The truth is, that the transcriber, not understanding the power of the two negatives *not* and *no*, (which are usually employed not to affirm, but to deny more forcibly,) intruded the redundant pronoun, *him*. As you like it affords an instance of the phraseology I have defended :

" Nor, I am sure, there is *no* force in eyes

" That can do hurt." STEEVENS.

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUB. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

I ATTEND. I am best pleas'd to be from such a  
deed. [Exeunt Attendants.]

ARTH. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;  
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—  
Let him come back, that his compassion may  
Give life to yours.

HUB. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTH. Is there no remedy?

HUB. None, but to lose your eyes.

ARTH. O heaven!—that there were but a mote  
in yours,<sup>6</sup>

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense!  
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUB. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

ARTH. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:  
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!

<sup>6</sup> — a mote in yours,] Old copy—a moth. STEEVENS.

Surely we should read—a mote. Our author, who has borrowed so much from the sacred writings, without doubt remembered,—  
“And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye,” &c. *Matth.* vii. 3. So, in *Hamlet*:

“A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.”

A mote is a small particle of straw or chaff. It is likewise used by old writers for an atom.

I have since found my conjecture confirmed. *Moth* was merely the old spelling of *mote*. In the passage quoted from *Hamlet*, the word is spelt *moth* in the original copy, as it is here. So also, in the preface to Lodge's *Incarnate Devils of the Age*, 4to. 1596: “—they are in the aire, like atomi in sole, MOTHEs in the sonne.” See also Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: “Festucco.—a ma:b, a little beam.” MALONE.

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,<sup>7</sup>  
 So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;  
 Though to no use, but still to look on you!  
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
 And would not harm me.

HUB. I can heat it, boy.

ARTH. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with  
 grief,<sup>8</sup>  
 Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
 In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;  
 There is no malice in this burning coal;<sup>9</sup>  
 The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
 And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

HUB. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTH. And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
 And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:  
 Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;  
 And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
 Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,] This is according to nature. We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us.

JOHNSON.  
<sup>8</sup> — the fire is dead with grief, &c.] The sense is: the fire, being created not to hurt, but to comfort, is dead with grief for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> There is no malice in this burning coal;] Dr. Grey says, "that no malice in a burning coal is certainly absurd, and that we should read: There is no malice burning in this coal." STEEVENS.

Dr. Grey's remark on this passage is an hypercriticism. The coal was still burning, for Hubert says, "he could revive it with his breath:" but it had lost for a time its power of injuring by the abatement of its heat. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> — tarre him on.] i. e. stimulate, set him on. Supposed to be derived from *raparlar*, excito. The word occurs again in *Hamlet*: "— and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them on to controversy." Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Pride alone must tarre the mastiffs on." STEEVENS.

All things, that you should use to do me wrong,  
Deny their office: only you do lack  
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

HUB. Well, see to live;<sup>2</sup> I will not touch thine  
eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTH. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while  
You were disguised.

HUB. Peace: no more. Adieu;  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

ARTH. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

HUB. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me;<sup>3</sup>  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.

<sup>2</sup> — see to live;] The meaning is not, I believe,—keep your eye-sight, that you may live (for he might have lived though blind). The words, agreeably to a common idiom of our language, mean, I conceive, no more than *live*. MALONE.

*See to live* means only—Continue to enjoy the means of life.

STEEVENS.

On further consideration of these words, I believe the author meant, “ Well, live, and live with the means of seeing; that is, with your eyes uninjured.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — Go closely in with me;] i. e. secretly, privately. So, in *Albumazar*, 1610. Act III. sc. i:

“ I'll entertain him here, mean while, steal you  
“ *Closely* into the room,” &c.

Again, in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, 1612, Act IV. sc. i:

“ Enter Frisco *closely*.”

Again, in Sir Henry Wotton's *Parallel*:

“ That when he was free from restraint, he should *closely* take an out lodging at Greenwich.” REED.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room of state in the Palace.*

*Enter King JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords. The King takes his state.*

K. JOHN. Here once again we sit, once again  
crown'd,<sup>4</sup>  
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

PEM. This once again, but that your highness  
pleas'd,  
Was once superfluous:<sup>5</sup> you were crown'd before,  
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;  
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;  
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,  
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

SAL. Therefore, to be possess'd with double  
pomp,  
To guard a title that was rich before,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— once again crown'd,] Old copy—*against*. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *This once again,——*  
*Was once superfluous:]* This one time more was one time more than enough. JOHNSON.

It should be remembered that King John was at present crowned for the fourth time. STEVENS.

John's second coronation was at Canterbury in the year 1201. He was crowned a third time at the same place, after the murder of his nephew, in April 1202; probably with a view of confirming his title to the throne, his competitor no longer standing in his way. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *To guard a title that was rich before,]* To guard, is to fringe. JOHNSON.

Rather, to lace. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“——— give him a livery

“More guarded than his fellows.” STEVENS.

See *Measure for Measure*, Vol. IV. p. 282-3, n. 2. MALONE.





Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;  
As patches, set upon a little breach,  
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,<sup>9</sup>  
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

*SAL.* To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,  
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your high-  
ness

To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd;  
Since all and every part of what we would,<sup>2</sup>  
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

*K. JOHN.* Some reasons of this double corona-  
tion

I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;  
And more, more strong, (when lesser is my fear,)  
I shall indue you with:<sup>3</sup> Mean time, but ask  
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;  
And well shall you perceive, how willingly  
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

<sup>9</sup> — in hiding of the fault,] *Fault* means blemish. *STEVENS.*

<sup>2</sup> Since all and every part of what we would,] Since the whole and each particular part of our wishes, &c. *MALONE.*

<sup>3</sup> Some reasons of this double coronation  
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;  
And more, more strong, (when lesser is my fear,)  
I shall indue you with:] *Mr. Theobald* reads—(the lesser is my fear) which, in the following note, *Dr. Johnson* has attempted to explain. *STEVENS.*

I have told you some reasons, in my opinion strong, and shall tell more yet stronger.; for the stronger my reasons are, the less is my fear of your disapprobation. This seems to be the meaning.

*JOHNSON.*

And more, more strong, (when lesser is my fear,)  
I shall indue you with:] The first folio reads:

— (then lesser is my fear)

The true reading is obvious enough:

— (when lesser is my fear). *TYRWHITT.*

I have done this emendation the justice to place it in the text.

*STEVENS.*

PEMB. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,  
 To sound the purposes<sup>5</sup> of all their hearts,)  
 Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,  
 Your safety, for the which myself and them  
 Bend their best studies,) heartily request  
 The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint  
 Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent  
 To break into this dangerous argument,—  
 If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,  
 Why then your fears, (which, as they say, attend  
 The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up  
 Your tender kinsman,<sup>6</sup> and to choke his days  
 With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth

<sup>5</sup> *To sound the purposes—*] To declare, to publish the desires of all those. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,  
 Why then your fears, (which, as they say, attend  
 The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up  
 Your tender kinsman, &c.]* Perhaps we should read:

*If, what in wrest you have, in right you hold,—*  
 i. e. if what you possess by an act of seizure or violence, &c.  
 So again, in this play:

“The imminent decay of *wrested* pomp.”  
*Wrest* is a substantive used by Speafer, and by our author in *Troilus and Cressida*. STEEVENS.

The emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens is its own voucher. If *then* and *should* change places, and a mark of interrogation be placed after *exercise*, the full sense of the passage will be restored.

HENLEY.

Mr. Steevens's reading of *wrest* is better than his explanation. If adopted, the meaning mult be—*If what you possess, or have in your hand, or grasp.* RITSON.

It is evident that the words *should* and *then*, have changed their places. M. MASON.

The construction is—If you have a good title to what you now quietly possess, why then *should* your fears move you, &c. MALONE.

Perhaps this question is elliptically expressed, and means—

“Why then *is it that* your fears should move you,” &c.

STEEVENS.

The rich advantage of good exercise?<sup>1</sup>  
 That the time's enemies may not have this  
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit,  
 That you have bid us ask his liberty;  
 Which for our goods we do no further ask,  
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,  
 Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. JOHN. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

*Enter HUBERT.*

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

PEMB. This is the man should do the bloody  
 deed;

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:  
 The image of a wicked heinous fault  
 Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his  
 Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;  
 And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,  
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

SAL. The colour of the king doth come and go,  
 Between his purpose and his conscience,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ——— *good exercise?*] In the middle ages the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. These could not be easily had in a prison, where mental improvements might have been afforded as well as any where else; but this sort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active, warlike, but illiterate nobility. PERCY.

<sup>2</sup> *Between his purpose and his conscience,*] Between his *consciousness* of guilt, and his *design* to conceal it by fair professions.

JOHNSON.

The *purpose* of the King, which Salisbury alludes to, is that of putting Arthur to death, which he considers as not yet accomplished, and therefore supposes that there might still be a conflict in the King's mind,

“Between his *purpose* and his conscience.”

VOL. VIII.

K

Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :  
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

PEMB. And, when it breaks,<sup>2</sup> I fear, will issue  
thence

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. JOHN. We cannot hold mortality's strong  
hand :—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,  
The fruit which you demand is gone and dead :  
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

SAL. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

PEMB. Indeed, we heard how near his death he  
was,

Before the child himself felt he was sick :  
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. JOHN. Why do you bend such solemn brows  
on me ?

So when Salisbury sees the dead body of Arthur, he says,

“ It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;

“ The practise and the *purpose* of the king.” M. MASON.

Rather, between the criminal act that he *planned* and commanded  
to be executed, and the reproaches of his conscience consequent  
on the execution of it. So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ It is a *purpos'd* thing, and grows by plot.”

We have nearly the same expressions afterwards :

“ Nay, in the body of this fleshly land, [in John's own  
person]

“ Hostility, and civil tumult, reigns

“ *Between my conscience and my cousin's death.*” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :*] But heralds are  
not planted, I presume, in the midst betwixt two lines of battle ;  
though they, and trumpets, are often sent over from party to party,  
to propose terms, demand a parley, &c. I have therefore ventured  
to read, *sent*. THEOBALD.

*Set* is not *fixed*, but only *placed* ; heralds must be *set* between  
battles, in order to be *sent* between them. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *And, when it breaks,*] This is but an indelicate metaphor,  
taken from an imposthumated tumour. JOHNSON.

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?  
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

*SAL.* It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,  
That greatness should so grossly offer it:—  
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

*PEMB.* Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with  
thee,  
And find the inheritance of this poor child,  
His little kingdom of a forced grave.  
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,  
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!  
This must not be thus borne: this will break out  
To all our furrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

*K. JOHN.* They burn in indignation; I repent;  
There is no sure foundation set on blood;  
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

*Enter a Messenger.*

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood,  
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?  
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:  
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

*MESS.* From France to England:<sup>3</sup>—Never such  
a power  
For any foreign preparation,  
Was levied in the body of a land!  
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;  
For, when you should be told they do prepare,  
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

<sup>3</sup> *From France to England.*] The king asks how all goes in France, the messenger catches the word goes, and answers, that whatever is in France goes now into England. JOHNSON.

K. JOHN. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?

Where hath it slept?<sup>4</sup> Where is my mother's care?

That such an army could be drawn in France,  
And she not hear of it?

MESS. My liege, her ear  
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died  
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,  
The lady Constance in a frenzy died  
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue  
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. JOHN. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!

O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd  
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?  
How wildly then walks my estate in France!—  
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,  
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

MESS. Under the Dauphin.

<sup>4</sup> O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?

Where hath it slept?] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ———— Was the hope drunk

“ Wherein you dress yourself? hath it slept since?”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> How wildly then walks my estate in France!] So, in one of the Paston Letters, Vol. III. p. 99: “The country of Norfolk and Suffolk stand right *wildly*.” STEEVENS.

i. e. How ill my affairs go in France!—The verb, to *walk*, is used with great license by old writers. It often means to go; to move. So, in the *Continuation* of Harding's *Chronicle*, 1543: “Evil words *walk* far.” Again, in Fenner's *Compter's Commonwealth*, 1618: “The keeper, admiring he could not hear his prisoner's tongue *walk* all this while,” &c. MALONE.

*Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.*

*K. JOHN.* Thou hast made me giddy  
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world  
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*BAST.* But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,  
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

*K. JOHN.* Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd<sup>6</sup>  
Under the tide: but now I breathe again  
Aloft the flood; and can give audience  
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

*BAST.* How I have sped among the clergymen,  
The sums I have collected shall express.  
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,  
I find the people strangely fantasied;  
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;  
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:  
And here's a prophet,<sup>7</sup> that I brought with me  
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found  
With many hundreds treading on his heels;  
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,  
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

<sup>6</sup> — *I was amaz'd*—] i. e. stunned, confounded. So, in *Cymbeline*: “—I am *amaz'd* with matter.” Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Vol. III. p. 499, n. 5:

“You do *amaze* her: hear the truth of it.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And here's a prophet*,] This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he had prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. See *Holinshed's Chronicle*, under the year 1213. DOUCE.

*K. JOHN.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

*PETER.* Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

*K. JOHN.* Hubert, away with him; imprison him;  
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,  
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd;  
Deliver him to safety,<sup>7</sup> and return,  
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit HUBERT, with Peter.*

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

*BAST.* The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,  
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)  
And others more, going to seek the grave  
Of Arthur, who, they say,<sup>8</sup> is kill'd to-night  
On your suggestion.

*K. JOHN.* Gentle kinsman, go,  
And thrust thyself into their companies:  
I have a way to win their loves again;  
Bring them before me.

*BAST.* I will seek them out.

*K. JOHN.* Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—

O, let me have no subject enemies,  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—  
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;  
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

*BAST.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.  
[*Exit.*

<sup>7</sup> *Deliver him to safety,]* That is, *Give him into safe custody.*

<sup>8</sup> — who, *they say,]* Old copy—*whom.* Corrected by Mr. JOHNSON,  
Pope. MALONE.



K. JOHN. Spoke like a spritful noble gentleman.—

Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;  
And be thou he.

MESS. With all my heart, my liege.

[Exit.

K. JOHN. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

HUB. My lord, they say, five moons were seen  
to-night:\*

Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. JOHN. Five moons?

HUB. Old men, and beldams,  
in the streets

Do prophecy upon it dangerously:  
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;  
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear;  
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;  
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,

\* — *five moons were seen to-night: &c.*] This incident is mentioned by few of our historians: I have met with it no where but in *Matthew of Westminster* and *Polydore Virgil*, with a small alteration. These kind of appearances were more common about that time than either before or since. GREY.

This incident is likewise mentioned in the old *King John*.

STEVENS.

Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *slippers, (which his nimble haste*

*Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)]* I know not how the commentators understand this important passage, which in Dr. Warburton's edition is marked as eminently beautiful, and, on the whole, not without justice. But Shakspeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frightened or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson forgets that ancient *slippers* might possibly be very different from modern ones. Scott in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft* tells us: "He that receiveth a mischance, will consider, whether he put not on his shirt the wrong side outwards, or his *left shoe* on his *right foot*." One of the jests of Scogan, by Andrew Bore, is how he defrauded two shoemakers, one of a *right foot* boot, and the other of a *left foot* one. And Davies in one of his epigrams, compares a man to "a soft-knit *hose* that serves each leg."

FARMER.

In *The Fleire*, 1615, is the following passage: " — This fellow is like your *upright shoe*, he will serve either foot." From this we may infer that some shoes could only be worn on the foot for which they were made. And Barrett in his *Alvearie*, 1580, as an instance of the word *wrong*, says: " — to put on his *shoes wrong*." Again, in *A merye Jest of a man that was called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date: "Howleglas had cut all the lether for the *lefte foote*. Then when his master sawe all his lether cut for the *lefte foote*, then asked he Howleglas if there belonged not to the *lefte foote* a *right foote*. Then sayd Howleglas to his maister, If that he had tolde that to me before, I would have cut them; but an it please you I shall cut as mani *right shoone* unto them." Again, in *Frobisher's Second Voyage for the discoverie of Cataia*, 4to. bl. l. 1578: "They also beheld (to their great marvaile) a dublet of canuas made after the Englishe fashion, a shirt, a girdle, three shoes for *contrarie feet*," &c. p. 21. STEEVENS.

See Martin's *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, 1703, p. 207: "The generality now only wear shoes having one thin sole only, and *shaped after the right and left foot*, so that what is for one foot will not serve the other." The meaning seems to be, that the extremities of the shoes were not round or square, but were cut in an oblique angle, or assant from the great toe to the little one. See likewise, *The Philosophical Transactions abridged*,

Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent:  
Another lean unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. JOHN.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with  
these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?  
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty cause<sup>a</sup>  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*HUB.* Had none, my lord!<sup>b</sup> why, did you not provoke me?

*K. JOHN.* It is the curse of kings,<sup>c</sup> to be attended  
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life:

Vol. III. p. 432, and Vol. VII. p. 23, where are exhibited shoes and sandals shaped to the feet, spreading more to the outside than the inside. TOLLET.

So, in Holland's translation of *Suetonius*, 1606: "—— if in a morning his shoes were put one [*i. on*] wrong, and namely *the left for the right*, he held it unlucky." Our author himself also furnishes an authority to the same point. Speed in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, speaks of a *left* shoe. It should be remembered that tailors generally work barefooted: a circumstance which Shakespeare probably had in his thoughts when he wrote this passage. I believe the word *contrary* in his time was frequently accented on the second syllable, and that it was intended to be so accented here. So Spenser, in his *Faery Queen*:

"That with the wind *contrary* courses sew," MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> —— *I had mighty cause*——] The old copy, more redundantly, *I had a mighty cause*. STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> Had none, *my lord*!] Old copy—*No had*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> *It is the curse of kings, &c.*] This plainly hints at Davison's case, in the affair of Mary Queen of Scots, and so must have been inserted long after the first representation. WARBURTON.

It is extremely probable that our author meant to pay his court to Elizabeth by this covert apology for her conduct to Mary. The Queen of Scots was beheaded in 1587; some years, I believe, before he had produced any play on the stage. MALONE.

And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
More upon humour than advis'd respect.<sup>4</sup>

*HUB.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. JOHN.* O, when the last account 'twixt heaven  
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation!  
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,  
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted,<sup>5</sup> and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind:  
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,  
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,  
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;  
And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*HUB.* My lord,—

*K. JOHN.* Hadst thou but shook thy head,<sup>6</sup> or  
made a pause,

<sup>4</sup> ——— *advis'd respect.*] i. e. deliberate consideration, reflection.  
So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— There's the *respect*

“ That makes calamity of so long life.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Quoted,*] i. e. observed, distinguish'd. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ I am sorry, that with better heed and judgement

“ I had not *quoted* him.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 277, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Hadst thou but shook thy head, &c.*] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind

When I spake darkly what I purposed;  
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
 As bid<sup>7</sup> me tell my tale in exprefs words;  
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,  
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:  
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
 And didst in signs again parley with sin;  
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act  
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to  
 name.—

Out of my sight, and never see me more!  
 My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,

swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another.

This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipsi recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he says, that to have bid him tell his tale in exprefs words, would have struck him dumb: nothing is more certain, than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> As bid—] Thus the old copy. Mr. Malone reads—*And*.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope reads—*Or bid me, &c.* but *As* is very unlikely to have been printed for *Or*.

As we have here *As* printed instead of *And*, so *vice versâ* in *King Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we find *And* misprinted for *As*:

“*And* in this glorious and well foughten field

“We kept together in our chivalry.” MALONE.

*As*, in ancient language, has sometimes the power of—*as* for instance. So, in *Hamlet*:

“*As*, stars with trains of fire,” &c.

In the present instance it seems to mean, *as if*. “Had you, (says the King, speaking elliptically,) turn'd an eye of doubt on my face, *as if* to bid me tell my tale in exprefs words,” &c. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*:

“That with the noise it shook *as* it would fall;”

i. e. *as if*.—I have not therefore disturbed the old reading.

STEEVENS.

Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :  
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
 Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

*HUB.* Arm you against your other enemies,  
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
 Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine  
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
 The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,<sup>8</sup>  
 And you have slander'd nature in my form ;  
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K. JOHN.* Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the  
 peers,  
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
 And make them tame to their obedience!  
 Forgive the comment that my passion made  
 Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,  
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
 O, answer not; but to my closet bring  
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste:  
 I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.' [*Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> *The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,*] Nothing can be falser than what Hubert here says in his own vindication; for we find, from a preceding scene, *the motion of a murd'rous thought had entered into him*, and that very deeply: and it was with difficulty that the tears, the intreaties, and the innocence of Arthur had diverted and suppressed it. *WARBURTON.*

<sup>9</sup> The old play is divided into two parts, the first of which concludes with the King's despatch of Hubert on this message; the second begins with "Enter Arthur," &c. as in the following scene. *STEEVENS.*

## SCENE III.

*The same. Before the Castle.*

*Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.*

ARTH. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:<sup>a</sup>—

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—  
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,  
This shipboy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.  
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.  
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:  
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[*Leaps down.*

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—  
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!  
[*Dies.*

*Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

SAL. Lords, I will meet him at saint Edmund's-Bury;

<sup>a</sup> *The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:*] Our author has here followed the old play. In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life, is not ascertained. Matthew Paris, relating the event, uses the word *evanuit*; and indeed as King Philip afterwards publicly accused King John of putting his nephew to death, without mentioning either the manner of it or his accomplices, we may conclude that it was conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians however say, that John coming in a boat, during the night-time, to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him, while supplicating for mercy, the King fastened a stone to the dead body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the prince attempting to escape out of a window of the tower of the castle, fell into the river, and was drowned.

It is our safety, and we must embrace  
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

PEMB. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

SAL. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;  
Whose private with me,<sup>a</sup> of the Dauphin's love,  
Is much more general than these lines import.

BIG. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

SAL. Or, rather then set forward: for 'twill be  
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Whose private, &c.*] i. e. whose private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cause, is much more ample than the letters.

POPE.

<sup>b</sup> ——— or e'er we meet.] This phrase, so frequent in our old writers, is not well understood. *Or* is here the same as *ere*, i. e. *before*, and should be written (as it is still pronounced in Shropshire) *ore*. There the common people use it often. Thus, they say, *Ore to-morrow*, for *ere* or *before to-morrow*. The addition of *ever*, or *e'er*, is merely augmentative.

That *or* has the full sense of *before*, and that *e'er* when joined with it is merely augmentative, is proved from innumerable passages in our ancient writers, wherein *or* occurs simply without *e'er*, and must bear that signification. Thus, in the old tragedy of *Master Arden of Feversham*, 1599, quarto, (attributed by some, though falsely, to Shakspeare) the wife says:

“ He shall be murdered *or* the guests come in.”

Sig. H. III. b. FERR.

So, in *All for Money*, an old *Morality*, 1574:

“ I could sit in the cold a good while I swear,

“ Or I would be weary such suitors to hear.”

Again, in *Every Man*, another *Morality*, no date:

“ As, *or* we departe, thou shalt know.”

Again, in the interlude of *The Disobedient Child*, bl. II no date:

“ To send for victuals *or* I came away.”

That *or* should be written *ore*, I am by no means convinced. The vulgar pronunciation of a particular county ought not to be received as a general guide. *Ere* is nearer the Saxon primitive: *ap.*

STEEVENSON.



*Enter the Bastard.*

*BAST.* Once more to-day well met, diffemper'd<sup>4</sup>  
lords!

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

*SAL.* The king hath dispossefs'd himself of us;  
We will not line his thin bestained cloak  
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot  
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks:  
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

*BAST.* Whate'er you think, good words, I think, ✓  
were best.

*SAL.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason  
now.<sup>5</sup>

*BAST.* But there is little reason in your grief;  
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

*PEMB.* Sir, fir, impatience hath his privilege.

*BAST.* 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.<sup>6</sup>

*SAL.* This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*

*PEMB.* O death, made proud with pure and  
princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*SAL.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *diffemper'd* —] i. e. ruffled, out of humour. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— in his retirement marvellous *diffemper'd*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *reason now*,] To *reason*, in Shakspeare, is not so often  
to *argue*, as to *talk*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ ——— *reason* with the fellow,

“ Before you punish him.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *no man else*.] Old copy—no *man's*. Corrected by the  
editor of the second folio. MALONE.

*BIG.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,  
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

*SAL.* Sir Richard, what think you? Have you  
beheld,<sup>6</sup>

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?<sup>7</sup>  
Or do you almost think, although you see,  
That you do see? could thought, without this ob-  
ject,

Form such another? This is the very top,  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

*PEMB.* All murders past do stand excus'd in  
this:

And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,  
Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
To the yet-unbegotten sin of times;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Have you *beheld*,] Old copy—*You have*, &c. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Or *have you read, or heard?* &c.] Similar interrogatories have been already urged by the Dauphin, Act III. sc. iv:

“ ——— Who hath *read, or heard*,

“ Of any kindred action like to this?” STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *sin of time*;] The old copy—*of times*. I follow Mr. Pope, whose reading is justified by a line in the celebrated soliloquy of *Hamlet*:

“ For who would bear the whips and scorns *of time?*”

Again, by another in this play of *King John*, p. 157:

“ I am not glad that such a fore *of time*—,” STEVENS.

——— *of times*;] That is, of all future times. So, in *King Henry V.*:

“ By custom and the ordinance *of times*.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ For now against himself he sounds his doom,

“ That through the length of *times* he stands disgrac'd.”

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
 Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

*BAST.* It is a damned and a bloody work;  
 The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
 If that it be the work of any hand.

*SAL.* If that it be the work of any hand?—  
 We had a kind of light, what would ensue:  
 It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;  
 The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—  
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
 And breathing to his breathless excellence  
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow;  
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,<sup>9</sup>  
 Never to be infected with delight,  
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,  
 By giving it the worship of revenge.<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors more elegantly read—*fiends of time*; but the peculiarities of Shakspeare's diction ought, in my apprehension, to be faithfully preserved. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *a holy vow*;

*Never to taste the pleasures of the world,*] This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Till I have set a glory to this hand,*

*By giving it the worship of revenge.*] The *worship* is the dignity, the honour. We still say *worshipful* of magistrates. JOHNSON.

I think it should be—a glory to this *head*;—pointing to the dead prince, and using the word *worship* in its common acceptance. *A glory* is a frequent term:

“Round a quaker's beaver cast a *glory*,”

says Mr. Pope: the solemn confirmation of the other lords seems to require this sense. The late Mr. Gray was much pleased with this correction. FARMER.

PEMB. BIG. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Enter HUBERT.*

HUB. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you : Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

SAL. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death :— Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

HUB. I am no villain.

SAL.

Must I rob the law ?

[*Drawing his sword.*]

The old reading seems right to me, and means,—*till I have famed and renowned my own hand by giving it the honour of revenge for so foul a dead.* *Glory* means *splendor* and magnificence in *St. Matthew*, vi. 29. So, in *Markham's Husbandry*, 1631, p. 353 : “ But if it be where the tide is scant, and doth no more but bring the river to a *glory*,” i. e. fills the banks without overflowing. So, in *Act II. sc. ii.* of this play :

“ O, two such silver currents, when they join,

“ Do *glorify* the banks that bound them in.”

A thought almost similar to the present, occurs in *Ben Jonson's Catiline*, who, *Act IV. sc. iv.* says to *Cethegus* : “ When we meet again we'll sacrifice to liberty. *Cet.* And *revenge*. That we may praise our *hands* once !” i. e. O ! that we may set a *glory*, or procure honour and praise, to our *hands*, which are the instruments of action. TOLLET.

I believe, at repeating these lines, *Salisbury* should take hold of the *band* of *Arthur*, to which he promises to pay the worship of revenge. M. MASON.

I think the old reading the true one. In the next *Act* we have the following lines :

“ ——— I will not return,

“ Till my attempt so much be glorify'd

“ As to my ample hope was promised.”

The following passage in *Troilus and Cressida* is decisive in support of the old reading :

“ ——— Jove, let *Æneas* live,

“ If to my sword his fate be not the *glory*,

“ A thousand complete courses of the fun.” MALONE.

*BAST.* Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.<sup>3</sup>

*SAL.* Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

*HUB.* Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours:  
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,  
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;<sup>4</sup>  
Left I, by marking of your rage, forget  
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

*BIG.* Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

*HUB.* Not for my life: but yet I dare defend  
My innocent life against an emperor.

*SAL.* Thou art a murderer.

*HUB.* Do not prove me so;  
Yet, I am none:<sup>5</sup> Whose tongue foe'er speaks false,  
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

*PEMB.* Cut him to pieces.

*BAST.* Keep the peace, I say.

*SAL.* Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

*BAST.* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:  
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,

<sup>3</sup> *Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.*] i. e. left it lose its brightness. So, in *Othello*:

"Keep up your bright swords; for the dew will rust them."  
MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *true defence* ;] *Honest* defence; defence in a *good cause*.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Do not prove me so;*  
*Yet, I am none:*] Do not make me a murderer, by compelling me to kill you; I am *hitherto* not a murderer.

JOHNSON.

I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;  
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,<sup>6</sup>  
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

*BIG.* What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-  
bridge?

Second a villain, and a murderer?

*HUB.* Lord Bigot, I am none.

*BIG.* Who kill'd this prince?

*HUB.* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:  
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep  
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

*SAL.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villainy is not without such rheum;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse<sup>7</sup> and innocence.  
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor  
The uncleanly favours of a slaughter-house;  
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

*BIG.* Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

*PEMB.* There, tell the king, he may enquire us  
out. [*Exeunt* Lords.]

*BAST.* Here's a good world!—Knew you of this  
fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

*HUB.* Do but hear me, sir.

*BAST.* Ha! I'll tell thee what;  
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;

<sup>6</sup> ——— your toasting-iron,] The same thought is found in *King Henry V*: "I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one, but what though? it will toast cheese."

<sup>7</sup> Like rivers of remorse—] *Remorse* here, as almost every where in these plays, and the contemporary books, signifies *pity*. MALONE.

Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer :<sup>8</sup>  
 There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
 As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.<sup>9</sup>

HUB. Upon my soul,—

BAST. If thou didst but consent  
 To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
 And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
 That ever spider twisted from her womb  
 Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be  
 A beam to hang thee on ; or, would'st thou drown  
 thyself,<sup>2</sup>

Put but a little water in a spoon,  
 And it shall be as all the ocean,  
 Enough to stifle such a villain up.—  
 I do suspect thee very grievously.

HUB. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
 Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
 Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
 Let hell want pains enough to torture me !  
 I left him well.

<sup>8</sup> *Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer :*] So, in the old play :

“ Hell, Hubert, trust me, all the plagues of hell  
 “ Hangs on performance of this damned deed ;  
 “ This seal, the warrant of the body's blifs,  
 “ Ensureth Satan chieftain of thy soul.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *There is not yet, &c.*] I remember once to have met with a book, printed in the time of Henry VIII. (which Shakspeare possibly might have seen,) where we are told that the deformity of the condemned in the other world, is exactly proportioned to the degrees of their guilt. The author of it observes how difficult it would be, on this account, to distinguish between Belzebub and Judas Iscariot. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *drown thyself.*] Perhaps—*thyself* is an interpolation. It certainly spoils the measure ; and *drown* is elsewhere used by our author as a verb neuter. Thus, in *King Richard III.*

“ Good lord, methought, what pain it was to *drown.*”  
 STEEVENS.

*Bar.* Go, bear him in thine arms.—  
 I am amaz'd,<sup>9</sup> methinks; and lose my way  
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—  
 How easy dost thou take all England up!  
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
 The life, the right, and truth of all this realm  
 Is fled to heaven; and England now is left  
 To tug, and scramble,<sup>2</sup> and to part by the teeth  
 The unowed interest<sup>3</sup> of proud-swelling state.  
 Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,  
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:  
 Now powers from home, and discontents at home,  
 Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits  
 (As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,)  
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.<sup>4</sup>  
 Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture<sup>5</sup> can  
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,  
 And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:  
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> *I am amaz'd,*] i. e. *confounded.* So, *King Jobu*, p. 133, says:

“ ——— I was amaz'd

“ Under the tide.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *To tug, and scramble,*] So, in *K. Henry V.* sc. i:

“ But that the *scambling* and unquiet time.”

*Scamble* and *scramble* have the same meaning. See note on the passage quoted. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *The unowed interest—*] i. e. the interest which has no proper owner to claim it. STEEVENS.

That is, the interest which is not at this moment legally *possessed* by any one, however rightfully entitled to it. On the death of Arthur, the right to the English crown devolved to his sister, Eleanor.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *The imminent decay of wrested pomp.*] *Wrested pomp* is *greatness obtained by violence.* JOHNSON.

Rather, greatness wrested from its possessor. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— and cincture—] The old copy reads—*center*, probably for *ceinture*, Fr. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH with the Crown, and Attendants.*

K. JOHN. Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
The circle of my glory.

PAND. Take again  
[Giving JOHN the Crown.]

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,  
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. JOHN. Now keep your holy word: go meet  
the French;  
And from his holiness use all your power  
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.<sup>6</sup>  
Our discontented counties<sup>7</sup> do revolt;  
Our people quarrel with obedience;  
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,  
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.  
This inundation of mistemper'd humour  
Rests by you only to be qualified.  
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,

<sup>6</sup> — use all your power  
[To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.] This cannot be  
right, for the nation was already as much inflamed as it could be,  
and so the King himself declares. We should read *for* instead of  
*'fore*, and then the passage will run thus:

— use all your power  
[To stop their marches, for we are inflam'd;  
Our discontented counties do revolt, &c. M. MASON.]

<sup>7</sup> — counties—] Perhaps *counties*, in the present instance, do  
not mean the divisions of a kingdom, but *lords, nobility*, as in  
*Romeo and Juliet*, *Much ado*, &c. STEEVENS.

That present medicine must be minister'd,  
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

PAND. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,  
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope :  
But, since you are a gentle convertite,<sup>7</sup>  
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
And make fair weather in your blustering land.

<sup>7</sup> — a gentle convertite,] A *convertite* is a *convert*. So, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633 :

" Gov. Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christened ?

" Bar. No, governour ; I'll be no *convertite*." STEEVENS.

The same expression occurs in *As you Like it*, where Jaques, speaking of the young Duke, says :

" There is much matter in these *convertites*."

In both these places, the word *convertite* means a *repenting sinner* ; not, as Steevens says, a *convert*, by which, in the language of the present time, is meant a person who changes from one religion to another ; in which sense the word could neither apply to *K. John*, or to Duke Frederick : In the sense I have given it, it will apply to both. M. MASON.

A *convertite* (a word often used by our old writers, where we should now use *convert*,) signified either, one converted to the faith, or one reclaimed from worldly pursuits, and devoted to penitence and religion.

Mr. M. Mason says, a *convertite* cannot mean a *convert*, because the latter word " in the language of the present time means a person that changes from one religion to another." But the question is, not what is the language of the present time, but what was the language of Shakespeare's age. Marlowe uses the word *convertite* exactly in the sense now affixed to *convert*. John, who had in the former part of this play asserted in very strong terms the supremacy of the king of England in all ecclesiastical matters, and told Pandulph that he had no reverence for " the Pope or his *usurp'd* authority," having now made his peace with the "*holy church*," and resigned his crown to the Pope's representative, is considered by the legate as one newly converted to the true faith, and very properly styled by him a *convertite*. The same term, in the second sense above mentioned, is applied to the *usurper*, Duke Frederick, in *As you Like it*, on his having " put on a religious life, and thrown into neglect the pompous court" :

" ——— out of these *convertites*

" There is much matter to be heard and learn'd."

MALONE.

On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
 Upon your oath of service to the pope,  
 Go I to make the French lay down their arms:  
 [Exit.]

K. JOHN. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the  
 prophet  
 Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,  
 My crown I should give off? Even so I have:  
 I did suppose, it should be on constraint;  
 But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter the Bastard.*

BAST. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds  
 out,  
 But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,  
 Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:  
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
 To offer service to your enemy;  
 And wild amazement hurries up and down  
 The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. JOHN. Would not my lords return to me again,  
 After they heard young Arthur was alive?

BAST. They found him dead, and cast into the  
 streets;  
 An empty casket, where the jewel of life<sup>a</sup>  
 By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. JOHN. That villain Hubert told me, he did  
 live.

<sup>a</sup> *An empty casket, where the jewel of life—*] Dryden has transferred this image to a speech of Antony, in *All for Love*:

“An empty circle, since the jewel's gone——.”

STEEVENS.

The same kind of imagery is employed in *K. Richard II*:

“A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest

“Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.” MALONE.

*BAST.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought;  
 Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,  
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye;  
 Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
 Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow  
 Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
 Grow great by your example, and put on  
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.<sup>9</sup>  
 Away; and glister like the god of war,  
 When he intendeth to become the field:  
 Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.  
 What, shall they seek the lion in his den?  
 And fright him there; and make him tremble there?  
 O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run!<sup>a</sup>  
 To meet displeasure further from the doors;  
 And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

*K. JOHN.* The legate of the pope hath been with me,  
 And I have made a happy peace with him;  
 And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers  
 Led by the Dauphin.

*BAST.* O inglorious league!  
 Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
 Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,  
 Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
 To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,

<sup>9</sup> ——— and put on  
*The dauntless spirit of resolution.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Let's briefly put on manly readiness,

“ And meet i'the hall together.” *MALONE.*

<sup>a</sup> ——— Forage, and run ——— ] To forage is here used in its original  
 sense, for to range abroad. ] *JOHNSON.*

A cocker'd filken wanton brave our fields,  
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread,<sup>3</sup>  
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:  
 Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;  
 Or if he do, let it at least be said,  
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

*K. JOHN.* Have thou the ordering of this present time.

*BAST.* Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,  
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe.<sup>4</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Mocking the air with colours idly spread.*] He has the same image in *Macbeth*:

“Where the Norway banners flout the sky,

“And fan our people cold.” *JOHNSON.*

From these two passages Mr. Gray seems to have formed the first stanza of his celebrated Ode:

“Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!

“Confusion on thy banners wait!

“Though fann’d by conquest’s crimson wing

“They mock the air with idle state,” *MALONE.*

<sup>4</sup> *Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,*

*Our party may well meet a prouder foe.*] *Let us then away with courage; yet I so well know the faintness of our party, that I think it may easily happen that they shall encounter enemies who have more spirit than themselves.* *JOHNSON.*

Dr. Johnson is, I believe, mistaken. Faulconbridge means—for all their boasting, I know very well that our party is able to cope with one yet prouder and more confident of its strength than theirs. Faulconbridge would otherwise dispirit the King, whom he means to animate. *STEVENS.*

## SCENE II.

*A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.*<sup>4</sup>

*Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

LEW. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
And keep it safe for our remembrance:  
Return the precedent<sup>5</sup> to these lords again;  
That, having our fair order written down,  
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,  
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

SAL. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.  
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear  
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,  
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,  
I am not glad that such a fore of time

<sup>4</sup> — *near St. Edmund's-Bury.*] I have ventured to fix the place of the scene here, which is specified by none of the editors, on the following authorities. In the preceding act, where Salisbury has fixed to go over to the Dauphin; he says:

"Lords, I will meet him at *St. Edmund's-Bury*."

And Count Melun, in this last act says:

"— and many more with me,

"Upon the altar at *St. Edmund's-Bury*;

"Even on that altar, where we swore to you

"Dear amity, and everlasting love."

And it appears likewise from *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, in two parts, (the first rough model of this play,) that the interchange of vows betwixt the Dauphin and the English barons, was at *St. Edmund's-Bury*. THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> — *the precedent, &c.*] i. e. the rough draft of the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords. Thus (adds Mr. M. Mason) in *K. Richard III.* the scrivener employed to engross the indictment of Lord Hastings, says, "that it took him eleven hours to write it, and that the *precedent* was full as long a doing." STEEVENS.

Should seek a plaſter by contempt'd revolt,  
 And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,  
 By making many: O, it grieves my ſoul,  
 That I muſt draw this metal from my ſide  
 To be a widow-maker; O, and there,  
 Where honourable reſcue, and defence,  
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:  
 But ſuch is the infection of the time,  
 That, for the health and phyſick of our right,  
 We cannot deal but with the very hand  
 Of ſtern injuſtice and confuſed wrong.—  
 And is't not pity, O my griev'd friends!  
 That we, the ſons and children of this iſle,  
 Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this;  
 Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger march<sup>6</sup>  
 Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up  
 Her enemies' ranks, (I muſt withdraw and weep  
 Upon the ſpot of this enforced cauſe,)<sup>7</sup>  
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
 And follow unacquainted colours here?  
 What, here?—O nation, that thou could'ſt remove!  
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,<sup>8</sup>  
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyſelf,  
 And grapple thee<sup>9</sup> unto a pagan ſhore;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *after a ſtranger march*—]. Our author often uſes *ſtranger* as an adjective. See the laſt ſcene. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *the ſpot of this enforced cauſe,*] *Spot* probably means, *ſtain* or *diſgrace*. M. MASON.

So, in a former paſſage:

“ To look into the *ſpots* and ſtains of right.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *clippeth thee about,*] i. e. *embraceth*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ Enter the city; *clip* your wives.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And grapple thee*—] The old copy reads—*And cripple thee*, &c. Perhaps our author wrote *gripple*, a word uſed by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, ſong 1:

“ That thruſts his *gripple* hand into her golden maw.”

Where these two Christian armies might combine  
The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!<sup>1</sup>

LEW. A noble temper dost thou show in this;  
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,  
Do make an earthquake of nobility.  
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,<sup>4</sup>  
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!<sup>5</sup>  
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks:

Our author, however, in *Macbeth* has the verb—grapple:  
“ Grapples thee to the heart and love of us—.” The emenda-  
tion (as Mr. Malone observes) was made by Mr. Pope.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — unto a pagan shore;] Our author seems to have been thinking on the wars carried on by Christian princes in the holy land against the Saracens; where the united armies of France and England might have laid their mutual animosities aside, and fought in the cause of Christ, instead of fighting against brethren and countrymen, as Salisbury and the other English noblemen who had joined the Dauphin, were about to do. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> And not to spend it so unneighbourly!] This is one of many passages, in which Shakspeare concludes a sentence without attending to the manner in which the former part of it is constructed.

MALONE.

Shakspeare only employs in the present instance a phraseology which he had used before in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“ And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean-knight.”

To, in composition with verbs, is common enough in ancient language. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's observations on this last passage, and my instances in support of his position, Vol. III. p. 461. n. 5.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — hast thou fought,] *Thou*, which appears to have been accidentally omitted by the transcriber or compositor, was inserted by the editor of the fourth folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Between compulsion, and a brave respect!] This compulsion was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *enforced cause*), could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave respect* was the love of his country. WARBURTON.



My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
 Being an ordinary inundation;  
 But this effusion of such manly drops,  
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,<sup>6</sup>  
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd  
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.  
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
 And with a great heart heave away this storm:  
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes,  
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd;  
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.  
 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep  
 Into the purse of rich prosperity,  
 As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,  
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

*Enter PANDULPH, attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:<sup>7</sup>  
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;

<sup>6</sup> *This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,]* So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ This windy *tempest*, till it *blow up rain*,

“ Held back his sorrow's tide—.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *an angel spake:]* Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton read here—*an angel* speeds. I think unnecessarily. The Dauphin does not yet hear the legate indeed, nor pretend to hear him; but seeing him advance, and concluding that he comes to animate and authorize him with the power of the church, he cries out, *at the sight of this holy man, I am encouraged as by the voice of an angel.* JOHNSON.

Rather, *In what I have now said*, an angel spake; for see, the holy legate approaches, to give a warrant from *heaven*, and the name of *right* to our cause. MALONE.

And on our actions set the name of right,  
With holy breath.

PAND.                   Hail, noble prince of France!  
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd  
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,  
That so stood out against the holy church,  
The great metropolis and see of Rome:  
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,  
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;  
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no further harmful than in show.

LEW. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not  
back;

I am too high-born to be propertied,  
To be a secondary at control,  
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,  
To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
Between this chaf'tis'd kingdom and myself,  
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;  
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out  
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
You taught me how to know the face of right,  
Acquainted me with interest to this land,<sup>3</sup>  
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;  
And come you now to tell me, John hath made

<sup>3</sup> *You taught me how to know the face of right,  
Acquainted me with interest to this land,*] This was the  
phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So again, in *King Henry IV.*  
Part II:

“ He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
“ Than thou the shadow of succession.”

Again, in Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, Vol. II.  
p. 927: “ — in 4. R. 2. he had a release from Rose the daughter  
and heir of Sir John de Arden before specified, of all her *interest* to  
the manor of Pedimore.” MALONE.

His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?  
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;  
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,  
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?  
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome  
     borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,  
 To underprop this action? is't not I,  
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,  
 And such as to my claim are liable,  
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?  
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,  
*Vive le roy!* as I have bank'd their towns?<sup>9</sup>  
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,  
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?  
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?  
 No, on my soul,<sup>a</sup> it never shall be said.

PAND. You look but on the outside of this work.

LEW. Outside or inside, I will not return  
 Till my attempt so much be glorified  
 As to my ample hope was promised

<sup>9</sup> ——— as I have bank'd their towns?] *Bank'd their towns* may mean, thrown up entrenchments before them.

The old play of *K. John*, however, leaves this interpretation extremely disputable. It appears from thence that these salutations were given to the Dauphin as he sailed along the banks of the river. This, I suppose, Shakspeare calls *banking* the towns.

“ ——— from the hollow holes of Thamesis

“ Echo apace replied, *Vive le roi!*

“ From thence along the wanton rolling glade,

“ To Troynovant, your fair metropolis.”

We still say to *coast* and to *flank*; and to *bank* has no less of propriety, though it is not reconciled to us by modern usage.

STEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> No, *on my soul*.] In the old copy, *no*, injuriously to the measure, is repeated. STEVENS.

Before I drew this gallant head of war,<sup>8</sup>  
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
 To outlook<sup>9</sup> conquest, and to win renown  
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter the Bastard, attended.*

*BAST.* According to the fair play of the world,  
 Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—  
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king  
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;  
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

*PAND.* The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,  
 And will not temporize with my entreaties;  
 He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

*BAST.* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
 The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;  
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
 He is prepar'd; and reason too,<sup>2</sup> he should:  
 This apish and unmannerly approach,  
 This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,  
 This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — drew *this gallant head of war*,] i. e. assembled it, drew it out into the field. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I.:

“And that his friends by deputation could not

“So soon be drawn.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *outlook*—] i. e. face down, bear down by a show of magnanimity.—In a former scene of this play, we have:

“———outface the brow

“Of bragging horror.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — and reason too,] Old copy—*no*. Corrected by the editors of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops*,] The printed copies—*unbeard*; but *unbeard* is an epithet of very little force

The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd  
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
 From out the circle of his territories.  
 That hand, which had the strength, even at your  
     door,  
 To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;<sup>4</sup>  
 To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;<sup>5</sup>  
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks;  
 To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;

or meaning here; besides, let us observe how it is coupled. Faulconbridge is sneering at the Dauphin's invasion, as an unadvised enterprize, favouring of youth and indiscretion; the result of childishness, and unthinking rashness; and he seems altogether to dwell on this character of it, by calling his preparation *boyish troops*, *dwarfish war*, *pigmy arms*, &c. which, according to my emendation, fort very well with *unhair'd*, i. e. *unbearded* sauciness.

THEOBALD.

*Hair* was formerly written *bear*. Hence the mistake might easily happen. Faulconbridge has already in this act exclaimed,

“ Shall a *beardless* boy,

“ A cocker'd filken wanton, brave our fields?”

So, in the fifth act of *Macbeth*, Lenox tells Cathness that the English army is near, in which he says, there are

“ — many *unrough* youths, that even now

“ Protest their first of manhood.”

Again, in *King Henry V*:

“ For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd

“ With one appearing *hair*, that will not follow

“ These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *take the hatch*;] To *take the hatch*, is to *leap the hatch*. To *take a bedge* or a *ditch*, is the hunter's phrase. STEEVENS.

So, in Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*, 1632:

“ I look about and neigh, *take bedge* and ditch,

“ Feed in my neighbour's pastures.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *in concealed wells*;] I believe our author, with his accustomed licence, used *concealed* for *concealing*; wells that afforded concealment and protection to those who took refuge there.

MALONE.

*Concealed wells* are wells in concealed or *obscure* situations; viz. in places secured from public notice.” STEEVENS.

To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out  
 In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,  
 Even at the crying of your nation's crow,<sup>7</sup>  
 Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;—  
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,  
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement?  
 No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;  
 And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,<sup>8</sup>  
 To soufe annoyance that comes near his nest.—  
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb  
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:  
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,  
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;  
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,  
 Their needs to lances,<sup>9</sup> and their gentle hearts  
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

LEW. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in  
 peace;

<sup>7</sup> ——— *of your nation's crow,*] Mr. Pope, and some of the subsequent editors, read—*our nation's crow*; not observing, that the Bastard is speaking of John's achievements in *France*. He likewise reads in the next line—*his voice*; but *this voice*, *the voice or crow of the French crow*, is sufficiently clear. MALONE.

——— *your nation's crow,*] i. e. at the crowing of a cock; *gallus* meaning both a cock and a Frenchman. DOUCE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *like an eagle o'er his airy towers,*] An *airy* is the nest of an eagle. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ Our *airy* buildeth in the cedar's top.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Their needs to lances,*] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ Have with our *needs* created both one flower.”

Fairfax has the same contraction of the word—*needle*.

STEEVENS.

In the old copy the word is contractedly written *needl's*, but it was certainly intended to be pronounced *needs*, as it is frequently written in old English books. Many dissyllables are used by Shakspeare and other writers as monosyllables, as *whether*, *spirit*, &c. though they generally appear at length in the original editions of these plays. MALONE.

We grant, thou canst outscold us : fare thee well ;  
We hold our time too precious to be spent  
With such a brabblers.

*PAND.* Give me leave to speak.

*BAST.* No, I will speak.

*LEW.* We will attend to neither :—  
Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war  
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

*BAST.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will  
cry out ;  
And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start  
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;  
Sound but another, and another shall,  
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand  
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)  
Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits  
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

*LEW.* Strike up our drums, to find this danger  
out.

*BAST.* And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not  
doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E   I I I.

*The same. A Field of Battle.*

*Alarums. Enter King JOHN and HUBERT.*

*K. JOHN.* How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

*HUB.* Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

*K. JOHN.* This fever, that hath troubled me so long,  
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MESS.* My lord, your valiant kinfman, Faulconbridge,  
Desires your majesty to leave the field;  
And send him word by me, which way you go.

*K. JOHN.* Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

*MESS.* Be of good comfort; for the great supply,  
That was expected by the Dauphin here,  
Are wreck'd<sup>2</sup> three nights ago on Goodwin sands.  
This news was brought to Richard<sup>3</sup> but even now:  
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*K. JOHN.* Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,

<sup>2</sup> ——— *for the great supply,* ———  
Are wreck'd—] *Supply* is here and in a subsequent passage in scene v. used as a noun of multitude. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *Richard*—] *Sir Richard Faulconbridge*;—and yet the King a little before (Act III. sc. ii.) calls him by his original name of *Philip*. STEVENS.



And will not let me welcome this good news.—  
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;  
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The same. Another part of the same.*

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Others.*

**SAL.** I did not think the king so stor'd with  
friends.

**PEMB.** Up once again; put spirit in the French;  
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

**SAL.** That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,  
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

**PEMB.** They say, king John, sore sick, hath left  
the field.

*Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

**MEL.** Lead me to the revolts of England here.

**SAL.** When we were happy, we had other names.

**PEMB.** It is the count Melun.

**SAL.** Wounded to death.

**MEL.** Fly, noble English, you are bought and  
fold;<sup>4</sup>

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *bought and sold*;] The same proverbial phrase, intimating treachery, is used in *K. Richard III.* Act V. sc. iii. in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. Act IV. sc. iv. and in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. sc. i.

STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Unthread the rude eye of rebellion*,] Though all the copies concur in this reading, how poor is the metaphor of *unthreading*

And welcome home again discarded faith.  
 Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;  
 For, if the French be lords of this loud day,  
 He means<sup>6</sup> to recompense the pains you take,  
 By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,  
 And I with him, and many more with me,  
 Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;  
 Even on that altar, where we swore to you  
 Dear amity and everlasting love.

SAL. May this be possible! may this be true! ✕

MEL. Have I not hideous death within my view,  
 Retaining but a quantity of life;  
 Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax  
 Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?'

the *eye* of a *needle*? And besides, as there is no mention made of a needle, how remote and obscure is the allusion without it? The text, as I have restored it, is easy and natural; and it is the mode of expression, which our author is every where fond of, to *tread* and *untread*, the *way*, *path*, *steps*, &c. THEOBALD.

The metaphor is certainly harsh, but I do not think the passage corrupted. JOHNSON.

Mr. Theobald reads—*untread*; but Shakspeare in *King Lear* uses the expression, *threading dark ey'd night*; and Coriolanus says:

“ Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,

“ They would not *thread* the gates.”

This quotation in support of the old reading, has also been adduced by Mr. M. Mason. STEVENS.

Our author is not always careful that the epithet which he applies to a figurative term should answer on both sides. *Rude* is applicable to *rebellion*, but not to *eye*. He means in fact,—the eye of rude rebellion. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> He means—] The Frenchman, i. e. Lewis, means, &c. See Melun's next speech: “ If Lewis do win the day—.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— even as a form of wax

Resolveth, &c.] This is said in allusion to the images made by witches. Holinshed observes that it was alledged against dame Eleanor Cobham and her confederates, “ that they had devised an *image of wax*, representing the king, which by their forceries

What in the world should make me now deceive,  
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit?  
 Why should I then be false; since it is true  
 That I must die here, and live hence by truth?  
 I say again, if Lewis do win the day,  
 He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours  
 Behold another day break in the east:  
 But even this night,—whose black contagious  
     breath

Already smokes about the burning cress  
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—  
 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;  
 Paying the fine of rated treachery,<sup>8</sup>  
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
 If Lewis by your assistance win the day.  
 Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;  
 The love of him,—and this respect besides,  
 For that my grandfire was an Englishman,<sup>9</sup>—  
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence  
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field;  
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
 In peace, and part this body and my soul  
 With contemplation and devout desires.

by little and little consumed, intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the king's person."

*Resolve* and *dissolve*, had anciently the same meaning. So, in *Hamlet*:

"O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,

"Thaw, and *resolve* itself into a dew!" STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *rated treachery*,] It were easy to change *rated* to *bated* for an easier meaning, but *rated* suits better with *fine*. The Dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine* which your lives must pay. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *For that my grandfire was an Englishman*,] This line is taken from the old play, printed in quarto, in 1591. MALONE.

SAL. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my  
foul

But I do love the favour and the form  
Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
We will untread the steps of damned flight;  
And, like a bated and retired flood,  
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,<sup>2</sup>  
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,  
And calmly run on in obedience,  
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—  
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;  
For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
Right in thine eye.<sup>3</sup>—Away, my friends! New  
flight;

And happy newness,<sup>4</sup> that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.]

<sup>2</sup> *Leaving our rankness and irregular course,*] *Rank*, as applied to water, here signifies *exuberant, ready to overflow*: as applied to the actions of the speaker and his party, it signifies *inordinate*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Rain added to a river that is *rank*,

“ Perforce will force it overflow the bank.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Right in thine eye.*] This is the old reading. *Right* signifies *immediate*. It is now obsolete. Some commentators would read—*fight*, i. e. pitched as a tent is; others, *fight in thine eye*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *happy newness, &c.*] Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government. JOHNSON.

## SCENE V.

*The same. The French Camp.*

*Enter LEWIS, and his Train.*

LEW. The fun of heaven, methought, was loth  
to fet;  
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,  
When the English measur'd<sup>5</sup> backward their own  
ground,  
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,  
When with a volley of our needles shot,  
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;  
And wound our tatter'd<sup>6</sup> colours clearly up,  
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

<sup>5</sup> *When the English measur'd*—] Old copy—*When English measure, &c.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *tatter'd*—] For *tatter'd*, the folio reads, *tottering*.

JOHNSON.

It is remarkable through such old copies of our author as I have hitherto seen, that wherever the modern editors read *tatter'd*, the old editions give us *totter'd* in its room. Perhaps the present broad pronunciation, almost particular to the Scots, was at that time common to both nations.

So, in Marlowe's *K. Edward II.* 1598:

“ This tottered ensign of my ancestors.”

Again:

“ As doth this water from my totter'd robes.”

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“ I will not bid my ensign-bearer wave

“ My totter'd colours in this worthless air.” STEVENS.

*Tottering*, which in the spelling of our author's time was *tottering*, is used for *tatter'd*. The active and passive participles are employed by him very indiscriminately. MALONE.

I read—*tatter'd*, an epithet which occurs again in *King Lear* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Of *tottering* (which would obviously mean *tearing to tatters*) our author's works afford no parallel. STEVENS.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MESS.* Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

*LEW.* Here:—What news?

*MESS.* The count Melun is slain; the English lords,

By his persuasion, are again fallen off:  
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,  
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

*LEW.* Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,  
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,  
King John did fly, an hour or two before  
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

*MESS.* Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

*LEW.* Well; keep good quarter,<sup>7</sup> and good care to-night:

The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E   V I.

*An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinestead-Abbey.*

*Enter the Bastard, and HUBERT, meeting.*

*HUB.* Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly,  
or I shoot.

*BAST.* A friend:—What art thou?

<sup>7</sup> — keep good quarter,] i. e. keep in your allotted posts or stations. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ ——— not a man

“ Shall pass his quarter.” STEEVENS.

HUB. Of the part of England.

BAST. Whither dost thou go?

HUB. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand  
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

BAST. Hubert, I think.

HUB. Thou hast a perfect thought :<sup>8</sup>  
I will, upon all hazards, well believe  
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well :  
Who art thou ?

BAST. Who thou wilt : an if thou please,  
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think  
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

HUB. Unkind remembrance ! thou, and eyeless  
night,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — perfect *thought* :] i. e. a well-informed one. So, in  
*Gymbeline* :

“ ——— I am *perfect* ;

“ That the Pannonians,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *thou, and eyeless night*,] The old copy reads—*endless*.

STEEVENS.

We should read *eyeless*. So, Pindar calls the moon, *the eye of  
night*. WARBURTON.

This epithet I find in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607 :

“ O *eyeless* night, the portraiture of death !”

Again, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 102. b :

“ The daie made ende, and *loste his sight*,

“ And comen was the darke night,

“ The whiche all the daies *is blent*.” STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. With Pindar our  
author had certainly no acquaintance ; but, I believe, the correction  
is right. Shakspeare has, however, twice applied the epithet  
*endless* to *night*, in *K. Richard II* :

“ Then thus I turn me from my country's light,

“ To dwell in solemn shades of *endless* night.”

Again :

“ My oil-dry'd lamp—

“ Shall be extinct with age and *endless* night.”

But in the latter of these passages a natural, and in the former, a  
kind of civil, *death*, is alluded to. In the present passage the epithet

Have done me shame :—Brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,  
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

*BAST.* Come, come ; fans compliment, what news  
abroad ?

*HUB.* Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,  
To find you out.

*BAST.* Brief, then ; and what's the news ?

*HUB.* O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,  
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

*BAST.* Show me the very wound of this ill news ;  
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

*HUB.* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk :<sup>9</sup>  
I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
To acquaint you with this evil ; that you might  
The better arm you to the sudden time,  
Than if you had at leisure known of this.<sup>a</sup>

*endless* is inadmissible, because, if understood literally, it is false. On the other hand *eyeless* is peculiarly applicable. The emendation is also supported by our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Poor grooms are *sightless* night ; kings, glorious day.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk :*] Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years after the death of King John, mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poison'd a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first who relates it in his Chronicle, as a report. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> — *that you might*

*The better arm you to the sudden time,*

*Than if you had at leisure known of this.*] That you might be able to prepare instantly for the sudden revolution in affairs which the king's death will occasion, in a better manner than you could have done, if you had not known of it till the event had actually happened, and the kingdom was reduced to a state of composure and quiet. MALONE.



*BAST.* How did he take it? who did taste to him?

*HUB.* A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king  
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

*BAST.* Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

*HUB.* Why, know you not? the lords are all  
come back,  
And brought prince Henry in their company;<sup>3</sup>  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his majesty.

*BAST.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty  
heaven,

And tempt us not to bear above our power!——  
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,  
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;  
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.  
Away, before! conduct me to the king;  
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.

*The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.*

*Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

*P. HEN.* It is too late; the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly;<sup>4</sup> and his pure brain

<sup>3</sup> *Why, know you not? the lords, &c.*] Perhaps we ought to point thus:

*Why know you not, the lords are all come back,  
And brought prince Henry in their company?* MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Is touch'd corruptibly;*] i. e. *corruptively*. Such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"The Romans *plausibly* did give consent——"  
i. e. with acclamations. Here we should now say—*plausively*.  
MALONE.

(Which some suppose the foul's frail dwelling-house,)

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter PEMBROKE.*

PEMB. His highness yet doth speak; and holds  
belief,  
That, being brought into the open air,  
It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. HEN. Let him be brought into the orchard  
here.—

Doth he still rage? [Exit BIGOT.]

PEMB. He is more patient  
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. HEN. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,  
In their continuance,<sup>5</sup> will not feel themselves.  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now  
Against the mind,<sup>6</sup> the which he pricks and wounds

<sup>5</sup> *In their continuance,*] I suspect our author wrote—*In thy continuance*. In his Sonnets the two words are frequently confounded. If the text be right, *continuance* means *continuity*. Bacon uses the word in that sense. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now Against the mind,*] The old copy reads—*invisible*. STEEVENS.

As the word *invisible* has no sense in this passage, I have no doubt but the modern editors are right in reading *insensible*, which agrees with the two preceding lines:

—*fierce extremes,*  
*In their continuance, will not feel themselves.*  
*Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,*  
*Leaves them insensible: his siege is now*  
*Against the mind, &c.*

The last lines are evidently intended as a paraphrase, and confirmation of the two first. M. MASON.

With many legions of strange fantasies;  
Which, in their throng and prefs to that last hold,

*Invisible* is here used adverbially. Death, having glutted himself with the ravage of the almost wasted body, and knowing that the disease with which he has assailed it is mortal, before its dissolution, proceeds, from mere satiety, to attack the mind, leaving the body *invisibly*; that is, in such a secret manner that the eye cannot *precisely* mark his progress, or see when his attack on the vital powers has ended, and that on the mind begins; or in other words, at what particular moment reason ceases to perform its function, and the understanding, *in consequence of a corroding and mortal malady*, begins to be disturbed. Our poet in his *Venus and Adonis* calls Death, "*invisible commander*."

Henry is here only pursuing the same train of thought which we find in his first speech in the present scene.

Our author has, in many other passages in his plays used adjectives adverbially. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "Was it not meant *damnable* in us," &c. Again, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I: "—ten times more *dishonourable* ragged than an old faced ancient." See Vol. VI. p. 318, n. 9. and *K. Henry IV.* Act IV. sc. ii.

Mr. Rowe reads—*her* siege—, an error derived from the corruption of the second folio. I suspect, that this strange mistake was Mr. Gray's authority for making *Death* a female; in which, I believe, he has neither been preceded or followed by any poet:

"The painful family of *Death*,  
"More hideous than their *queen*."

The old copy, in the passage before us, reads—Against the *wind*; an evident error of the press, which was corrected by Mr. Pope, and which I should scarcely have mentioned, but that it justifies an emendation made in *Measure for Measure*, [Vol. IV. p. 247, n. 9.] where by a similar mistake the word *flames* appears in the old copy instead of *flames*. MALONE.

Mr. Malone reads:

*Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them invisible; &c.*

As often as I am induced to differ from the opinions of a gentleman whose laborious diligence in the cause of Shakspeare is without example, I subject myself to the most unwelcome part of editorial duty. Success, however, is not in every instance proportionable to zeal and effort; and he who shrinks from controversy, should also have avoided the *vestibulum ipsum, primasque fauces* of the school of Shakspeare.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gives us—*insensible*, which affords a meaning sufficiently commodious. But as *invisible* and *insensible* are not

Confound themselves.' 'Tis strange, that death  
should sing.—

words of exactest consonance, the legitimacy of this emendation has been disputed. It yet remains in the text, for the sake of those who discover no light through the ancient reading.

Perhaps (I speak without confidence) our author wrote—*invincible*, which, in sound, so nearly resembles *invisible*, that an inattentive compositor might have substituted the one for the other. —All our modern editors (Mr. Malone excepted) agree that *invincible* in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act III. sc. ii. was a misprint for *invisible*; and so (*vice versa*) *invisible* may here have usurped the place of *invincible*.

If my supposition be admitted, the Prince must design to say, that Death had battered the royal outworks, but, seeing they were *invincible*, quitted them, and directed his force against the mind. In the present instance, the King of Terrors is described as a besieger, who, failing in his attempt to storm the bulwark, proceeded to undermine the citadel. Why else did he change his mode and object of attack?—The Spanish ordnance sufficiently *preyed* on the ramparts of Gibraltar, but still left them *impregnable*.—The same metaphor, though not continued so far, occurs again in *Timon of Athens*:

“ ——— Nature,

“ To whom all foies lay *siege*.”

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

“ ——— and yet my heart

“ Will not confess he owes the malady

“ That does my life *besiege*.”

Mr. Malone, however, gives a different turn to the passage before us; and leaving the word *siege* out of his account, appears to represent Death as a gourmand, who had satiated himself with the King's body, and took his intellectual part by way of change of provision.

Neither can a complete acquiescence in the same gentleman's examples of adjectives used adverbially, be well expected; as they chiefly occur in light and familiar dialogue, or where the regular full-grown adverb was unfavourable to rhyme or metre. Nor indeed are these docked adverbs (which perform their office, like the witch's rat, “without a tail,”) discoverable in any solemn narrative like that before us. A portion of them also might be no other than typographical imperfections; for this part of speech, shorn of its termination, will necessarily take the form of an adjective.—I may subjoin, that in the beginning of the present scene, the adjective *corruptible* is not offered as a *locum tenens* for

I am the cygnet\* to this pale saint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;

the adverb *corruptibly*, though they were alike adapted to our author's measure.

It must, notwithstanding, be allowed that adjectives employed adverbially are sometimes met with in the language of Shakspeare. Yet, surely, we ought not (as Polonius says) to "crack the wind of the poor phrase," by supposing its existence where it must operate equivocally, and provoke a smile, as on the present occasion.

That Death, therefore, "left the outward parts of the King *invisible*," could not, in my judgement, have been an expression hazarded by our poet in his most careless moment of composition. It conveys an idea too like the helmet of Orcus, in the fifth Iliad,\* Gadshill's "receipt of fern-seed," Colonel Feignwell's *moros masphonon*, or the consequences of being bit by a *Seps*, as was a Roman soldier, of whom says our excellent translator of Lucan,

" — none was left, no least remains were seen,

" No marks to show that once a man had been."†

Besides, if the outward part (i. e. the body) of the expiring monarch was, in plain, familiar, and unqualified terms, pronounced to be *invisible*, how could those who pretended to have just *seen* it, expect to be believed? and would not an audience, uninitiated in the mystery of adverbial adjectives, on hearing such an account of the royal carcase, have exclaimed, like the Governor of Tilbury Fort in the *Critic*:

" ———— thou canst not *see* it,

" Because 'tis *not in sight*."

But I ought not to dismiss the present subject, without a few words in defence of Mr. Gray, who had authority somewhat more decisive than that of the persecuted second folio of Shakspeare, for representing *Death* as a *Woman*. The writer of the *Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College*, was sufficiently intimate with Lucretius, Horace, Ovid, Phædrus, Statius, Petronius, Seneca the dramatist, &c. to know that they *all* concurred in exhibiting *Mors* as a *God-des*. Mr. Spence in his *Polymetis*, p. 261, (I refer to a book of easy access,) has produced abundant examples in proof of my assertion, and others may be readily supplied. One comprehensive instance, indeed, will answer my present purpose. Statius, in his

\* Δὴν Ἄλδος νεκρῶν, καὶ τῆς λαοῦ ἡρώδους Ἀρετῆς.

† Rowe; Book IX. l. 1334.

And, from the organpipe of frailty, sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

eighth Thebaid, describing a troop of ghastly females who surrounded the throne of Pluto, has the following lines:

*Stant Furie circum, varique ex ordine Mortes,  
Sævaque multifonas exercet Pæna catenas.*

From this group of personification, &c. it is evident, that not merely *Death*, as the source or principle of mortality, but each particular kind of Death was represented under a feminine shape. For want, therefore, of a corresponding masculine term, Dobson, in his Latin version of the second *Paradise Lost*, was obliged to render the terrific offspring of Satan, by the name of *Hades*; a luckless necessity, because *Hades*, in the 964th line of the same book, exhibits a character completely discriminated from that of *Death*.

Were I inclined to be sportive, (a disposition which commentators should studiously repress,) might I not maintain on the strength of the foregoing circumstances, that the editor of the folio 1632 (far from being an ignorant blunderer,) was well instructed in the niceties of Roman mythology? and might not my ingenious fellow-labourer, on the score of his meditated triumph over Mr. Gray, be saluted with such a remark as reached the ear of Cadmus?—

— *Quid, Agenore nato, peremptum  
Serpentem spectas? et tu spectabere serpens.*

Fashionable as it is to cavil at the productions of our Cambridge Poet, it has not yet been discovered that throughout the fields of classic literature, even in a single instance, he had mistook his way. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *With many legions of strange fantasies;  
Which, in their throng and press to that last bold,  
Confound themselves.]* So, in our author's *Rape of Lucretia*:

“ Much like a press of people at a door,  
“ *Throng his inventions, which shall go before.*”

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ — which forc'd such way,  
“ That many maz'd considerations did throng,  
“ And press in, with this caution.” MALONE.

— *in their throng and press to that last hold,]* In their tumult and hurry of resorting to the last tenable part. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *I am the cygnet—]* Old copy—*Symet*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

SAL. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born

To set a form upon that indigest  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.<sup>9</sup>

*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in King JOHN in a Chair.*

K. JOHN. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.  
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment; and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

P. HEN. How fares your majesty?

K. JOHN. Poison'd,—ill-fare;<sup>2</sup>—dead, forsook,  
cast off:

<sup>3</sup> And none of you will bid the winter come,

<sup>9</sup> —you are born

*To set a form upon that indigest  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.*] A description of  
the Chaos almost in the very words of Ovid:

“Quem dixere Chaos, rudis indigestaque moles.” *Met.* I.

WHALLEY.

“Which Chaos hight, a huge rude heap,—:

“No funne as yet with lightsome beames the *shapeless* world  
did view.” Golding's Translation, 1587.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Poison'd,—ill-fare;*] Mr. Malone supposes *fare* to be here used  
as a dissyllable, like *fire*, *hour*, &c. But as this word has not con-  
curring vowels in it, like *hour*, or *fair*, nor was ever dissyllabically  
spelt (like *fier*) *faer*; I had rather suppose the present line imper-  
fect, than complete it by such unprecedented means. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> This scene has been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The  
Wife for a Month*, Act IV. STEEVENS.

To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;<sup>9</sup>  
 Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
 Through my burn'd bosom ; nor entreat the north  
 To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
 And comfort me with cold :—I do not ask you much,<sup>a</sup>  
 I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,<sup>3</sup>  
 And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. HEN. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,  
 That might relieve you !

K. JOHN.

The salt in them is hot.—

<sup>9</sup> *To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;*] Decker, in *The Gull's Hornbook*, 1609, has the same thought : “ —the morning waxing cold, thrust his frosty fingers into thy bosome.”

Again, in a pamphlet entitled, *The great Frost, Cold Doings, &c. in London*, 1608 : “ The cold hand of winter is thrust into our bosoms.” STEEVENS.

The corresponding passage in the old play runs thus :

“ Phillip, some drink. O, for the frozen Alps

“ To tumble on, and cool this inward heat,

“ That rageth as a furnace seven-fold hot.”

There is so strong a resemblance, not only in the thought, but in the expression, between the passage before us and the following lines in two of Marlowe's plays, that we may fairly suppose them to have been in our author's thoughts :

“ O, I am dull, and the cold hand of sleep

“ Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast,

“ And made a frost within me.” *Lust's Dominion*.

Again :

“ O, poor Zephira, O my queen, my queen,

“ Fetch me some water for my burning breast,

“ To cool and comfort me with longer date.”

*Tamburlaine*, 1591.

*Lust's Dominion*, like many of the plays of that time, remained unpublished for a great number of years, and was first printed in 1657, by Francis Kirkman, a bookseller. It must however have been written before 1593, in which year Marlowe died.

MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> — *I do not ask you much,*] We should read, for the sake of metre, with Sir T. Hanmer,—] *ask not much*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *so strait,*] i. e. narrow, avaricious ; an unusual sense of the word. STEEVENS.



Within me is a hell; and there the poison  
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*BAST.* O, I am scalded with my violent motion,  
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

*K. JOHN.* O cousin, thou art come to set mine  
eye:

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;  
And all the shrouds,<sup>4</sup> wherewith my life should sail,  
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;  
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,  
And module of confounded royalty.<sup>5</sup>

*BAST.* The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;  
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer  
him:

For, in a night, the best part of my power,

<sup>4</sup> *And all the shrouds,*] Shakspeare here uses the word *shrouds* in its true sense. The *shrouds* are the great ropes, which come from each side of the mast. In modern poetry the word frequently signifies the sails of a ship. MALONE.

This latter usage of the word—*shrouds*, has hitherto escaped my notice. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *And module of confounded royalty.*] *Module* and *model*, it has been already observed, were in our author's time only different modes of spelling the same word. *Model* signified not an archetype after which something was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype; and hence it is used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries for a *representation*. So, in *The London Prodigal*, 1605:

"Dear copy of my husband! O let me kiss thee!

[*Kissing a picture.*]

"How like him is this *model*?"  
See Vol. VI. p. 321, n. 5. MALONE.

As I upon advantage did remove,  
 Were in the washes, all unwarily,  
 Devoured by the unexpected flood.<sup>6</sup> [*The King dies.*]

*SAL.* You breathe these dead news in as dead an  
 ear.—

My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

*P. HEN.* Even so must I run on, and even so stop.  
 What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
 When this was now a king, and now is clay!

*BAST.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,  
 To do the office for thee of revenge;  
 And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
 As it on earth hath been thy servant still.——  
 Now, now, you stars, that move in your right  
 spheres,

Where be your powers? Show now your mended  
 faiths;

And instantly return with me again,  
 To push destruction, and perpetual shame,  
 Out of the weak door of our fainting land:  
 Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be fought;  
 The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

*SAL.* It seems, you know not then so much as we:  
 The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,  
 Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;  
 And brings from him such offers of our peace  
 As we with honour and respect may take,  
 With purpose presently to leave this war.

*BAST.* He will the rather do it, when he sees  
 Ourselves well finewed to our defence.

<sup>6</sup> *Were in the washes, all unwarily, &c.*] This untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire, he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia. MALONE.

*SAL.* Nay, it is in a manner done already;  
For many carriages he hath despatch'd  
To the seaside, and put his cause and quarrel  
To the disposing of the cardinal:  
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
To consummate this business happily.

*BAST.* Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,  
With other princes that may best be spar'd,  
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

*P. HEN.* At Worcester must his body be interr'd;  
For so he will'd it.

*BAST.* Thither shall it then.  
And happily may your sweet self put on  
The lineal state and glory of the land!  
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,  
I do bequeath my faithful services  
And true subjection everlastingly.

*SAL.* And the like tender of our love we make,  
To rest without a spot for evermore.

*P. HEN.* I have a kind soul, that would give you  
thanks,  
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

*BAST.* O, let us pay the time but needful woe,<sup>6</sup>  
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—

<sup>7</sup> — *that would give you*—] *You*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the sake of the metre, by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *let us pay the time but needful woe,*  
*Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.*] Let us now indulge in sorrow, since there is abundant cause for it. England has been long in a scene of confusion, and its calamities have anticipated our tears. By those which we now shed, we only pay her what is her due. MALONE.

I believe the plain meaning of the passage is this:—As previously we have found sufficient cause for lamentation, let us not waste the present time in superfluous sorrow. STEEVENS.



# KING RICHARD II.\*

\* THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.] But this history comprises little more than the two last years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398; and it closes with the murder of King Richard at Pomfret-castle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year. THEOBALD.

It is evident from a passage in *Camden's Annals*, that there was an old play on the subject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gillie Merick, who was concerned in the hare-brained business of the Earl of Essex, and was hanged for it, with the ingenious Cuffe, in 1601, is accused, amongst other things, "quod exoletam tragediam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agi curasset."

I have since met with a passage in my Lord Bacon, which proves this play to have been in English. It is in the arraignments of *Cuffe and Merick*, Vol. IV. p. 412. of Mallet's edition: "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing *King Richard the Second*; — when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old*, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was."

It may be worth enquiry, whether some of the *rhyming* parts of the present play, which Mr. Pope thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly however, the general tendency of it must have been very different; since, as Dr. Johnson observes, there are some expressions in this of Shakespeare, which strongly inculcate the doctrine of *indefeasible right*.

FARMER.

It is probable, I think, that the play which Sir Gilly Merick procured to be represented, bore the title of HENRY IV. and not of RICHARD II.

*Camden* calls it—"exoletam tragediam de tragica abdicatione regis Ricardi secundi;" and (Lord Bacon in his account of *The Effect of that which passed* at the arraignment of *Merick* and others) says, "That the afternoon before the rebellion, *Merick* had procured to be played before them, the play of deposing *King Richard the Second*." But in a more particular account of the proceeding against *Merick*, which is printed in the *State Trials*, Vol. VII. p. 60, the matter is stated thus: "The story of HENRY IV. being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the king upon a stage; the Friday before, Sir Gilly

*Merick* and some others of the earl's train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have *the play of HENRY IV.* The players told them that was stale; they should get nothing by playing that; but no play else would serve: and Sir *Gilly Merick* gives forty shillings to *Philip*; the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get."

*Augustine Philipps* was one of the patentees of the Globe play-house with *Shakspeare* in 1603; but the play here described was certainly not *Shakspeare's HENRY IV.* as that commences above a year after the death of Richard. TYRWHITT.

This play of Shakspeare was first entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wise, Aug. 29, 1597. STEEVENS.

It was written, I imagine, in the same year. MALONE.

## PERSONS represented.

King Richard the Second.

Edmund of Langley, Duke of York; } *uncles to the*  
John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; } *King.*

Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, son  
to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.

Duke of Aumerle,<sup>2</sup> son to the Duke of York.

Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of Surrey.

Earl of Salisbury. Earl Berkley.<sup>3</sup>

Busby, }  
Bagot, } *creatures to King Richard.*  
Green, }

Earl of Northumberland:

Henry Percy, his son.

Lord Rofs.<sup>4</sup> Lord Willoughby. Lord Fitzwater.  
Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster.

Lord Marshal; and another lord.

Sir Pierce of Exton. Sir Stephen Scroop.

Captain of a band of Welchmen.

Queen to King Richard.

Duchess of Gloster.

Duchess of York.

Lady attending on the Queen.

*Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners;  
Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, dispersedly in England and Wales.

<sup>2</sup> Duke of Aumerle,] *Aumerle*, or *Aumale*, is the French for what we now call *Albemarle*, which is a town in Normandy. The old historians generally use the French title. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Earl Berkley. ] It ought to be *Lord Berkley*. There was no *Earl Berkley* till some ages after. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Rofs. ] Now spelt *Ross*, one of the Duke of Rutland's titles. STEEVENS.



# THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King RICHARD, attended; JOHN of GAUNT,  
and other nobles, with him.*

**K. RICH.** Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd  
Lancaster,  
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,<sup>a</sup>  
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;  
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,  
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

**GAUNT.** I have, my liege.

**K. RICH.** Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded  
him,  
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;

<sup>a</sup> — *thy oath and band,*] When these public challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. C. iii. st. 3:

"The day was set, that all might understand,

"And pledges pawn'd the same to keep aright."

The old copies read *band* instead of *bond*. The former is right. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"My master is arrested on a *band*." STEEVENS.

*Band* and *Bond* were formerly synonymous. See note on the *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV. sc. ii. MALONE.

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Or worthily, as a good subject should,  
On some known ground of treachery in him?

*GAUNT.* As near as I could sift him on that argument,—

On some apparent danger seen in him,  
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

*K. RICH.* Then call them to our presence; face  
to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear  
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and  
NORFOLK.*

*BOLING.* Many years of happy days befall  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

*NOR.* Each day still better other's happiness;  
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown!

*K. RICH.* We thank you both: yet one but flatters  
us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;  
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—  
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*BOLING.* First, (heaven be the record to my  
speech!)

In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,

And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.  
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;  
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;  
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;  
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn<sup>3</sup> sword  
may prove.

NOR. Let not my cold words here accuse my  
zeal:

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;  
The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this.  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,  
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:  
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me  
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;  
Which else would post, until it had return'd  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.  
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him;  
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:  
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;  
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
Or any other ground inhabitable<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *right-drawn*—] Drawn in a right or just cause.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *inhabitable*,] That is, *not habitable, uninhabitable*.

JOHNSON.

Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.  
 Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—  
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

*BOLING.* Pale trembling coward, there I throw  
 my gage,  
 Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;  
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:  
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,  
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;  
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,  
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

*NOR.* I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,  
 Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,  
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,  
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:  
 And, when I mount, alive may I not light,  
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

*K. RICH.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's  
 charge?  
 It must be great, that can inherit us;  
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*BOLING.* Look, what I speak my life shall prove  
 it true;—

Ben Jonson uses the word in the same sense in his *Catiline*:

“ And pour'd on some *inhabitable* place.” STEEVENS.

So also Braithwaite, in his *Survey of Histories*, 1614: “ Others,  
 in imitation of some valiant knights, have frequented desarts and  
*inhabited* provinces.” MALONE.

5 ——— *that can inherit us, &c.*] To *inherit* is no more than to  
*possess*, though such a use of the word may be peculiar to Shakspeare.  
 Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. ii:

“ ——— such delight

“ Among fresh female buds shall you this night

“ *Inherit* at my house.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 127. n. 6. MALONE.

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,

In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;  
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,<sup>6</sup>  
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.

Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—  
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge  
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—  
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years  
Complotted and contrived in this land,  
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and  
spring.

Further I say,—and further will maintain  
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—  
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;<sup>7</sup>  
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;<sup>8</sup>  
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,  
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of  
blood:

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement;  
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. RICH. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—  
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

<sup>6</sup> ——— for lewd employments.] *Lewd* here signifies *wicked*. It is so used in many of our old statutes. MALONE.

Thus, in *King Richard III*:

“ But you must trouble him with *lewd* complaints.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— the duke of Gloster's death:] Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III.; who was murdered at Calais, in 1397. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;] i. e. prompt, set them on by injurious hints. Thus, in *The Tempest*:

“ They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk.” STEEVENS.

NOR. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,  
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
Till I have told this slander of his blood,<sup>7</sup>  
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. RICH. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and  
ears :

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,  
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)  
Now by my scepter's awe<sup>8</sup> I make a vow,  
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize  
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul;  
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;  
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

NOR. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!  
'Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,  
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' foldiers:  
The other part reserv'd I by consent;  
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,  
Upon remainder of a dear account,  
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:  
Now swallow down that lie.——For Gloster's  
death,——

I slew him not; but, to my own disgrace,  
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—  
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,  
The honourable father to my foe,  
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,  
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:  
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,  
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd

<sup>7</sup> — *this slander of his blood,*] i. e. this reproach to his ancestry. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *my scepter's awe* —] The reverence due to my scepter.  
JOHNSON.

Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.  
 This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,  
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,  
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor:  
 Which in myself I boldly will defend;  
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:  
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. RICH. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by  
 me;  
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood:  
 This we prescribe, though no physician;<sup>9</sup>  
 Deep malice makes too deep incision:  
 Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;  
 Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—  
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun;  
 We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

<sup>9</sup> *This we prescribe, though no physician; &c.]* I must make one remark in general on the *rhymes* throughout this whole play; they are so much inferior to the rest of the writing, that they appear to me of a different hand. What confirms this, is, that the context does every where exactly (and frequently much better) connect, without the inserted rhymes, except in a very few places; and just there too, the rhyming verses are of a much better taste than all the others, which rather strengthens my conjecture.

POPE.

“ This observation of Mr. Pope's, (says Mr. Edwards,) happens to be very unluckily placed here, because the context, without the inserted rhymes, will not *connect* at all. Read this passage as it would stand corrected by this rule, and we shall find, when the rhyming part of the dialogue is left out, King Richard begins with dissuading them from the duel, and, in the very next sentence, appoints the time and place of their combat.”

Mr. Edwards's censure is rather hasty; for in the note, to which it refers, it is allowed that some rhymes must be retained to make out the connection. STEEVENS.

GAUNT. To be a makepeace shall become my age:—  
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. RICH. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

GAUNT. When, Harry? when?  
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. RICH. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there  
is no boot.<sup>1</sup>

NOR. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy  
foot:

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:  
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,  
(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,)<sup>4</sup>  
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.  
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;<sup>5</sup>  
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;

\* *When, Harry?*] This obsolete exclamation of impatience, is likewise found in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"Fly into Affrick; from the mountains there,

"Chuse me two venomous serpents: thou shalt know them:

"By their fell poison and their fierce aspect.

"*When, Iris?*

"*Iris.* I am gone."

Again, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"—— I'll cut off thy legs,

"If thou delay thy duty. *When, proud John?*"

STEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *no boot.*] That is, *no advantage, no use*, in delay or refusal. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *my fair name, &c.*] That is, *my name that lives on my grave, in despite of death.* This easy passage most of the editors seem to have mistaken. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *and baffled here;*] *Baffled* in this place means treated with the greatest ignominy imaginable. So, Holinshed, Vol. III. p. 827, and 1218, or annis 1513, and 1570, explains it: "*Baffling* says he, is a great disgrace among the Scots, and it is used when a man is openly perjured, and then they make of him an image painted, reversed, with his heels upward, with his name, wondering, crying, and blowing out of him with horns." Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. V. c. iii. st. 37; and B. VI. c. vii. st. 27. has the word in the same signification. TOLLET.



The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood  
Which breath'd this poison.

*K. RICH.* Rage must be withstood :  
Give me his gage :—Lions make leopards tame.

*NOR.* Yea, but not change their spots :<sup>6</sup> take but  
my shame,  
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,  
The purest treasure mortal times afford,  
Is—spotless reputation ; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.  
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest  
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;  
Take honour from me, and my life is done :  
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;  
In that I live, and for that will I die.

*K. RICH.* Cousin, throw down your gage ; do you  
begin.

*BOLING.* O, God defend my soul from such foul  
sin !

Shall I seem crestfallen in my father's sight ?  
Or with pale beggar-fear<sup>7</sup> impeach my height  
Before this outdar'd dastard ? Ere my tongue  
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,

The same expression occurs in *Twelfth Night*, sc. ult :

“ Alas, poor fool ! how have they baffled thee ? ”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I. Act I. sc. ii :

“ —an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.”

Again, in *The London Prodigal*, 1605 : “ —chil be *abaffelled*  
up and down the town, for a *messel*.” i. e. for a beggar, or rather a  
*leper*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —but not change their spots :] The old copies have—*his*  
spots. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —with pale beggar-fear—] This is the reading of one of  
the oldest quartos, and the folio. The quartos 1608 and 1615  
read—*beggar-face* ; i. e. (as Dr. Warburton observes) with a face of  
supplication. STEEVENS.

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
 The slavish motive<sup>4</sup> of recanting fear;  
 And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,  
 Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.  
[Exit GAUNT.]

*K. RICH.* We were not born to sue, but to command:

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
 Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
 At Coventry, upon saint Lambert's day;  
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate  
 The swelling difference of your settled hate;  
 Since we cannot atone you,<sup>5</sup> we shall see  
 Justice design<sup>6</sup> the victor's chivalry.—  
 Marshal, command<sup>7</sup> our officers at arms  
 Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [Exeunt.]

<sup>4</sup> *The slavish motive*—] *Motive*, for instrument.

WARBURTON.

Rather that which fear puts in motion. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — atone you,] i. e. reconcile you. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ I was glad I did atone my countryman and you.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Justice design*—] Thus the old copies. Mr. Pope reads—  
 “ Justice decide,” but without necessity. *Designo*, Lat. signifies to  
 mark out, to point out: “ Notat designatque oculis ad eadem  
 unumquemque nostrum.” *Cicero in Catilinam*. STEEVENS.

To *design* in our author's time signified to mark out. See  
 Minsheu's *Dict.* in v. “ To *design* or *show* by a token. Ital.  
*Denotare*. Lat. *Designare*.” At the end of the article the reader is  
 referred to the words “ to *marke*, *note*, *demonstrate* or *show*.”—  
 The word is still used with this signification in Scotland.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Marshal, command, &c.*] The old copies—Lord Marshall; but  
 (as Mr. Ritson observes) the metre requires the omission I have  
 made. It is also justified by his Majesty's repeated address to the  
 same officer, in scene iii. STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.*

*Enter GAUNT, and Dukes of Gloster.<sup>8</sup>*

GAUNT. Alas! the part I had<sup>9</sup> in Gloster's blood  
Doth more solicit me, than your exclams,  
To stir against the butchers of his life.  
But since correction lieth in those hands,  
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;  
Who when he sees<sup>1</sup> the hours ripe on earth,  
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

DUCH. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?  
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?  
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,  
Or seven fair branches, springing from one root:  
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,  
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:  
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—

<sup>8</sup> — *duchefs of Gloster.*] The Duchefs of Gloster was Eleanor Bohun, widow of Duke Thomas, son of Edward III.

WALPOLE.

<sup>9</sup> — *the part I had*—] That is, my relation of consanguinity to Gloster. HANMER.

<sup>1</sup> ——— heaven;

*Who when he sees*—] The old copies erroneously read—

*Who when they see*——.

I have reformed the text by example of a subsequent passage, p. 202:

“ ——— *heaven's* substitute,

“ *His* deputy, anointed in *his* fight,” &c. STEEVENS.

One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—  
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;  
 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,<sup>1</sup>  
 By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.  
 Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that  
     womb,  
 That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,  
 Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and  
     breath'st,  
 Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent<sup>2</sup>  
 In some large measure to thy father's death,  
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
 Who was the model of thy father's life.  
 Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:  
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
 Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:  
 That which in mean men we entitle—patience,  
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.  
 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,  
 The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

GAUNT. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's  
     substitute,  
 His deputy anointed in his fight,

<sup>1</sup> *One phial, &c.*] Though all the old copies concur in the present regulation of the following lines, I would rather read—

*One phial full of Edward's sacred blood  
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spill'd;  
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root  
 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded.*

Some of the old copies in this instance, as in many others, read *waded*, a mode of spelling practised by several of our ancient writers. After all, I believe the transposition to be needless.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *thou dost consent, &c.*] i. e. assent. So, in *St. Luke's Gospel*, xxiii. 51: "The same had not *consented* to the counsel and dead of them." STEEVENS.

Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,  
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift  
An angry arm against his minister.

DUCH. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?<sup>4</sup>

GAUNT. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

DUCH. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.<sup>5</sup>  
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold  
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:  
O, fit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,  
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!  
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,  
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,  
That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
A caitiff recreant<sup>6</sup> to my cousin Hereford!

<sup>4</sup> — *may I complain myself?*] To *complain* is commonly a verb neuter, but it is here used as a verb active. Dryden employs the word in the same sense in his Fables:

“Gaufride, who couldst so well in rhyme *complain*

“The death of Richard with an arrow slain.”

*Complain myself* (as Mr. M. Mason observes) is a literal translation of the French phrase, *me plaindre*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.*] The measure of this line being clearly defective, why may we not read?—

“Why then I will. *Now fare thee well, old Gaunt.*”

Or thus:

“Why then I will. Farewell old *John of Gaunt.*”

There can be nothing ludicrous in a title by which the King has already addressed him. RITSON.

Sir T. Hanmer completes the measure, by repeating the word—*farewell*, at the end of the line. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *A caitiff recreant*—] *Caitiff* originally signified a *prisoner*; next a *slave*, from the condition of prisoners; then a *scoundrel*, from the qualities of a slave.

Ἡμισυ τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀποκινύμενος δόλιον ἦτορ.

In this passage it partakes of all these significations. JOHNSON.

Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife,  
With her companion grief must end her life.

GAUNT. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:  
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

DUCH. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth  
where it falls,  
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:  
I take my leave before I have begun;  
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.  
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.  
Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;  
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;  
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—  
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.  
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,  
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,<sup>6</sup>  
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?  
And what cheer there<sup>7</sup> for welcome, but my groans?

This just sentiment is in Homer; but the learned commentator quoting, I suppose from memory, has compressed a couplet into a single line;

Ημίσι γὰρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀποαυτῶν ἐννεοῖα Ζεὺς  
Ἄνθρωποι, οὐτ' ἂν μιν κατὰ δουλοῖν ἡμῶν εἴλῃσιν.

*Odys.* Lib. XVII. v. 322. HOLT WHITE.

I do not believe that *caitiff* in our language ever signified a *prisoner*. I take it to be derived, not from *captif*, but from *chetif*, Fr. poor, miserable. TYRWHITT.

<sup>6</sup> — *unfurnish'd walls*,] In our ancient castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry, or arras, hung upon tenter hooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. See the preface to *The Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland*, begun in 1512. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And what cheer there*, &c.] I had followed the reading of the folio, [*bear*] but now rather incline to that of the first quarto.—And what *cheer*, there, &c. In the quarto of 1608, *cheer* was changed to *bear*, and the editor of the folio followed the latter copy. MALONE.

Therefore commend me; let him not come there,  
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where:<sup>8</sup>  
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;  
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Gosford-Green near Coventry.

*Lifts set out, and a throne. Heralds, &c. attending.*

*Enter the Lord Marshal,<sup>9</sup> and AUMERLE.<sup>1</sup>*

MAR. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford  
arm'd?

AUM. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

MAR. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and  
bold,

Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

<sup>8</sup> — *let him not come there,*

*To seek out sorrow that dwells every where:]* Perhaps the  
pointing might be reformed without injury to the sense:

— *let him not come there*

*To seek out sorrow: — that dwells every where.*

WHALLEY.

<sup>9</sup> — *Lord Marshal,*] Shakspeare has here committed a slight  
mistake. The office of Lord Marshal was executed on this oc-  
casion by Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey. Our author has  
inadvertently introduced that nobleman as a distinct person from  
the Marshal, in the present drama.

Mowbray Duke of Norfolk was Earl Marshal of England; but  
being himself one of the combatants, the Duke of Surrey officiated  
as Earl Marshal for the day. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Aumerle.*] Edward Duke of Aumerle, so created by his cousin  
german, King Richard II. in 1397. He was the eldest son of  
Edward of Langley Duke of York, fifth son of King Edward the  
Third, and was killed in 1415, at the battle of Agincourt. He  
officiated at the lifts of Coventry, as High Constable of England.

MALONE.

*AUM.* Why then, the champions are prepar'd,  
and stay  
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

*Flourish of trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and several noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

*K. RICH.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion  
The cause of his arrival here in arms:  
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed  
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

*MAR.* In God's name, and the king's, say who  
thou art,  
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms:  
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy  
quarrel:  
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath;  
And so<sup>1</sup> defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

<sup>1</sup> *NOR.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of  
Norfolk;  
Who hither come engaged by my oath,  
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate!)  
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,

<sup>1</sup> And so—] The old copies read—As so—.

STEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Norfolk.*] Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, observes, from Holinshed, that the Duke of Hereford, appellant, entered the lists first; and this, indeed must have been the regular method of the combat; for the natural order of things requires, that the accuser or challenger should be at the place of appointment first.

STEVENS.



To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,<sup>5</sup>  
 Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;  
 And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,  
 To prove him, in defending of myself,  
 A traitor to my God, my king, and me :  
 And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !  
 [He takes his seat.

*Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour ;  
 preceded by a Herald.*

K. RICH. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,<sup>6</sup>  
 Both who he is, and why he cometh hither  
 Thus plated in habiliments of war ;  
 And formally according to our law  
 Depose him in the justice of his cause.

<sup>5</sup> —my succeeding issue,] His is the reading of the first folio ;  
 other editions read—my issue. Mowbray's issue, was by this  
 accusation, in danger of an attainder, and therefore he might  
 come, among other reasons, for their sake : but the reading of the  
 folio is more just and grammatical. JOHNSON.

The three oldest quartos read *my*, which Mr. M. Mason prefers,  
 because, says he, Mowbray subjoins—

“ To prove him, in defending of myself,  
 “ A traitor to my God, my king, and me.”

STEVENS.

—and my succeeding issue,] Thus the first quarto. The  
 folio reads—his succeeding issue. The first quarto copy of this  
 play, in 1597, being in general much more correct than the folio,  
 and the quartos of 1608, and 1615, from the latter of which the  
 folio appears to have been printed, I have preferred the elder  
 reading. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,] Why not, as before ?

“ Marshal, demand of yonder knight in arms,”

The player who varied the expression, was probably ignorant  
 that he injured the metre. The insertion, however, of two little  
 words would answer the same purpose,

“ Marshal, go ask of yonder knight in arms,” RITSON.

*MAR.* What is thy name? and wherefore com'st  
thou hither,  
Before King Richard, in his royal lists?  
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quar-  
rel?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

*BOLING.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and  
Derby,  
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,  
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's va-  
lour,  
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,  
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,  
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;  
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*MAR.* On pain of death, no person be so bold,  
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists;  
Except the marshal, and such officers  
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

*BOLING.* Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's  
hand,  
And bow my knee before his majesty:  
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men  
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;  
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,  
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

*MAR.* The appellant in all duty greets your  
highness,  
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

*K. RICH.* We will descend, and fold him in our  
arms.  
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,  
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!  
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,  
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

BOLING. O, let no noble eye profane a tear  
 For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear:  
 As confident, as is the falcon's flight  
 Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—  
 My loving lord, [*To LORD MARSHAL.*] I take my  
 leave of you;—

Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle;—  
 Not sick, although I have to do with death;  
 But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—  
 Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret  
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:  
 O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—

[*To GAUNT.*]

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,  
 Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up  
 To reach at victory above my head,—  
 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;  
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,  
 That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,<sup>1</sup>  
 And furbish<sup>2</sup> new the name of John of Gaunt,  
 Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

GAUNT. Heaven in thy good cause make thee  
 prosperous!  
 Be swift like lightning in the execution;

<sup>1</sup> — waxen coat,] *Waxen* may mean *soft*, and consequently *penetrable*, or *flexible*. The brigandines or coats of mail, then in use, were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another, and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they form, to every motion of the body. Of these many are still to be seen in the Tower of London. STEEVENS.

The object of Bolingbroke's request is, that the temper of his lance's point might as much exceed the mail of his adversary, as the iron of that mail was harder than wax. HENLEY.

<sup>2</sup> And furbish —] Thus the quartos, 1608 and 1615. The folio reads—*furnish*. Either word will do, as to *furnish* in the time of Shakspeare signified to *dress*. So, twice in *As you like it*:—  
 “*furnished* like a huntsman.”—“—*furnished* like a beggar.”

STEEVENS.

And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,  
 Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
 Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:  
 Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

BOLING. Mine innocency,<sup>9</sup> and faint George to  
 thrive! [He takes his seat.

NOR. [*Rising.*] However heaven, or fortune, cast  
 my lot,

There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,  
 A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:  
 Never did captive with a freer heart  
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace  
 His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,  
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
 This feast of battle<sup>2</sup> with mine adversary.—  
 Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—  
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:  
 As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,<sup>3</sup>  
 Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.

<sup>9</sup> *Mine innocency,*] Old copies—*innocence*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *This feast of battle*—] “War is death's *feast*,” is a proverbial saying. See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,*] Not so, neither. We should read to *jest*; i. e. to tilt or tourney, which was a kind of sport too. WARBURTON.

The sense would perhaps have been better if the author had written what his commentator substitutes; but the rhyme, to which sense is too often enslaved, obliged Shakspeare to write *jest*, and obliges us to read it. JOHNSON.

The commentators forget that to *jest* sometimes signifies in old language to *play a part in a mask*. Thus, in *Hieronymo*:

“He promised us in honour of our guest,

“To grace our banquet with some pompous *jest*.”

and accordingly a mask is performed. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer has well explained the force of this word. So, in the third Part of *K. Henry VI*:

“—as if the tragedy

“Were play'd in *jest* by counterfeited actors.” TOLLET.

**K. RICH.** Farewell, my lord: securely I espy  
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—  
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The King and the Lords return to their seats.*]

**MAR.** Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

**BOLING.** [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I  
cry—amen.

**MAR.** Go bear this lance [*To an Officer.*] to Thomas duke of Norfolk.

**1 HER.** Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,  
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,  
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,  
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

**2 HER.** Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke  
of Norfolk,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,  
Both to defend himself, and to approve  
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;  
Courageously, and with a free desire,  
Attending but the signal to begin.

**MAR.** Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. [*A charge sounded.*]  
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.<sup>4</sup>

**K. RICH.** Let them lay by their helmets and  
their spears,

<sup>4</sup> — [*hath thrown his warder down.*] A warder appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the person who presided at these single combats. So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. B. I:

“When lo, the king, suddenly chang'd his mind,

“Casts down his warder to arrest them there.”

STEEVENS.

And both return back to their chairs again:—  
 Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets sound,  
 While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish.*

Draw near, [To the Combatants.

And list, what with our council we have done.  
 For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd  
 With that dear blood which it hath fostered;<sup>5</sup>  
 And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
 Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours'  
 swords;

[<sup>6</sup>And for we think the eagle-winged pride  
 Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
 With rival-hating envy, set you on<sup>7</sup>  
 To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle  
 Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]  
 Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,  
 With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,  
 And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,  
 Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *With that dear blood which it hath fostered;]* The quartos read—

*With that dear blood which it hath been foster'd.*

I believe the author wrote—

*With that dear blood with which it hath been foster'd.*

MALONE.

The quarto 1608 reads, as in the text. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And for we think the eagle-winged pride, &c.]* These five verses are omitted in the other editions, and restored from the first of 1598. POPE.

<sup>7</sup> *—set you on—]* The old copy reads—*on you.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *To wake our peace, ———*

*Which so rous'd up ———*

*Might—fright fair peace,]* Thus the sentence stands in the common reading absurdly enough; which made the Oxford editor, instead of *fright fair peace*, read, *be affrighted*; as if these latter words could ever, possibly, have been blundered into the former

And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—  
Therefore, we banish you our territories:—  
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,  
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,  
Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

by transcribers. But his business is to alter as his fancy leads him, not to reform errors, as the text and rules of criticism direct. In a word then, the true original of the blunder was this: the editors, before Mr. Pope, had taken their editions from the folios, in which the text stood thus:

————— *the dire aspect*  
*Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour swords;*  
*Which so rouz'd up* —————  
————— *fright fair peace.*

This is sense. But Mr. Pope, who carefully examined the first printed plays in quarto (very much to the advantage of his edition) coming to this place, found five lines, in the first edition of this play printed in 1598, omitted in the first general collection of the poet's works; and, not enough attending to their agreement with the common text, put them into their place. Whereas, in truth, the five lines were omitted by Shakspeare himself, as not agreeing to the rest of the context; which, on revise, he thought fit to alter. On this account I have put them into hooks, not as spurious, but as rejected on the author's revise; and, indeed, with great judgement; for,

*To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle  
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep,*

as pretty as it is in the image, is absurd in the sense: for peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep. The difference is, that peace asleep gives one the notion of a happy people sunk in sloth and luxury, which is not the idea the speaker would raise, and from which state the sooner it was awaked the better.

WARBURTON.

To this note, written with such an appearance of taste and judgement, I am afraid every reader will not subscribe. It is true, that *peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep*; but peace awakened by the tumults of these jarring nobles, and peace indulging in profound tranquillity, convey images sufficiently opposed to each other for the poet's purpose. *To wake peace is to introduce discord.* *Peace asleep*, is peace exerting its natural influence, from which it would be frightened by the clamours of war.

STEVENS.

**BOLING.** Your will be done: This must my comfort be,—

That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;  
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,  
Shall point on me; and gild my banishment.

**K. RICH.** Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,  
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:  
The fly-slow hours<sup>2</sup> shall not determinate  
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—  
The hopeless word of—never to return  
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

**NOR.** A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,  
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:  
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim  
As to be cast forth in the common air,  
Have I deserved<sup>3</sup> at your highness' hand.

<sup>2</sup> *The fly-slow hours*—] The old copies read—*The fly-slow hours*. Mr. Pope made the change; whether it was necessary or not, let the poetical reader determine. STEEVENS.

The latter word appears to me more intelligible:—"the thievish minutes as they pass." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *A dearer merit, not so deep a maim*—

*Have I deserved*—] To *deserve a merit* is a phrase of which I know no example. I wish some copy would exhibit:

*A dearer meed, and not so deep a maim.*

To *deserve a meed or reward*, is regular and easy. JOHNSON.

As Shakspeare uses *merit* in this place, in the sense of reward, he frequently uses the word *meed*, which properly signifies reward, to express *merit*. So, in *Timon of Athens*, Lucullus says—

" — no meed but he repays

" Seven fold above itself."

And in the Third Part of *Henry VI.* Prince Edward says—

" We are the sons of brave Plantagenet,

" Each one already blazing by our meeds."

And again, in the same play, King Henry says—

" That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame."

M. MASON.



The language I have learn'd these forty years,  
My native English, now I must forego:  
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,  
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;  
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,  
Or, being open, put into his hands  
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.  
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,  
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;  
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance  
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.  
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
Too far in years to be a pupil now;  
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,  
Which robs my tongue from breathing native  
breath?

*K. RICH.* It boots thee not to be compassionate;<sup>2</sup>  
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

*NOR.* Then thus I turn me from my country's  
light,  
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[Retiring.

*K. RICH.* Return again, and take an oath with  
thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;  
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,  
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)<sup>3</sup>  
To keep the oath that we administer:—

<sup>2</sup> — *compassionate*;] for *plaintive*. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> [*Our part, &c.*] It is a question much debated amongst the writers of the law of nations, whether a banished man may be still tied in his allegiance to the state which sent him into exile. Tully and Lord Chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative; Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion. WARBURTON.

You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)  
 Embrace each other's love in banishment;  
 Nor never look upon each other's face;  
 Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile  
 This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;  
 Nor never by advised<sup>3</sup> purpose meet,  
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,  
 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

BOLING. I swear.

NOR. And I, to keep all this.

BOLING. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy;—<sup>4</sup>  
 By this time, had the king permitted us,  
 One of our souls had wander'd in the air,

<sup>3</sup> ——— *advised*—] i. e. concerted, deliberated. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ ——— with more *advised* watch.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Norfolk, so far, &c.*] I do not clearly see what is the sense of this abrupt line; but suppose the meaning to be this. Hereford immediately after his oath of perpetual enmity addresses Norfolk, and, fearing some misconstruction, turns to the king and says—*so far as to mine enemy*—that is, *I should say nothing to him but what enemies may say to each other*.

Reviewing this passage, I rather think it should be understood thus. *Norfolk, so far* I have addressed myself to thee *as to mine enemy*, I now utter my last words with kindness and tenderness, *Confess thy treasons*. JOHNSON.

——— *so fare, as to mine enemy*;] i. e. he only wishes him to *fare* like his enemy, and he disdains to say *fare* well as Aumerle does in the next scene. TOLLET.

The first folio reads *fare*; the second *farre*. Bolingbroke only uses the phrase by way of caution, lest Mowbray should think he was about to address him *as a friend*. Norfolk, says he, so far as a man may speak to his enemy, &c. RITSON.

Surely *fare* was a misprint for *farre*, the old spelling of the word now placed in the text.—Perhaps the author intended that Hereford in speaking this line should show some courtesy to Mowbray;—and the meaning may be, So much civility as an enemy has a right to, I am willing to offer to thee. MALONE.

Sir T. Hanmer's marginal direction is—*In salutation*. STEEVENS.

Banish'd this frail sepulcher of our flesh,<sup>5</sup>  
 As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:  
 Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;  
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
 The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

NOR. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,  
 My name be blotted from the book of life,  
 And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!  
 But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;  
 And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—  
 Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;  
 Save back to England, all the world's my way.<sup>6</sup>

[Exit.

K. RICH. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes  
 I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect  
 Hath from the number of his banish'd years  
 Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters spent,  
 Return [To BOLING.] with welcome home from banishment,

BOLING. How long a time lies in one little word!

<sup>5</sup> — *this frail sepulcher of our flesh,*] So afterwards:

“ — thou King Richard's tomb,

“ And not King Richard. — ”

And Milton, in *Samson Agonistes*:

“ *Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave.* ” HENLEY.

<sup>6</sup> — *all the world's my way.*] Perhaps Milton had this in his mind when he wrote these lines:

“ The world was all before them, where to choose

“ Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.”

JOHNSON.

The Duke of Norfolk after his banishment went to Venice,  
 where, says Holinshed, “ for thought and melancholy he deceased.”

MALONE.

I should point the passage thus:

— *Now no way can I stray,*

*Save back to England:—all the world's my way.*

There's no way for me to go wrong, except back to England.

M. MASON.

Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,  
End in a word; Such is the breath of kings.

GAUNT. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,  
He shortens four years of my son's exile:  
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;  
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,  
Can change their moons, and bring their times  
about,

My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,  
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. RICH. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to  
live.

GAUNT. But not a minute, king, that thou canst  
give:

Shorten my days thou canst with fullen sorrow,  
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:<sup>7</sup>  
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;  
Thy word is current with him for my death;  
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. RICH. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,<sup>8</sup>  
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;<sup>9</sup>  
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

GAUNT. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion  
four.

<sup>7</sup> *And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:]* It is matter of very melancholy consideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *— upon good advice,]* Upon great consideration.

MALONE.

So, in *King Henry VI.* Part II:

"But with *advice* and silent secrecy." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *— a party-verdict gave;]* i. e. you had yourself a part or share in the verdict that I pronounced. MALONE.

You w<sup>o</sup>ld me as a judge; but I had rather,  
 You would have bid me argue like a father:—  
 O, had it been a stranger,<sup>2</sup> not my child,  
 To smoothe his fault I should have been more mild:  
 A partial slander<sup>3</sup> fought I to avoid,  
 And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.  
 Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,  
 I was too strict, to make mine own away;  
 But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,  
 Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. RICH. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him  
 so;

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* K. RICHARD and Train.]

AUM. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not  
 know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

MAR. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,  
 As far as land will let me, by your side.

GAUNT. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy  
 words,  
 That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

BOLING. I have too few to take my leave of you,  
 When the tongue's office should be prodigal  
 To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

GAUNT. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

<sup>2</sup> O, had it been a stranger,] This couplet is wanting in the folio.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> A partial slander—] That is, the reproach of partiality. This  
 is a just picture of the struggle between principle and affection.

JOHNSON.

This couplet, which is wanting in the folio edition, has been  
 arbitrarily placed by some of the modern editors at the conclusion  
 of Gaunt's speech. In the three oldest quartos it follows the fifth  
 line of it. In the fourth quarto, which seems copied from the folio,  
 the passage is omitted. STEEVENS.

*BOLING.* Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

*GAUNT.* What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

*BOLING.* To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

*GAUNT.* Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

*BOLING.* My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

*GAUNT.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps  
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set  
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

*BOLING.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make<sup>4</sup>  
Will but remember me, what a deal of world  
I wander from the jewels that I love.  
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship  
To foreign passages; and in the end,  
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,  
But that I was a journeyman to grief?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make*—] This, and the six verses which follow, I have ventured to supply from the old quarto. The allusion, it is true, to an *apprenticeship*, and becoming a *journeyman*, is not in the sublime taste; nor, as Horace has expressed it, "*spirat tragicum satis*:" however, as there is no doubt of the passage being genuine, the lines are not so despicable as to deserve being quite lost. THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> — *journeyman to grief?*] I am afraid our author in this place designed, a very poor quibble, as *journey* signifies both *travel* and a *day's work*. However, he is not to be censured for what he himself rejected. JOHNSON.

The quarto, in which these lines are found, is said in its title-page to have been corrected by the author; and the play is indeed more accurately printed than most of the other single copies. There is now, however, no certain method of knowing by whom the rejection was made. STEEVENS.

GAUNT. All places that the eye of heaven visits,<sup>6</sup>  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;  
There is no virtue like necessity.  
Think not, the king did banish thee ;<sup>7</sup>  
But thou the king :<sup>8</sup> Woe doth the heavier sit,  
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,  
And not—the king exil'd thee : or suppose,  
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

<sup>6</sup> *All places that the eye of heaven visits, &c.*] The fourteen verses that follow are found in the first edition. POPE.

I am inclined to believe that what Mr. Theobald and Mr. Pope have restored were expunged in the revision by the author : If these lines are omitted, the sense is more coherent. Nothing is more frequent among dramatic writers, than to shorten their dialogues for the stage. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *did banish thee ;*] Read :

Therefore, *think not, the king did banish thee.* RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Think not, the king did banish thee ;*

*But thou the king :*] The same thought occurs in *Coriolanus* :

“ I banish you.” M. MASON.

*All places that the eye of heaven visits,  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :—*

*Think not the king did banish thee ;*

*But thou the king :*] Shakspeare, when he wrote the passage before us, probably remembered that part of Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580; in which *Euphues* exhorts *Botanio* to take his exile patiently. Among other arguments he observes, that “ Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath a house, or lands, or livings. Socrates would neither call himself an Athenian, neither a Grecian, but a citizen of the world. Plato would never account him banished, that had the sunne, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter's blast and the summer's blaze; where the same sunne and the same moone shined: whereby he noted that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.—When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth, that the Sinoponetes had banished him Pontus, yea, said he, I them of Diogenes.” MALONE.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:  
 Suppose the finging birds, musicians;  
 The grafs whereon thou tread'st, the presence  
 strew'd;<sup>8</sup>

The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more  
 Than a delightful measure,<sup>9</sup> or a dance:  
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

BOLING. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,  
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— *the presence strew'd;*] Shakspeare has other allusions to the ancient practice of strewing rushes over the floor of the *presence chamber*. HENLEY.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— Tarquin thus

“ Did softly press the *rushes*, ere he waken'd

“ The chastity he wounded: ———” STEVENS.

See Hentzner's account of the *presence chamber*, in the palace at Greenwich, 1598. *Itinerar.* p. 135. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Than a delightful measure,*] A *measure* was a formal court dance. So, in *R. Richard III*:

“ Our dreadful marches to delightful *measures*.”

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> O, *who can hold a fire in his hand, &c.*] Fire is here, as in many other places, used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

It has been remarked, that there is a passage resembling this in *Tully's Fifth Book of Tusculan Questions*. Speaking of Epicurus, he says:—“ Sed una se dicit recordatione acquiescere præteritarum voluptatum: ut si quis æstivans, cum vim caloris non facile patitur, recordari velit se aliquando in Arpinati nostro gelidis fluminibus circumfusum fuisse. Non enim video, quomodo sedare possint mala præsentia præteritis voluptates.” *The Tusculan Questions* of Cicero had been translated early enough for Shakspeare to have seen them. STEVENS.

Shakspeare, however, I believe, was thinking on the words of Lyly in the page from which an extract has been already made: “ I speake this to this end, that though thy exile seem grievous to thee, yet guiding thy selfe with the rules of philosophy, it should be more tolerable: he that is cold, doth not cover himselfe with



Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
 By bare imagination of a feast?  
 Or wallow naked in December snow,  
 By thinking on fantastick summer's heat?  
 O, no! the apprehension of the good,  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:  
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,  
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

GAUNT. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on  
 thy way:  
 Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

BOLING. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet  
 foil, adieu;  
 My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!  
 Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,——  
 Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.\*

[*Exeunt.*

*care* but with clothes; he that is washed in the raine, drieth him-  
 selfe by the *fire*, not by his *fancy*; and thou which art banished,"  
 &c. MALONE.

\* ——— *yet a trueborn Englishman.*] Here the first act ought to  
 end, that between the first and second acts there may be time for  
 John of Gaunt to accompany his son, return, and fall sick. Then  
 the first scene of the second act begins with a natural conversation,  
 interrupted by a message from John of Gaunt, by which the  
 king is called to visit him, which visit is paid in the following scene.  
 As the play is now divided, more time passes between the two last  
 scenes of the first act, than between the first act and the second.

JOHNSON.

## SCENE IV.

*The same. A Room in the King's Castle.*

*Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN;  
AUMERLE following.*

*K. RICH.* We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,  
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

*AUM.* I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,  
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

*K. RICH.* And, say, what store of parting tears  
were shed?

*AUM.* 'Faith, none by me:<sup>4</sup> except the north-  
east wind,  
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
Awak'd the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance,  
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

*K. RICH.* What said our cousin, when you parted  
with him?

*AUM.* Farewell:  
And for my heart disdained that my tongue  
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,

<sup>4</sup> — none by me:] The old copies read—*for me*. With the other modern editors I have here adopted an emendation made by the editor of the second folio; but without necessity. *For me*, may mean, *on my part*. Thus we say, "*For me*, I am content," &c. where these words have the same signification as here.

MALONE.

If we read—*for me*, the expression will be equivocal, and seem as if it meant—no tears were shed *on my account*. So, in the preceding scene:

"O, let no noble eye profane a tear

"*For me*," &c. STEVENS.

That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.  
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd  
hours,

And added years to his short banishment,  
He should have had a volume of farewells;  
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. RICH. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.  
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,<sup>4</sup>  
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,  
With humble and familiar courtesy;  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;  
 wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,  
And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.  
Off goes his bonnet to an oysterwench;  
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,<sup>5</sup>  
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends*;—  
As were our England in reversion his,  
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.<sup>6</sup>

GREEN. Well, he is gone; and with him go these  
thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;—  
Expedient<sup>7</sup> manage must be made, my liege;

<sup>4</sup> — Bagot here, and Green,] The old copies read—*here Bagot*.  
The transposition was made in a quarto of no value, printed in  
1634. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *the tribute of his supple knee,*] To illustrate this phrase,  
it should be remembered that *courtesying*, (the act of reverence now  
confined to women) was anciently practised by men. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And he our subjects' next degree in hope.*] *Spes altera Romæ*.  
Virg. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Expedient*—] i. e. *expeditions*. So, in *King John*:  
"His marches are *expedient* to this town." STEEVENS.

Ere further leifure yield them further means,  
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

*K. RICH.* We will ourself in person to this war.  
And, for our coffers<sup>6</sup>—with too great a court,  
And liberal largesse,—are grown somewhat light,  
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;  
The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
For our affairs in hand: If that come short,  
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;  
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,  
And send them after to supply our wants;  
For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter BUSHY.*

*K. RICH.* Bushy, what news?

*BUSHY.* Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my  
lord;

Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,  
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

*K. RICH.* Where lies he?

*BUSHY.* At Ely-house.

*K. RICH.* Now put it, heaven, in his physician's  
mind,

To help him to his grave immediately!  
The lining of his coffers shall make coats  
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—  
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:  
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>6</sup> — for our coffers —] i. e. because. So, in *Othello*:

“ — Haply, for I am black; —.” STEEVENS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in Ely-house.*

GAUNT *on a Couch; the Duke of YORK,<sup>7</sup> and Others  
standing by him.*

GAUNT. Will the king come? that I may breathe  
my last  
In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth.

YORK. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your  
breath;  
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

GAUNT. O, but, they say, the tongues of dying  
men  
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:  
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in  
vain;  
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in  
pain.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more  
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to  
close;  
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives be-  
fore:

The setting sun, and musick at the close,<sup>8</sup>  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;  
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:

<sup>7</sup> — *the duke of York,*] was Edmund, son of Edward III.

WALPOLE.

<sup>8</sup> — *at the close,*] This I suppose to be a musical term. So,  
in *Lingua*, 1607:

“ I dare engage my ears, the close will jar.”

STEEVENS.

Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,  
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

*YORK.* No; it is stopp'd with other flattering  
sounds,

As, praises of his state: then, there are found  
Lascivious metres;<sup>8</sup> to whose venom sound

The open ear of youth doth always listen:

Report of fashions in proud Italy;<sup>9</sup>

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation  
Limps after, in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,  
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)

That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,

Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.<sup>1</sup>

Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;<sup>2</sup>

'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou  
lose.

*GAUNT.* Methinks, I am a prophet new in-  
spir'd;

<sup>8</sup> *Lascivious metres;*] The old copies have—*meeters*; but I believe we should read *metres*, for *verses*. Thus the folio spells the word *metre* in the first part of *K. Henry IV*:

“ ——— one of these same *meeter* ballad-mongers.”

*Venom sound* agrees well with *lascivious ditties*, but not so commodiously with *one who meets another*; in which sense the word appears to have been generally received. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Report of fashions in proud Italy;*] Our author, who gives to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakspeare's time, and much lamented by the wisest and best of our ancestors.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.*] Where the will rebels against the notices of the understanding. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *whose way himself will choose;*] Do not attempt to guide him, who, whatever thou shalt say, will take his own course.

JOHNSON.

And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:—  
 His rash<sup>4</sup> fierce blaze of riot cannot last;  
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves:  
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are  
 : short;

He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;  
 With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:  
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.  
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-paradise;  
 This fortress, built by nature for herself,  
 Against infection,<sup>5</sup> and the hand of war;  
 This happy breed of men, this little world;  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands;<sup>6</sup>  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this Eng-  
 land,  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,

<sup>4</sup> — rash —] That is, *hasty, violent*. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I:

“ Like aconitum, or *rash* gunpowder.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Against infection,*] I once suspected that for *infection* we might read *irruption*; but the copies all agree, and I suppose Shakspeare meant to say, that islands are secured by their situation both from *war* and *pestilence*. JOHNSON.

In Allot's *England's Parnassus*, 1600, this passage is quoted—  
 “ Against *intefion*,” &c. perhaps the word might be *infection*, if such a word was in use. FARMER.

<sup>6</sup> — less happier lands;] So read all the editions, except Sir T. Hanmer's, which has *less happy*. I believe, Shakspeare, from the habit of saying *more happier*, according to the custom of his time, inadvertently writ *less happier*. JOHNSON.

Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,<sup>7</sup>  
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
 (For Christian service, and true chivalry,)  
 As is the sepulcher in stubborn Jewry,  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son :  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,)  
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm :<sup>8</sup>  
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,

<sup>7</sup> *Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,*] The first edition in quarto, 1598, reads :

*Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth.*

The quarto, in 1615 :

*Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth.*

The first folio, though printed from the second quarto, reads as the first. The particles in this author seem often to have been printed by chance. Perhaps the passage, which appears a little disordered, may be regulated thus :

————— *royal kings,*

*Fear'd for their breed, and famous for their birth,*

*For Christian service, and true chivalry ;*

*Renowned for their deeds as far from home*

*As is the sepulcher* ———. JOHNSON.

The first folio could not have been printed from the second quarto, on account of many variations as well as omissions. The quarto 1608 has the same reading with that immediately preceding it. STEEVENS.

*Fear'd by their breed,*] i. e. by means of their breed.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *This land* ———

*Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,)*

*Like to a tenement, or pelting farm :*] “ In this 22d yeare of

King Richard (says Fabian) the common fame ranne, that the kinge had *letten to farm* the realme unto Sir William Scrope, earle of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Syr John Bushey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Grene, knights.” MALONE.



With inky blots,<sup>9</sup> and rotten parchment bonds;<sup>2</sup>  
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:  
 O, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter King RICHARD, and Queen;*<sup>3</sup> *AUMERLE,*<sup>4</sup>  
*BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS,*<sup>5</sup> *and WIL-*  
*LOUGHBY.*<sup>6</sup>

*YORK.* The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;

<sup>9</sup> *With inky blots,*] I suspect that our author wrote—*inky* bolts. How can *blots* bind in any thing? and do not *bolts* correspond better with *bonds*? *Inky bolts* are *written restrictions*. So, in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV. sc. i:

“ — *manacled* itself

“ In *gyves* of parchment.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *rotten parchment bonds;*] Alluding to the great sums raised by loans and other exactions, in this reign, upon the English subjects. GREY.

Gaunt does not allude, as Grey supposes, to any loans or exactions extorted by Richard, but to the circumstances of his having actually *farmed* out his royal realm, as he himself styles it. In the last scene of the first act he says:

“ And, for our coffers are grown somewhat light,

“ We are enforc'd to *farm* our royal realm.”

And it afterwards appears that the person who farmed the realm was the Earl of Wiltshire, one of his own favourites.

M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> — *Queen;*] Shakspeare, as Mr. Walpole suggests to me, has deviated from historical truth in the introduction of Richard's queen as a woman in the present piece; for Anne, his first wife, was dead before the play commences, and Isabella, his second wife, was a child at the time of his death. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *Aumerle,*] was Edward, eldest son of Edmund Duke of York, whom he succeeded in the title. He was killed at Agincourt. WALPOLE.

<sup>5</sup> — *Ross,*] was William Lord Ross, (and so should be printed,) of Hamlake, afterwards Lord Treasurer to Henry IV.

WALPOLE.

For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.<sup>7</sup>

QUEEN. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. RICH. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

GAUNT. O, how that name befits my composition!

Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:  
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;  
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?  
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;  
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:  
The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,  
Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;  
And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:  
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. RICH. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

GAUNT. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:  
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. RICH. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

GAUNT. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. RICH. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

GAUNT. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

<sup>6</sup> — *Willoughby.*] was William Lord Willoughby of Eresby, who afterwards married Joan, widow of Edmund Duke of York.  
WALPOLE.

<sup>7</sup> *For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.*] Read—  
— *being rein'd, do rage the more.* RITSON.

**K. RICH.** I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

**GAUNT.** Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.\*

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee:

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandfire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame, to let this land by lease:

But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king:

Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;†

\* *Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.*] I cannot help supposing that the idle words—*to see*, which destroy the measure, should be omitted. STEEVENS.

† *Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;*] *State of law*, i. e. *legal sovereignty*. But the Oxford editor alters it to *state o'er law*, i. e. *absolute sovereignty*. A doctrine, which, if ever our poet learnt at all, he learnt not in the reign when this play was written, Queen Elizabeth's, but in the reign after it, King James's. By *bondslave to the law*, the poet means his being inlaid to his favourite subjects. WARBURTON.

This sentiment, whatever it be, is obscurely expressed. I un-

And thou——

K. RICH. —— a lunatick lean-witted fool,<sup>s</sup>

derstand it differently from the learned commentator, being perhaps not quite so zealous for Shakspeare's political reputation. The reasoning of Gaunt, I think, is this: *By setting the royalties to farm thou hast reduced thyself to a state below sovereignty, thou art now no longer king but landlord of England, subject to the same restraint and limitations as other landlords: by making thy condition a state of law, a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate, thou art become a bondslave to the law; thou hast made thyself amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt.*

Whether this explanation be true or no, it is plain that Dr. Warburton's explanation of *bondslave to the law*, is not true.

JOHNSON.

Warburton's explanation of this passage is too absurd to require confutation; and his political observation is equally ill-founded. The doctrine of absolute sovereignty might as well have been learned in the reign of Elizabeth, as in that of her successor. She was, in fact, as absolute as he wished to be.

Johnson's explanation is in general just; but I think that the words, *of law*, must mean, *by law*, or according to law, as we say, *of course*, and *of right*, instead of *by right*, or *by course*.—Gaunt's reasoning is this—"Having let your kingdom by lease, you are no longer the king of England, but the landlord only; and your state is by law, subject to the law." M. MASON.

Mr. Heath explains the words *state of law* somewhat differently: "Thy royal estate, which is established by the law, is now in virtue of thy having leased it out, subjected," &c. MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> Gaunt. And thou——

K. RICH. —— a lunatick lean-witted fool,] In the disposition of these lines I have followed the folio, in giving the word *thou* to the king; but the regulation of the first quarto, 1597, is perhaps preferable, being more in our poet's manner:

Gaunt. And thou——

K. RICH. —— a lunatick, lean-witted fool,——

And thou a mere cypher in thy own kingdom, Gaunt was going to say. Richard interrupts him, and takes the word *thou* in a different sense, applying it to Gaunt, instead of himself. Of this kind of retort there are various instances in these plays.

The folio repeats the word *And*:

Gaunt. And——

K. RICH. And thou, &c. MALONE.

Prefuming on an ague's privilege,  
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
 Make pale our cheek, chafing the royal blood,  
 With fury, from his native residence.  
 Now by my seat's right royal majesty,  
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,  
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,  
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

GAUNT. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's  
 son,

For that I was his father Edward's son;  
 That blood already, like the pelican,  
 Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:  
 My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,  
 (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)  
 May be a precedent and witness good,  
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:  
 Join with the present sickness that I have;  
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.<sup>9</sup>

— *lean-witted*—] Dr. Farmer observes to me that the same expression occurs in the 106th Psalm:

“ — and sent *leanness* withal into their *soul*.” •

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And thy unkindness be like crooked age,*

*To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.*] Thus stand these lines in all the copies, but I think there is an error. Why should Gaunt, already *old*, call on any thing *like age* to end him? How can *age* be said to *crop at once*? How is the idea of *crookedness* connected with that of *cropping*? I suppose the poet dictated thus:

*And thy unkindness be time's crooked edge*

*To crop at once —*

That is, *let thy unkindness be time's scythe to crop.*

*Edge* was easily confounded by the ear with *age*, and one mistake once admitted made way for another. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare, I believe, took this idea from the figure of Time, who was represented as carrying a *fickle* as well as a *scythe*. A *fickle* was anciently called a *crook*, and sometimes, as in the fol-

Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—  
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—  
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:—  
 Love they<sup>9</sup> to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*]

K. RICH. And let them die, that age and fullens  
 have;  
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave,  
 YORK.' Beseech your majesty,<sup>2</sup> impute his words  
 To wayward sickness and age in him:

lowing instances, *crooked* may mean armed with a *crook*. So, in  
*Kendall's Epigrams*, 1577:

"The regall king and *crooked* clowne  
 "All one alike death driveth downe."

Again, in the 100th Sonnet of Shakspeare:

"Give my love, fame, faster than time wastes life,  
 "So thou prevent'st his scythe and *crooked* knife."

Again, in the 119th:

"Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 "Within his *bending* *fickle's* compass come."

It may be mentioned, however, that *crooked* is an epithet bestowed  
 on age in the tragedy of *Lochrine*, 1595:

"Now yield to death o'erlaid by *crooked* age."

*Lochrine* has been attributed to Shakspeare; and in this passage  
 quoted from it, no allusion to a *scythe* can be supposed. Our poet's  
 expressions are sometimes confused and abortive. STEVENS.

Again, in *A Flourish upon Fancie*, by N. B. [Nicholas Breton,]  
 1577:

"Who, when that he awhile hath bin in fancies schoole,  
 "Doth learne in his old *crooked* age to play the doting foole."

MALONE.

Shakspeare had probably two different but kindred ideas in his  
 mind; the bend of age, and the fickle of time, which he con-  
 founded together. M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> *Love they*—] That is, *let them love*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *'Beseech your majesty,*] The old copies redundantly read—  
*I do beseech, &c.*

Mr. Ritson would regulate the passage differently (and perhaps  
 rightly) by omitting the words—in him:

He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear  
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

*K. RICH.* Right; you say true: as Hereford's love,  
so his:  
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*<sup>3</sup>

*NORTH.* My liege, old Gaunt commends him to  
your majesty.

*K. RICH.* What says he now?<sup>4</sup>

*NORTH.* Nay, nothing; all is said:  
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;  
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

*YORK.* Be York the next that must be bankrupt  
so!  
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*K. RICH.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth  
he;  
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:<sup>5</sup>  
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns;  
Which live like venom, where no venom else,<sup>6</sup>  
But only they, hath privilege to live.

*I do beseech your majesty, impute  
His words to wayward fickleness and age.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *Northumberland.*] was Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. WALPOLE.

<sup>4</sup> *What says he now?*] I have supplied the adverb—*now*, (which is wanting in the old copy) to complete the measure.

STEEVENS.  
<sup>5</sup> — *our pilgrimage must be:*] That is, our pilgrimage is yet to come. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — *where no venom else,*] This alludes to a tradition that

And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us  
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,  
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

YORK. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how  
long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,  
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private  
wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
About his marriage,<sup>6</sup> nor my own disgrace,  
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—  
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;  
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,  
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,  
Than was that young and princely gentleman:  
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;<sup>7</sup>  
But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,  
And not against his friends: his noble hand

St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles  
of every kind. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. II. 1630:

“ ——— that Irish Judas,

“ Bred in a country where *no venom* prospers,

“ But in his blood.”

Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1635:

“ As Irish earth doth *poison* poisonous beasts.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke*

*About his marriage,*] When the duke of Hereford, after his  
banishment, went into France, he was honourably entertained at  
that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter  
of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard  
prevented the match. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;*] i. e. when he was  
of thy age. MALONE.



Did win what he did spend, and spent not that  
Which his triumphant father's hand had won :  
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
O, Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.

*K. RICH.* Why, uncle, what's the matter ?

*YORK.*

O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I pleas'd  
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.  
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,  
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ?  
Is not Gaunt dead ? and doth not Hereford live ?  
Was not Gaunt just ? and is not Harry true ?  
Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?  
Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?  
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time  
His charters, and his customary rights ;  
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;  
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,  
But by fair sequence and succession ?  
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true !)  
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,  
Call in the letters patents that he hath  
By his attorney-general to sue  
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,<sup>a</sup>  
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,  
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts  
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

*K. RICH.* Think what you will ; we seize into our  
hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

<sup>a</sup> — *deny his offer'd homage,*] That is, *refuse* to admit the  
*homage*, by which he is to hold his lands. JOHNSON.

*YORK.* I'll not be by, the while: My liege, farewell:

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;  
But by bad courses may be understood,  
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*]

*K. RICH.* Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;

Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,  
To see this business: To-morrow next  
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;  
And we create, in absence of ourself,  
Our uncle York lord governor of England,  
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—  
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;  
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*]

[*Exeunt King, Queen, BUSHY, AUMERLE,  
GREEN, and BAGOT.*]

*NORTH.* Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

*ROSS.* And living too; for now his son is duke.

*WILLO.* Barely in title, not in revenue.

*NORTH.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.

*ROSS.* My heart is great; but it must break with silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

*NORTH.* Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,

That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

*WILLO.* Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;

Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

*ROSS.* No good at all, that I can do for him;  
Unless you call it good, to pity him,  
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

*NORTH.* Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more  
Of noble blood in this declining land.  
The king is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers; and what they will inform,  
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,  
That will the king severely prosecute  
Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

*ROSS.* The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,  
And lost their hearts: <sup>9</sup> the nobles hath he fin'd  
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*WILLO.* And daily new exactions are devis'd;  
As—blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:  
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

*NORTH.* Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,  
But basely yielded upon compromise  
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:  
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

*ROSS.* The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

*WILLO.* The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

*NORTH.* Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.

*ROSS.* He hath not money for these Irish wars,  
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,  
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

<sup>9</sup> *And lost their hearts:]* The old copies erroneously and unmetrically read—

*And quite lost their hearts:—*  
The compositor's eye had caught the adverb—*quite*, from the following line. STEEVENS.

**NORTH.** His noble kinsman:—Most degenerate king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,<sup>8</sup>  
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:  
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,  
And yet we strike not,<sup>9</sup> but securely perish.<sup>a</sup>

**ROSS.** We see the very wreck that we must suffer;  
And unavoids is the danger<sup>1</sup> now,  
For suffering to the causes of our wreck.

**NORTH.** Not so; even through the hollow eyes  
of death,  
I spy life peering; but I dare not say  
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

**WILLO.** Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou  
dost ours.

**ROSS.** Be confident to speak, Northumberland:  
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,  
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

**NORTH.** Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc,  
a bay  
In Britany, receiv'd intelligence,  
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,

<sup>8</sup> ——— we hear this fearful tempest sing,] So, in *The Tempest*:

“ ——— another storm brewing; I hear it sing in the wind.”

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> And yet we strike not,] To strike the sails, is, to contract them  
when there is too much wind. JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> ——— but securely perish.] We perish by too great confidence  
in our security. The word is used in the same sense in *The Merry  
Wives of Windsor*: “ Though Ford be a secure fool,” &c.

MALONE.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act IV. sc. v:

“ ’Tis done like Hector, but securely done.”

See Dr. Farmer's note on this passage. STEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> And unavoids is the danger—] Unavoided is, I believe, here  
used for unavoidable. MALONE.

[The son of Richard Earl of Arundel,  
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,\*

\* [The son of Richard earl of Arundel,]

[That late broke from the duke of Exeter,] I suspect that some of these lines are transposed, as well as that the poet has made a blunder in his enumeration of persons. No copy that I have seen, will authorize me to make an alteration, though according to Holinshed, whom Shakspeare followed in great measure, more than one is necessary.

All the persons enumerated in Holinshed's account of those who embark'd with Bolingbroke, are here mentioned with great exactness, except "Thomas Arundell, sonne and heire to the late earle of Arundell, beheaded at the Tower-hill." See Holinshed. And yet this nobleman, who appears to have been thus omitted by the poet, is the person to whom alone that circumstance relates of having broke from the duke of Exeter, and to whom alone, of all mentioned in the list, the archbishop was related, he being uncle to the young lord, though Shakspeare by mistake calls him his brother. See Holinshed, p. 496.

From these circumstances here taken notice of, which are applicable only to this lord in particular, and from the improbability that Shakspeare would omit so principal a personage in his historian's list, I think it can scarce be doubted but that a line is lost in which the name of this Thomas Arundel had originally a place.

Mr. Ritson, with some probability, supposes Shakspeare could not have neglected so fair an opportunity of availing himself of a rough ready-made verse which offers itself in Holinshed:

[The son and heir to the late earl of Arundel,] STEVENS.

For the insertion of the line included within crotchets, I am answerable; it not being found in the old copies.

The passages in Holinshed relative to this matter run thus: "Aboute the same time the Earl of Arundell's sonne, named Thomas, which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's house, escaped out of the realme, by meanes of one William Scot," &c. "Duke Henry,—chiefly through the earnest perswasion of Thomas Arundell, late Archbischoppe of Canterburie, (who, as before you have heard, had been removed from his sea, and banished the realme by King Richardes means,) got him downe to Britaine:—and when all his provision was made ready, he tooke the sea, together with the said Archbischop of Canterburie, and his nephew Thomas Arundell, sonne and heyre to the late Earle of Arundell, beheaded on Tower-hill. There were also with him Reginalde Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas Erpingham," &c.

His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,<sup>5</sup>  
 Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,  
 Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis  
 Quoint,—

All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,  
 With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
 Are making hither with all due expedience,  
 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :  
 Perhaps, they had ere this ; but that they stay  
 The first departing of the king for Ireland.  
 If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
 Imp out<sup>6</sup> our drooping country's broken wing,

There cannot, therefore, I think, be the smallest doubt, that a line was omitted in the copy of 1597, by the negligence of the transcriber or compositor, in which not only Thomas Arundel, but his father, was mentioned; for *his* in a subsequent line (*His* brother) must refer to the *old* Earl of Arundel.

Rather than leave a *lacuna*, I have inserted such words as render the passage intelligible. In Act V. sc. ii. of the play before us, a line of a rhyming couplet was passed over by the printer of the first folio :

“ Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace.”

It has been recovered from the quarto. So also, in *K. Henry VI.* Part II. the first of the following lines was omitted, as is proved by the old play on which that piece is founded, and (as in the present instance) by the line which followed the omitted line :

“ [*Suf.* Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I ?]

“ *Cap.* But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.”

In *Coriolanus*, Act II. sc. ult. a line was in like manner omitted, and it has very properly been supplied.

The christian name of Sir *Thomas* Ramston is changed to *John*, and the two following persons are improperly described as knights in all the copies. These perhaps were likewise mistakes of the press, but are scarcely worth correcting. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — [*archbishop late of Canterbury,*] Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, brother to the Earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been banished by the parliament, and was afterwards deprived by the Pope of his see, at the request of the King; whence he is here called, *late* of Canterbury.

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Imp out* —] As this expression frequently occurs in our author,

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,  
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,<sup>7</sup>  
And make high majesty look like itself,  
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurge:  
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them  
that fear.

WILLO. Hold out my horse, and I will first be  
there. [Exeunt.]

it may not be amiss to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called, *to imp a hawk*.

So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"His plumes only *imp* the muse's wings."

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"——when we desire

"Time's haste, he seems to lose a match with lobsters;

"And when we wish him stay, he *imps* his wings

"With feathers plum'd with thought."

Turbervile has a whole chapter on *The Way and Manner howe to ympe a Hawke's Feather, howsoever it be broken or broosed*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——gilt,] i. e. gilding, superficial display of gold. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"When thou wast in thy *gilt* and thy perfume," &c.

STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Queen, BUSHY, and BAGOT.*

**BUSHY.** Madam, your majesty is too much fad :  
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,  
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,<sup>7</sup>  
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

**QUEEN.** To please the king, I did ; to please myself,  
I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause  
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
As my sweet Richard : Yet, again, methinks,  
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
Is coming towards me ; and my inward soul  
With nothing trembles : at something it grieves,<sup>8</sup>  
More than with parting from my lord the king.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *life-harming heaviness,*] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quartos 1608, and 1615—*half-harming*; the folio—*self-harming*.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,*] The following line requires that this should be read just the contrary way:  
*With something trembles, yet at nothing grieves.*

WARBURTON.

All the old editions read :

——— *my inward soul*

*With nothing trembles; at something it grieves.*

The reading, which Dr. Warburton corrects, is itself an innovation. His conjectures give indeed a better sense than that of any copy, but copies must not be needlessly forsaken. JOHNSON.

I suppose it is the *unborn sorrow* which she calls *nothing*, because it is not yet brought into existence. STEEVENS.

Warburton does not appear to have understood this passage, nor Johnson either. Through the whole of this scene, till the arrival



*BUSHY.* Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,

Which show like grief itself, but are not so:  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
Divides one thing entire to many objects;  
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,  
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,  
Distinguish form:<sup>9</sup> so your sweet majesty,

of Green, the Queen is describing to Bushy, a certain unaccountable despondency of mind, and a foreboding apprehension which she felt of some unforeseen calamity. She says, "that her inward soul trembles without any apparent cause, and grieves at something more than the King's departure, though she knows not what." He endeavours to persuade her that it is merely the consequence of her sorrow for the King's absence. She says it may be so, but her soul tells her otherwise. He then tells her it is only conceit; but she is not satisfied with that way of accounting for it, as she says that conceit is still derived from some fore-father grief, but what she feels was begot by nothing; that is, had no preceding cause. *Conceit* is here used in the same sense that it is in *Hamlet*, when the King says that Ophelia's madness was occasioned by "conceit upon her father." M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> *Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,*

*Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,*

*Distinguish form:]* This is a fine similitude, and the thing meant is this. Amongst mathematical recreations, there is one in *optics*, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of *perspective* are inverted: so that, if held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *perspective*, it can present nothing but confusion: and to be seen in form, and under a regular appearance, it must be looked upon from a contrary station; or, as Shakspeare says, *ey'd awry*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 391, explains this perspective, or odd kind of "pictures upon an indented board, which, if beheld directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but, if obliquely, you see the intended person's picture;" which, he was told, was made thus: "The board being indented, [or furrowed with a plough-plane,] the print or painting was cut into parallel pieces equal to the depth and number of the indentures on the board, and they were pasted on the flats that strike the eye holding it obliquely, so that the edges of the parallel pieces of the print or painting exactly joining on the edges of the indentures, the work was done." TOLLET.

Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
 Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;  
 Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows  
 Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,  
 More than your lord's departure weep not; more's  
 not seen:

The following short poem would almost persuade one that the words *rightly* and *awry* [perhaps originally written—*aright* and *wryly*] had exchanged places in the text of our author.

Lines prefixed to "*Melancholike Humours, in Verses of Diverse Natures, set down by Nich. Breton, Gent. 1600.*"

In Authorem.

- " Thou that wouldst finde the habit of true passion,
- " And see a minde attir'd in perfect straines;
- " Not wearing moodes, as gallants doe a fashion
- " In these pide times, only to shewe their braines;
- " Looke here on Breton's worke, the master print,
- " Where such perfections to the life doe rise:
- " If they seeme *wry*, to such as looke asquint,
- " The fault's not in the object, but their eyes.
- " For, as one comming with a *laterall* viewe
- " Unto a cunning piece-wrought *perspective*,
- " Wants facultie to make a censure true:
- " So with this author's readers will it thrive:
- " Which, being eyed *directly*, I divine,
- " His prooffe their praise will meete, as in this line."

*Ben Jonson.* STEEVENS.

So, in *Hentzner*, 1598, Royal Palace, Whitehall. "Edwardi VI. Angliæ regis effigies, primo intuitu monstrosum quid repræsentans, sed si quis—effigiem rectâ intueatur, tum vera deprehenditur."

FARMER.

The *perspectives* here mentioned, were not pictures, but round chrytal glasses, the convex surface of which was cut into faces, like those of the rose-diamond; the concave left uniformly smooth. These chrytals—which were sometimes mounted on tortoise-shell box-lids, and sometimes fixed into ivory cases—if placed as here represented, would exhibit the different appearances described by the poet.

The word *shadows* is here used, in opposition to substance, for reflected images, and not as the dark forms of bodies, occasioned by their interception of the light that falls upon them. HENLEY.

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,  
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

QUEEN. It may be so; but yet my inward soul  
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,  
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,  
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,<sup>2</sup>—  
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

BUSHY. 'Tis nothing but conceit,<sup>3</sup> my gracious  
lady.

QUEEN. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still de-  
riv'd

From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;  
For nothing hath begot my something grief;  
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,]* Old copy—on thinking; but we should read—*As though in thinking*; that is, *though, musing, I have no distinct idea of calamity*. The involuntary and unaccountable depression of the mind, which every one has sometime felt, is here very forcibly described. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *'Tis nothing but conceit,]* *Conceit* is here, as in *K. Henry VIII.* and many other places, used for a *fanciful conception*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *For nothing hath begot my something grief;*

*Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:]* With these lines I know not well what can be done. The queen's reasoning as it now stands, is this: my trouble is not conceit, for conceit is still derived from some antecedent cause, *some fore-father grief*; but with me the case is, that either my real grief hath no real cause, or some real cause has produced a fancied grief. That is, my grief is not conceit, because it either has not a cause like conceit, or it has a cause like conceit. This can hardly stand. Let us try again, and read thus:

*For nothing hath begot my something grief;*

*Not something hath the nothing that I grieve:*

That is, my grief is not conceit; conceit is an imaginary uneasiness from some past occurrence. But, on the contrary, here is real grief without a real cause; not a real cause with a fanciful sorrow. This, I think, must be the meaning; harsh at the best, yet better than contradiction or absurdity. JOHNSON.

'Tis in reversion that I do possess;  
 But what it is, that is not yet known;<sup>5</sup> what  
 I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

GREEN. God save your majesty!—and well met,  
 gentlemen:—  
 I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

QUEEN. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope,  
 he is;  
 For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;  
 Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?

GREEN. That he, our hope, might have retir'd  
 his power,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> 'Tis in reversion that I do possess;

But what it is, that is not yet known; &c.] I am about to propose an interpretation which many will think harsh, and which I do not offer for certain. To *possess a man*, in Shakspeare, is to inform him fully, to make him comprehend. To be *possessed*, is to be fully informed. Of this sense the examples are numerous:

"I have *possess'd* him my most stay can be but short."

*Measure for Measure.*

"—— Is he yet *possess'd*

"What sum you would?" *Merchant of Venice.*

I therefore imagine the queen says thus:

'Tis in reversion——that I do possess;——

The event is yet in futurity——that I know with full conviction——but what it is, that is not yet known. In any other interpretation she must say that *she possesses* what is not yet come, which, though it may be allowed to be poetical and figurative language, is yet, I think, less natural than my explanation. JOHNSON.

As the grief the Queen felt, was for some event which had not yet come to pass, or at least yet come to her knowledge, she expresses this by saying that the grief which she then actually possessed, was still in *reversion*, as she had no right to feel the grief until the event should happen which was to occasion it.

M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> —— might have retir'd his power,] Might have drawn it back.  
 A French sense. JOHNSON.

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:  
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,  
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd  
At Ravenspurge.

QUEEN. Now God in heaven forbid!

GREEN. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is  
worse,—

The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry  
Percy,

The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

BUSHY. Why have you not proclaim'd Northum-  
berland,

And all the rest of the revolting faction  
Traitors?

GREEN. We have: whereon the earl of Worcester  
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,  
And all the household servants fled with him  
To Bolingbroke.

QUEEN. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my  
woe,  
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:'

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Each one, by him enforc'd, retires his ward." MALONE.

' ——— *my sorrow's dismal heir*:] The author seems to have used  
*heir* in an improper sense, an *heir* being one that *inherits by succe-*  
*ssion*, is here put for one that *succeeds*, though he succeeds but in  
order of time, not in order of descent. JOHNSON.

Johnson has mistaken the meaning of this passage also. The  
Queen does not in any way allude to Bolingbroke's succession to the  
crown, an event, of which she could at that time have had no idea.  
She had said before, that "some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's  
womb, was coming towards her." She talks afterwards of her un-  
known griefs "being begotten;" she calls Green "the midwife of  
her woe;" and then means to say, in the same metaphorical jargon,  
that the arrival of Bolingbroke was the dismal offspring that her fore-  
boding sorrow was big of; which she expresses by calling him her

252 KING RICHARD II.

Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy ;  
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,  
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.'

BUSHY. Despair not, madam.

QUEEN. Who shall hinder me?  
I will despair, and be at enmity  
With cozening hope ; he is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Enter YORK.*

GREEN. Here comes the duke of York.

QUEEN. With signs of war about his aged neck ;  
O, full of careful business are his looks !——  
Uncle,  
For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

YORK. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :<sup>a</sup>  
Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.  
Your husband he is gone to save far off,  
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :  
Here am I left to underprop his land ;  
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :——  
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;  
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

" sorrow's dismal heir," and explains more fully and intelligibly in the following line :

*Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy.* M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> —— *thou art the midwife to my woe,*——

*And I a gasping new-deliver'd mother,*

*Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.]* So, in *Pericles* :

" I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping."

MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> *Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :*] This line is found in the three eldest quartos, but is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

YORK. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!—

The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,<sup>9</sup>  
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—

Sirrah,

Get thee to Plasby,<sup>2</sup> to my sister Gloster;  
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:—  
Hold, take my ring.

SERV. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:

To-day, as I came by, I called there;—  
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

YORK. What is it, knave?

SERV. An hour before I came, the duchefs died.

YORK. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes  
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!  
I know not what to do:—I would to God,  
(So my untruth<sup>3</sup> had not provok'd him to it,)  
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.<sup>4</sup>—

<sup>9</sup> *The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,*] The old copies, injuriously to the metre, read—

*The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Get thee to Plasby,*] The lordship of *Plasby*, was a town of the duchefs of Gloster's in Essex. See *Hall's Chronicle*, p. 13.

THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> — *untruth*—] That is, *disloyalty, treachery*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *The king had cut off my head with my brother's.*] None of York's brothers had his head cut off, either by the King or any one else. The Duke of Gloster, to whose death he probably alludes, was secretly murdered at Calais, being smothered between two beds. RITSON.

What, are there posts despatch'd for Ireland?<sup>5</sup>—  
How shall we do for money for these wars?—  
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say:<sup>6</sup> pray, pardon  
me.—

Go, fellow, [*To the Servant.*] get thee home, pro-  
vide some carts,

And bring away the armour that is there.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know  
How, or which way, to order these affairs,  
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,  
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—  
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath  
And duty bids defend; the other again,  
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;<sup>7</sup>  
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.  
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll  
Dispose of you:—Go, muster up your men,  
And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.  
I should to Plashy too;—  
But time will not permit:—All is uneven,  
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt York and Queen.*]

BUSHY. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ire-  
land,

But none returns. For us to levy power,  
Proportionable to the enemy,  
Is all impossible.

<sup>5</sup> *What, are there posts despatch'd for Ireland?*] Thus the folio. The quartos—*two posts*—and—*no posts*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Come, sister,—cousin, I would say:*] This is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;*] Sir T. Hanmer has completed this defective line, by reading—

*My kinsman is, one whom the king hath wrong'd.*

STEEVENS.



*GREEN.* Besides, our nearness to the king in love,  
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

*BAGOT.* And that's the wavering commons : for  
their love  
Lies in their purses ; and who so empties them,  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

*BUSHY.* Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

*BAGOT.* If judgement lie in them, then so do we,  
Because we ever have been near the king.

*GREEN.* Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol  
castle ;  
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

*BUSHY.* Thither will I with you : for little office  
The hateful commons will perform for us ;  
Except, like curs, to tear us all to pieces.—  
Will you go along with us ?

*BAGOT.* No ; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.  
Farewell : if heart's presages be not vain,  
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

*BUSHY.* That's as York thrives to beat back  
Bolingbroke.

*GREEN.* Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes  
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry ;  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

*BUSHY.* Farewell at once ; for once, for all, and  
ever.

*GREEN.* Well, we may meet again.

*BAGOT.* I fear me, never.  
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE III.

*The Wilds in Glostershire.**Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.**BOLING.* How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

*NORTH.* Believe me, noble lord,  
 I am a stranger here in Glostershire.  
 These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,  
 Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;  
 And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,  
 Making the hard way sweet and delectable.  
 But, I bethink me, what a weary way  
 From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found  
 In Rofs and Willoughby, wanting your company;  
 Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd  
 The tediousness and process of my travel:<sup>5</sup>  
 But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have  
 The present benefit which I possess:  
 And hope to joy,<sup>6</sup> is little less in joy,  
 Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords  
 Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done  
 By sight of what I have, your noble company.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *wanting your company;*  
*Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd*  
*The tediousness and process of my travel:*] So, in *K. Lear*, 1605:  
 "Thy pleasant company will make the way seem short."

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *And hope to joy,*] To joy is, I believe, here used as a verb.  
 So, in the second act of *King Henry IV*: "Poor fellow never joy'd  
 since the price of oats rose." Again, in *King Henry VI*. P. II:  
 "Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne—"

The word is again used with the same signification in the play  
 before us. MALONE.

*BOLING.* Of much less value is my company,  
Than your good words. But who comes here?

*Enter HARRY PERCY.*

*NORTH.* It is my son, young Harry Percy,  
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—  
Harry, how fares your uncle?

*PERCY.* I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd  
his health of you.

*NORTH.* Why, is he not with the queen?

*PERCY.* No, my good lord; he hath forsook the  
court,  
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd  
The household of the king.

*NORTH.* What was his reason?  
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake to-  
gether.

*PERCY.* Because your lordship was proclaimed  
traitor.  
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,  
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;  
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover  
What power the duke of York had levied there;  
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

*NORTH.* Have you forgot the duke of Hereford,  
boy?

*PERCY.* No, my good lord; for that is not for-  
got,  
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,  
I never in my life did look on him.

*NORTH.* Then learn to know him now; this is  
the duke.

*PERCY.* My gracious lord, I tender you my service,  
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;  
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm  
To more approved service and desert.

*BOLING.* I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,  
I count myself in nothing else so happy,  
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;  
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:  
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals  
it.

*NORTH.* How far is it to Berkley? And what stir  
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

*PERCY.* There stands the castle, by yon tuft of  
trees,  
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:  
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Sey-  
mour;  
None else of name, and noble estimate.

*Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY.*

*NORTH.* Here come the lords of Ross and Wil-  
loughby,  
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

*BOLING.* Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love  
pursues  
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury  
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,  
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

*ROSS.* Your presence makes us rich, most noble  
lord.

*WILLO.* And far surmounts our labour to attain  
it.

**BOLING.** Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the  
poor;  
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

*Enter BERKLEY.*

**NORTH.** It is my lord of Berkley, as I guefs.

**BERK.** My lord of Hereford, my message is to  
you.<sup>6</sup>

**BOLING.** My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;<sup>7</sup>  
And I am come to seek that name in England:  
And I must find that title in your tongue,  
Before I make reply to aught you say.

**BERK.** Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my  
meaning,  
To raze one title of your honour out:<sup>8</sup>—  
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)  
From the most glorious regent of this land,<sup>9</sup>  
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on

<sup>6</sup> *My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.*] I suspect that our author designed this for a speech rendered abrupt by the impatience of Bolingbroke's reply; and therefore wrote:

*My lord of Hereford, my message is—*  
The words to you, only serve to destroy the metre. STERVENs.

<sup>7</sup> — *my answer is—to Lancaster;*] Your message, you say, is to my lord of Hereford. My answer is, It is not to him; it is to the Duke of Lancaster. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *To raze one title of your honour out:*] “How the names of them which for capital crimes against majesty were *erased out* of the public records, tables, and registers, or forbidden to be borne by their posterity, when their memory was damned, I could show at large.” *Camden's Remains*, p. 136, edit. 1605. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *From the most glorious regent of this land,*] Thus the first quarto, 1597. The word *regent* was accidentally omitted in the quarto, 1598, which was followed by all the subsequent copies.

MALONE.

To take advantage of the absent time,<sup>2</sup>  
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

*Enter YORK, attended.*

BOLING. I shall not need transport my words by  
you;  
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble un-  
cle! [Kneels.

YORK. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy  
knee,  
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

BOLING. My gracious uncle!—

YORK. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :<sup>3</sup>  
I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word—grace,  
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.  
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs  
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?  
But then more why ;<sup>4</sup>——Why have they dar'd to  
march

<sup>2</sup> —— *the absent time,*] i. e. *time of the king's absence.*  
JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :*] In *Romeo and Juliet*  
we have the same kind of phraseology :

“ Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.”  
Again, in *Microcynicon*, *Six snarling Satires*, &c. 16mo. 1599 :

“ *Hower me no howers ; howers break no square.*”  
MALONE.

The reading of the folio is preferable :

*Tut, tut ! grace me no grace, nor uncle me.* RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> *But then more why ;*] This seems to be wrong. We might  
read :

*But more than this ; why, &c.* TYRWHITT.

*But then more why ;*] But, to add more questions. This is the  
reading of the first quarto, 1597, which in the second, and all the  
subsequent copies, was corrupted thus: *But more than why.* The  
expression of the text, though a singular one, was, I have no doubt,

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom ;  
 Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,  
 And ostentation of despised arms ?  
 Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence ?  
 Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,  
 And in my loyal bosom lies his power.  
 Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,  
 As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,  
 Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of  
                   men,  
 From forth the ranks of many thousand French ;  
 O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,  
 Now prisoner to the palfy, chastise thee,  
 And minister correction to thy fault !

the author's. It is of a colour with those immediately preceding:

" Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle."

A similar expression occurs in *Twelfth Night*:

" More than I love these eyes, more than my life,

" More, by all mores, than I shall e'er love wife."

MALONE.

There seems to be an error in this passage, which I believe should run thus:

*But more then : Why ? why have they dar'd, &c.*

This repetition of the word *why*, is not unnatural for a person speaking with much warmth. M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> *And ostentation of despised arms ?*] But sure the ostentation of despised arms would not *fright* any one. We should read:

—disposed arms, i. e. forces in battle array.

WARBURTON.

This alteration is harsh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *despightful*. Mr. Upton gives this passage as a proof that our author uses the passive participle in an active sense. The copies all agree. Perhaps the old duke means to treat him with contempt as well as with severity, and to insinuate that he despises his power, as being able to master it. In this sense all is right. JOHNSON.

So, in this play:

" We'll make foul weather with *despised* tears."

STEEVENS.

The meaning of this probably is—a *boastful display of arms which we despise*. M. MASON.

*BOLING.* My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;

On what condition<sup>6</sup> stands it, and wherein?

*YORK.* Even in condition of the worst degree,—  
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:  
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,  
Before the expiration of thy time,  
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

*BOLING.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.  
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,  
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:<sup>7</sup>  
You are my father, for, methinks, in you  
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!  
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties  
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away  
To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?<sup>8</sup>  
If that my cousin king be king of England,  
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.  
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;  
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,  
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,

<sup>6</sup> On *what condition*—] It should be, in *what condition*, i. e. in *what degree of guilt*. The particles in the old editions are of little credit. JOHNSON.

York's reply supports Dr. Johnson's conjecture:

"Even in condition," &c. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Look on my *wrongs with an indifferent eye*:] i. e. with an *impartial eye*. "Every juryman (says Sir Edward Coke) ought to be impartial and *indifferent*." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *Wherefore was I born?*] To what purpose serves birth and lineal succession? I am duke of Lancaster by the same right of birth as the king is king of England. JOHNSON.



To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.<sup>9</sup>  
 I am denied to sue my livery here,<sup>2</sup>  
 And yet my letters-patent give me leave:  
 My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;  
 And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.  
 What would you have me do? I am a subject,  
 And challenge law: Attornies are denied me;  
 And therefore personally I lay my claim  
 To my inheritance of free descent.

*NORTH.* The noble duke hath been too much  
 abus'd.

*ROSS.* It stands your grace upon, to do him  
 right.<sup>3</sup>

*WILLO.* Base men by his endowments are made  
 great.

*YORK.* My lords of England, let me tell you  
 this,—

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,  
 And labour'd all I could to do him right:  
 But in this kind to come, in braving arms,  
 Be his own carver, and cut out his way,  
 To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;  
 And you, that do abet him in this kind,  
 Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

<sup>9</sup> *To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.*] By his wrongs  
 are meant the persons who wrong him. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> ———to sue my livery here,] A law phrase belonging to the  
 feudal tenures. See notes on *K. Henry IV.* P. I. A. & IV. sc. iii.  
 STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *It stands your grace upon, to do him right.*] i. e. it is your in-  
 terest, it is matter of consequence to you. So, in *K. Richard III.*:

“ ———it stands me much upon,

“ To stop all hopes whose growth may danger me.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ———It only stands

“ Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.” STEVENS.

*NORTH.* The noble duke hath sworn, his coming  
is

But for his own: and, for the right of that,  
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;  
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

*YORK.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:  
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:  
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,  
I would attach you all, and make you stoop  
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;  
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,  
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—  
Unless you please to enter in the castle,  
And there repose you for this night.

*BOLING.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept.  
But we must win your grace, to go with us  
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held  
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,  
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

*YORK.* It may be, I will go with you:—but yet  
I'll pause;<sup>2</sup>  
For I am loath to break our country's laws.  
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:  
Things past redress, are now with me past care.<sup>3</sup>  
[*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> *It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll pause;*] I suspect, the words—*with you*, which spoil the metre, to be another interpolation. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Things past redress, are now with me past care.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — Things without remedy,  
“ Should be without regard.” STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.<sup>4</sup>

*A Camp in Wales.*

*Enter SALISBURY,<sup>5</sup> and a Captain.*

CAP. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,  
And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;  
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

SAL. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;  
The king reposeth all his confidence  
In thee.

CAP. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will  
not stay.  
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Here is a scene so unartfully and irregularly thrust into an improper place, that I cannot but suspect it accidentally transposed; which, when the scenes were written on single pages, might easily happen in the wildness of Shakspeare's drama. This dialogue was, in the author's draught, probably the second scene in the ensuing act, and there I would advise the reader to insert it, though I have not ventured on so bold a change. My conjecture is not so presumptuous as may be thought. The play was not, in Shakspeare's time, broken into acts; the editions published before his death, exhibit only a sequence of scenes from the beginning to the end, without any hint of a pause of action. In a drama so desultory and erratic, left in such a state, transpositions might easily be made. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *Salisbury,*] was John Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.

WALPOLE.

<sup>6</sup> *The bay-trees, &c.*] This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. JOHNSON.

And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;  
 The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,  
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;  
 Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—  
 The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
 The other, to enjoy by rage and war:  
 These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—  
 Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,  
 As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead.

[*Exit.*

*SAL.* Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,  
 I see thy glory, like a shooting star,  
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament!  
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
 Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:  
 Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;  
 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

Some of these prodigies are found in Holinshed: "In this yeare in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old baie trees withered," &c.

This was esteemed a bad omen; for, as I learn from Thomas Lupton's *Syxt Booke of Notable Thinges*, 4to. bl.1: "Neyther falling sycknes, neyther devyll, wyll infect or hurt one in that place whereas a *Bay tree* is. The Romaines calles it the plant of the good angell," &c. STEEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: Officers behind with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.*

*BOLING.* Bring forth these men.—

Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls  
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)  
With too much urging your pernicious lives,  
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood  
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,  
I will unfold some causes of your death.  
You have misled a prince, a royal king,  
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,  
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.<sup>7</sup>  
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,  
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;  
Broke the possession of a royal bed,<sup>8</sup>  
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks  
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul  
wrongs.

Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;  
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,  
Till you did make him misinterpret me,——

<sup>7</sup> ——— *clean.*] i. e. quite, completely. REED.

So, in our author's 75th *Sonnet*:

“ And by and by, *clean* starved for a look.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,*

*Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;*

*Broke the possession of a royal bed,]* There is, I believe, no authority for this. Isabel, the queen of the present play, was but nine years old. Richard's first queen, Anne, died in 1392, and the king was extremely fond of her. MALONE.



Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house ;  
 For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated :  
 Tell her, I send to her my kind commends ;  
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

*YORK.* A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd  
 With letters of your love to her at large.

*BOLING.* Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords,  
 away ;

To fight with Glendower and his complices ;  
 Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.\* [*Exeunt.*]

\* *Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away ;*

*To fight with Glendower and his complices ;*

*Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.]* Though the intermediate line has taken possession of all the old copies, I have great suspicion of its being an interpolation ; and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The first and third lines rhyme to each other ; nor do I imagine this was casual, but intended by the poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine, it must argue the poet of forgetfulness and inattention to history. Bolingbroke is, as it were, but just arrived ; he is now at Bristol, weak in his numbers ; has had no meeting with a parliament ; nor is so far assured of the succession, as to think of going to suppress insurrections before he is planted in the throne. Besides, we find the opposition of Glendower begins *The First Part of K. Henry IV.* and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welchman is the tidings of the first scene of that play. Again, though Glendower, in the very first year of K. Henry IV. began to be troublesome, put in for the supremacy of Wales, and imprisoned Mortimer ; yet it was not till the succeeding year that the King employed any force against him. *THEOBALD.*

This emendation, which I think is just, has been followed by Sir T. Hanmer, but is neglected by Dr. Warburton. *JOHNSON.*

It is evident from the preceding scene, that there was a force in Wales, which Bolingbroke might think it necessary to suppress ; and why might not Shakspeare call it Glendower's ? When we next see Bolingbroke, he is in Wales, and mentions his having received intelligence that the Welchmen are dispersed. *REED.*

Mr. Heath observes, that Bolingbroke marched to Chester, probably with a view to attack the Welsh army headed by Lord Salisbury. He thinks therefore the line is genuine. See sc. iii. p. 283. Stowe expressly says that "Owen Glendower served King Richard at Flint-Castle." *MALONE.*

SCENE II.<sup>4</sup>

*The coast of Wales. A castle in view.*

*Flourish: drums and trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.*

R. RICH. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?

AUM. Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace the air,

After late tossing on the breaking seas?<sup>5</sup>

K. RICH. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,

To stand upon my kingdom once again.—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:

As a long parted mother with her child

Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;<sup>6</sup>

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

<sup>4</sup> Here may be properly inserted the last scene of the second act.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *After late tossing, &c.*] The old copies redundantly read:  
*After your late tossing, &c.* STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —*smiles in meeting;*] It has been proposed to read—in *weeping*; and this change the repetition in the next line seems plainly to point out. STEVENS.

*As a long parted mother with her child*

*Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;]*

“ Ως ματω, αλαχρως φιδως εν χαρην αμων

“ Παιδ' αυ' η' δ' αμω παρ κρηδ'ι δ'ηλο κρηδω

“ ΔΑΚΡΥΟΕΝ ΓΕΛΑΣΑΣΑ.” *Ham. II. Z.*

Perhaps *smiles* is here used as a substantive. As a mother plays fondly with her child from whom she has been a long time parted, crying, and at the same time smiling, at meeting him.

It has been proposed to read—*smiles in weeping*; and I once thought the emendation very plausible. But I am now persuaded the text is right. If we read *weeping*, the *long parted* mother and



And do thee favour with my royal hands.  
 Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,  
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense:  
 But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,  
 And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;  
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,  
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee.  
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:  
 And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
 Guard it, I pray thee,<sup>7</sup> with a lurking adder;  
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—  
 Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;  
 This earth shall have a feeling,<sup>8</sup> and these stones  
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king  
 Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

BISHOP. Fear not, my lord;<sup>9</sup> that Power, that  
 made you king,  
 Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.  
 The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,  
 And not neglected; else, if heaven would,

her child do not *meet*, and there is no particular cause assigned for either her smiles or her tears. MALONE.

From the actual smiles and tears of the long parted mother, &c. we may, I think, sufficiently infer that she had *met* with her child. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Guard it, *I pray thee*,] *Guard it*, signifies here, as in many other places, *border* it. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *This earth shall have a feeling*,] Perhaps Milton had not forgot this passage, when he wrote, in his *Comus*—

“ ———dumb things shall be mov'd to sympathize,  
 “ And the brute earth shall lend her nerves, and shake.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Fear not, my lord*; &c.] Of this speech, the four last lines were restored from the first edition by Mr. Pope. They were, I suppose, omitted by the players only to shorten the scene, for they are worthy of the author and suitable to the personage.

JOHNSON.

And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;<sup>9</sup>  
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

*AUM.* He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;  
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

*K. RICH.* Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,  
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,<sup>2</sup>  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;  
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,<sup>3</sup>  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,

<sup>9</sup> — *else, if heaven would,*

*And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;*] Thus the quarto 1597, except that the word *if* is wanting. The quarto 1608, and the late editions, read—*And we would not.* The word *if* was supplied by Mr. Pope. Both the metre and the sense show that it was accidentally omitted in the first copy. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *and lights the lower world,*] The old copies read—*that lights.* The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. Sense might be obtained by a slight transposition, without changing the words of the original text:

*That when the searching eye of heaven, that lights  
The lower world, is hid behind the globe;—*

By *the lower world*, as the passage is amended by Dr. Johnson, we must understand, *a world lower than this of ours*; I suppose, our *Antipodes.* MALONE.

That this is the sense of the passage, is obvious from the King's application of the simile:

“So, when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,—

“Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,

“Whilst we were wand'ring with the *antipodes*,—

“Shall see us rising in our throne the east,” &c. HENLEY.

*The lower world* may signify *our world.* MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,*] It is not easy to point out an image more striking and beautiful than this, in any poet, whether ancient or modern. STEEVENS.

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?  
 So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—  
 Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,  
 Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—  
 Shall see us rising in our throne the east,  
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
 Not able to endure the sight of day,  
 But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.  
 Not all the water in the rough-rude sea  
 Can wash the balm from an anointed king:  
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
 The deputy elected by the Lord:<sup>3</sup>  
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,  
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,

<sup>3</sup> *The breath of worldly men, &c.*] Here is the doctrine of indefeasible right expressed in the strongest terms; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of K. James, to which it is now the practice of all writers, whose opinions are regulated by fashion or interest, to impute the original of every tenet which they have been taught to think false or foolish. JOHNSON.

Far be it from me to palliate the conduct of the wretched James; but the truth is that the inherent rights of the people had been ill understood, or rather were not acknowledged, by his predecessors. The doctrine of the divine right of kings, and of the passive obedience of subjects, have never been carried further in any country than in this island, while the house of Tudor sat on the throne. Of this fact, the Homilies, composed during the reign of young Edward, and appointed in the Thirty-nine Articles to be read in churches, furnish striking and abundant proof. Take, as an instance, the following extract from the Homily *against Disobedience and wilful Rebellion*: "As the name of the king is very often attributed and given unto God in holy scriptures, so doth God himself in the same scriptures sometime vouchsafe to communicate his name with earthly princes, terming them Gods." 1st part. And in the 4th part, we are directed to "call to remembrance the heavy wrath and dreadful indignation of Almighty God against subjects as do only but inwardly grudge, mutter, and murmur against their governors, though their inward treason, so privily hatched in their breasts come not to an open declaration of their doings." HOLT WHITE.

God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
 A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,  
 Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the  
 right.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?

*SAL.* Nor near, nor further off, my gracious  
 lord,

Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,  
 And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,  
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:  
 O, call back yesterday, bid time return,  
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!  
 To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,  
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;  
 For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

*AUM.* Comfort, my liege: Why looks your grace  
 so pale?

*K. RICH.* But now, the blood of twenty thousand  
 men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;  
 And, till so much blood thither come again,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead?<sup>a</sup>  
 All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;  
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

<sup>a</sup> *Have I not reason to look pale and dead?*] So, in *K. Henry IV.*  
*P. II.*:

“ Even such a man —

“ So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,

“ Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night.”

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.”

MALONE.

*AUM.* Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

*K. RICH.* I had forgot myself: Am I not king?  
Awake, thou sluggard's majesty! thou sleep'st.  
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?<sup>6</sup>  
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes  
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,  
Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?  
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York  
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who  
Comes here?

*Enter SCROOP.*

*SCROOP.* More health and happiness betide my  
liege,  
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

*K. RICH.* Mine ear is open,<sup>7</sup> and my heart pre-  
par'd;  
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.  
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;  
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?  
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?  
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,

<sup>5</sup> —[*sluggard*—] So the folio. The quartos have—*coward*.  
MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Is not the king's name forty thousand names?* Thus, in *King Richard III*:

“ Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength.”  
See a speech of Antigonus, in Plutarch, of this kind, Vol. II.  
p. 199, 4to. Gr. S. W.

<sup>7</sup> *Mine ear is open, &c.*] It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor, rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious. JOHNSON.

We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:  
 Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;  
 They break their faith to God, as well as us:  
 Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;  
 The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

SCROOP. Glad am I, that your highness is so  
 arm'd

To bear the tidings of calamity.  
 Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
 Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,  
 As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;  
 So high above his limits swells the rage  
 Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land  
 With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.  
 White beards<sup>7</sup> have arm'd their thin and hairless  
 scalps

Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,  
 Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints<sup>8</sup>  
 In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:  
 Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *White beards*—] Thus the quartos. The first folio, with a ridiculous blunder,—*White bears*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — and clap their female joints—] Mr. Pope more elegantly reads—and *clasp*—; which has been adopted by the subsequent editors. But the emendation does not seem absolutely necessary.

MALONE.

*Clasp* would be still nearer than *clasp*. RITSON.

Lee, in his *Mithridates*, has imitated this passage; ACT IV:

“ The very boys, like Cupids dress'd in arms,

“ Clap their young harness'd thighs, and trust to battle.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows*—] Such is the reading of all the copies; yet I doubt whether *beadsmen* be right, for the *bow* seems to be mentioned here as the proper weapon of a *beadsmen*. The king's *beadsmen* were his chaplains. Trevisa calls himself the *beadsmen* of his patron. *Beadsmen* might likewise be any man maintained by charity to pray for his benefactor. Hamner reads—the very *beadsmen*, but *thy* is better. JOHNSON.

Of double-fatal yew<sup>a</sup> against thy state;  
 Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills  
 Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,  
 And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

*K. RICH.* Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale  
 so ill.

Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?  
 What is become of Busby? where is Green?<sup>b</sup>

The reading of the text is right enough: "As boys strive to speak big, and clasp their effeminate joints in stiff unwieldy arms," &c. "so his very *beadsmen* learn to bend their bows against him." *Their* does not absolutely denote that the *bow* was their usual or proper weapon; but only taken up and appropriated by them on this occasion. PERCY.

<sup>a</sup> *Of double-fatal yew*—] Called so, because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death. WARBURTON.

From some of the ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house either a bow of *yew* or some other wood. It should seem therefore that *yews* were not only planted in church-yards to defend the churches from the wind, but on account of their use in making *bows*; while by the benefit of being secured in enclosed places, their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle.

STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> *Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?*

*What is become of Busby? where is Green?*] Here are four of them named; and, within a very few lines, the king hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them *three* Judases. But how was their peace made? Why, with the loss of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle says:

"Is Busby, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire dead?"

So that Bagot ought to be left out of the question: and, indeed he had made the best of his way for Chester, and from thence had escaped into Ireland.

The poet could not be guilty of so much forgetfulness and absurdity. The transcribers must have blundered. It seems probable to me that he wrote, as I have conjecturally altered the text:

*Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is he got?*

i. e. into what corner of my dominions is he *slunk* and *absconded*.

THEOBALD.

That they have let the dangerous enemy  
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?  
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.  
I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

SCROOP. Peace have they made with him, indeed,  
my lord.

K. RICH. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!  
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!

Three Judasses, each one thrice worse than Judas!  
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war  
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

SCROOP. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
Turns to the fourest and most deadly hate:—  
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made  
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse,  
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,  
And lie full low, grav'd<sup>4</sup> in the hollow ground.

This emendation Dr. Warburton adopts. Hanmer leaves a blank after Wiltshire. I believe the author, rather than transcriber, made a mistake. *Where is he got*, does not sound in my ear like an expression of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

I agree with Johnson in thinking that this was a mistake of the author's, because we find a mistake of the same nature in the second act, where Bolingbroke says, that Bristol castle was held by Bushy and Bagot; yet it is certain that Bagot was not taken at Bristol, for we find him afterwards accusing Aumerle of treason; and in the parting scene between him, Green, and Bushy, he declares his intention of flying to the King in Ireland. M. MASON.

Perhaps Shakspeare intended to mark more strongly the perturbation of the king by making him inquire at first for Bagot, whose loyalty, on further recollection, might show him the impropriety of his question. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — grav'd — ] The verb, *to grave*, is not peculiar to



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*AUM.* Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

*SCROOP.* Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

*AUM.* Where is the duke my father with his power?

*K. RICH.* No matter where; of comfort no man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;  
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?  
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,  
And nothing can we call our own, but death;  
And that small model of the barren earth,<sup>5</sup>  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.<sup>6</sup>  
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,

Shakspeare. So, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. iii. fol. 58:

“Unto the hoard, unto the raven,

“She was none otherwise graven.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *And that small model of the barren earth,*] He uses *model* for *mould*. That earth, which closing upon the body, takes its form. This interpretation the next line seems to authorize. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, all that *model*, in the present instance, means, is the sepulchral hillock of earth which ascertains the length and breadth of the body beneath it. In this sense it may be termed its *model*.

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare generally uses *model*, not for an *exemplar*, but for a thing made after a pattern. So, in a former scene of this play:

“—thou see'st thy wretched brother die,

“Who was the *model* of thy father's life.”

See Vol. VI. p. 321, n. 5. *Model*, however, may be used for *mould*. See Minshieu's *Dict.* in v. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Which serves as paste &c.*] A metaphor, not of the most sublime kind, taken from a *pie*. JOHNSON.

And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—  
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war ;  
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;  
 All murder'd :—For within the hollow crown,  
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,  
 Keeps death his court : and there the antick sits,<sup>8</sup>  
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;  
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene  
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;  
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—  
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
 Were brass impregnable ; and, humour'd thus,  
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king !  
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
 With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,  
 Tradition,<sup>9</sup> form, and ceremonious duty,  
 For you have but mistook me all this while :  
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,  
 Need friends :—Subjected thus,  
 How can you say to me—I am a king ?

<sup>7</sup> — *the ghosts they have depos'd ;*] Such is the reading of all the old copies. The modern editors, in the room of *have depos'd*, substituted *dispossess'd*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *there the antick sits,*] Here is an allusion to the *antick* or *fool* of old farces, whose chief part is to deride and disturb the graver and more splendid personages. JOHNSON.

If there be any such allusion intended, it is to the *old Vice*, who, indeed, appears to have been such a character as Dr. Johnson describes. The *Fool* was rather introduced to be laughed at.

RITSON.

So, in the First Part of *K. Henry VI* :

“ Thou *antick* death, which laugh'st us here to scorn !”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Tradition,*] This word seems here used for *traditional practices* : that is, *established* or *customary homage*. JOHNSON.

CAR. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present  
woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.  
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,  
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,  
And so your follies fight against yourself.  
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:  
And fight and die, is death destroying death;<sup>3</sup>  
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

AUM. My father hath a power, inquire of him;  
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. RICH. Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Boling-  
broke, I come  
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.  
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;  
An easy task it is, to win our own.—  
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?  
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

SCROOP. Men judge by the complexion of the  
sky

The state and inclination of the day:  
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,  
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.  
I play the torturer, by small and small,  
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—  
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;  
And all your northern castles yielded up,  
And all your southern gentlemen in arms  
Upon his party.

K. RICH. Thou hast said enough.—  
Besheiw thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth  
[To AUMERLE.]

<sup>3</sup> — *death destroying death*;] That is, to *die fighting*, is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers. I once read *death defying death*; but *destroying* is as well. JOHNSON.

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!  
 What say you now? What comfort have we now?  
 By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,  
 That bids me be of comfort<sup>3</sup> any more.  
 Go, to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;  
 A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.  
 That power I have, discharge; and let them go  
 To ear the land<sup>4</sup> that hath some hope to grow,  
 For I have none:—Let no man speak again  
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

*AUM.* My liege, one word.

*K. RICH.* He does me double wrong,  
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.  
 Discharge my followers, let them hence;—Away,  
 From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> *I'll hate him everlastingly,*

*That bids me be of comfort—*] This sentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than these petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *To ear the land—*] i. e. to plough it. So, in *All's well that ends well*;

“He that ears my land, spares my team.” STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

Wales. *Before Flint Castle.*<sup>5</sup>

*Enter with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Others.*

**BOLING.** So that by this intelligence we learn,  
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury  
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,  
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

**NORTH.** The news is very fair and good; my lord;  
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

**YORK.** It would beseem the lord Northumberland,  
To say—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,  
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

**NORTH.** Your grace mistakes me;<sup>6</sup> only to be brief,  
Left I his title out.

**YORK.** The time hath been,  
Would you have been so brief with him, he would  
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,  
For taking so the head,<sup>7</sup> your whole head's length.

**BOLING.** Mistake not, uncle, further than you  
should.

<sup>5</sup> *Flint Castle.*] In our former edition I had called this scene *the same* with the preceding. That was at *Barkloughly castle*, on the coast where Richard landed; but Bolingbroke never marched further in Wales than to Flint. The interview between him and Richard was at the castle of Flint, where this scene should be said to lie, or rather in the camp of Bolingbroke before that castle.—“Go to Flint castle.” See above. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Your grace mistakes me;*] The word—*me*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *For taking so the head,*] *To take the head* is, to act without restraint; to take undue liberties. We now say, *we give the horse his head*, when we relax the reins. JOHNSON.

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**YORK.** Take not, good cousin, further than you should,  
Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head.

**BOLING.** I know it, uncle; and oppose not  
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?\*

*Enter PERCY.*

Well, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?†

**PERCY.** The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,  
Against thy entrance.

**BOLING.** Royally!  
Why, it contains no king?

**PERCY.** Yes, my good lord,  
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies  
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:  
And with him are lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,  
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman  
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

**NORTH.** Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

\* *I know it, uncle; and oppose not  
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?* These lines  
should be regulated thus:

*I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself  
Against their will. But who comes here?*  
Such is the regulation of the old copies. MALONE.

I regard the word *myself*, as an interpolation, and conceive  
Shakspeare to have written—

— and oppose not  
*Against their will.*

To *oppose* may be here a verb neuter. So, in *K. Lear*:

“ — a servant, thrill'd with remorse,  
“ *Oppos'd against the act.*” STEEVENS.

† Well, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?‡ The old copy  
destroys the metre by reading—*Welcome, Harry;*— The emenda-  
tion is Sir T. Hanmer's. STEEVENS.

*BOLING.* Noble lord, [To NORTH.  
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle; \*  
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle  
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.

Harry Bolingbroke  
On both his knees, doth kiss king Richard's hand;  
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,  
To his most royal person: hither come  
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;  
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,  
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:  
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,  
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,  
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:  
The which, how far off from the mind of Boling-  
broke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench  
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,  
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.  
Go, signify as much; while here we march  
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

[NORTHUMBERLAND advances to the Castle, with  
a Trumpet.

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,  
That from the castle's totter'd battlements  
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.  
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet  
With no less terror than the elements

\* Noble lord,

*Go to the rude ribs, &c.]* It is observable that our author in  
his addresses to persons, often begins with an hemistich. So, in  
*Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. sc. iii:

“ Agam. Princes,

“ What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?”

This observation may be of use in other places, where in the  
old copies, by the mistake of the transcriber, the metre is destroyed  
by this regulation not being observed. MALONE.

Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock  
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.  
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:  
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain  
 My waters; on the earth, and not on him.  
 March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

*A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls King RICHARD, the Bishop of Carlisle,<sup>9</sup> AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.*

YORK. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,<sup>2</sup>  
 As doth the blushing discontented sun  
 From out the fiery portal of the east;  
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
 To dim his glory, and to stain the track  
 Of his bright passage to the occident.  
 Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,  
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
 Controlling majesty; Alack, alack, for woe,  
 That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. RICH. We are amaz'd; and thus long have  
 we stood  
 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,  
 [To NORTHUMBERLAND.  
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:  
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget

<sup>9</sup> — the Bishop of Carlisle,] was Thomas Merkes. WALPOLE.

<sup>2</sup> See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,] The following six lines are absurdly given to Bolingbroke, who is made to condemn his own conduct and disculp the king's. It is plain these six and the four following all belong to York. WARBURTON.

It should be observed that the four last of these lines are in all the copies given to York. STEEVENS.



To pay their awful duty to our presence ?  
 If we be not, show us the hand of God  
 That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;  
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,  
 Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.  
 And though you think, that all, as you have done,  
 Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,  
 And we are barren, and bereft of friends ;——  
 Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,  
 Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,  
 Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike  
 Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,  
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,  
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.  
 Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)  
 That every stride he makes upon my land,  
 Is dangerous treason : He is come to ope  
 The purple testament of bleeding war ;<sup>3</sup>  
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons  
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace

<sup>3</sup> *The purple testament of bleeding war;*] I once thought that Shakspeare might have had the sacred book (which is frequently covered with purple leather) in his thoughts; but the following note renders such a supposition extremely doubtful. MALONE.

I believe our author uses the word *testament* in its legal sense. Bolingbroke is come to open the testament of war, that he may peruse what is decreed there in his favour. *Purple* is an epithet referring to the future effusion of blood. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right in his interpretation of this passage. See *Julius Cæsar*:

“ Now, while your *purpled* hands do reek and smoke,

“ Fulfil your pleasure.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,*

*Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons*

*Shall ill become the flower of England's face;*] By the *flower of England's face* is meant the choicest youths of England, who shall

To scarlet indignation, and bedew  
Her pastures' grafs with faithful English blood.

NORTH. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the  
king  
Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,  
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kifs thy hand,  
And by the honourable tomb he swears,  
That stands upon thy royal grandfire's bones;  
And by the royalties of both your bloods,  
Currents that spring from one most gracious head;  
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;<sup>3</sup>

be slaughtered in this quarrel, or have *bloody crowns*. *The flower of England's face*, to design her choicest youth, is a fine and noble expression. Pericles, by a similar thought, said "that the destruction of the Athenian youth was a fatality like cutting off the spring from the year." WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton reads—*light in peace*, but *live in peace* is more suitable to Richard's intention, which is to tell him, that though he should get the crown by rebellion, it will be long before it will live in peace, be so settled as to be firm. *The flower of England's face*, is very happily explained. JOHNSON.

*The flower of England's face*, I believe, means *England's flowery face*, the *flowery surface of England's soil*. The same kind of expression is used in Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 2: "— opening the cherry of her lips," i. e. her cherry lips. Again, p. 240, edit. 1633: "— the sweet and beautiful flower of her face."

Again, Drayton, in *Mortimer's Epistle to Queen Isabell*:

"And in the field advance our plumy crest,

"And march upon fair England's flow'ry breast."

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Her pastures' grafs*—] Old copies—*pastors*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt*]; Dr. Warburton would read—

*And by the warlike hand of buried Gaunt*;  
and this, no doubt, was Shakspeare's meaning, though he has affectedly misplaced the epithets. Thus, in *King John*, we have—

"There is no malice in this burning coal,"  
instead of—

"There is no malice burning in this coal."

And by the worth and honour of himself,  
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—  
His coming hither hath no further scope,  
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg  
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:  
Which on thy royal party granted once,  
His glittering arms he will commend<sup>4</sup> to rust,  
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart  
To faithful service of your majesty.  
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;  
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. RICH. Northumberland, say,—thus the king  
returns;—

His noble cousin is right welcome hither;  
And all the number of his fair demands  
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:  
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,  
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ But *earthlier bappy*,” instead of “ *earthly bappier*.”

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

“ These hands are free from *guiltless bloodshedding*,”  
instead of—

“ These *guiltless hands* are free from bloodshedding.”

Again, *ibid.* in P. III:

“ Until my *misbap'd trunk* that bears this head,”

instead of—

“ Until my head that this misbap'd trunk bears.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ We cannot call her *winds and waters, sighs and tears*,”

instead of—

“ We cannot call her *sighs and tears, winds and waters*.”

and in the same play we have *proof of barnefs*, for *barnefs of proof*;  
as elsewhere, *miserable most*, for *most miserable*; *desperately mortal*,  
for *mortally desperate*; *action of precept*, for *precept of action*; &c.

RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *commend*—] i. e. commit. See Minshew's Dict. in v.

MALONE.

We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,

[To AUMERLE.]

To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?

Shall we call back Northumberland, and send  
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

AUM. No, my good lord; let's fight with gentle  
words,

Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful  
swords.

K. RICH. O God! o God! that e'er this tongue  
of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment

On yon proud man, should take it off again

With words of sooth!<sup>5</sup> O, that I were as great

As is my grief, or lesser than my name!

Or that I could forget what I have been!

Or not remember what I must be now!

Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to  
beat,

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

AUM. Northumberland comes back from Bo-  
lingbroke.

K. RICH. What must the king do now? Must he  
submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?

The king shall be contented: Must he lose

The name of king? o'God's name, let it go:

I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;

My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;

My gay apparel,<sup>6</sup> for an alms-man's gown;

<sup>5</sup> *With words of sooth!*] *Sooth* is *sweet* as well as *true*. In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or *softness*, a signification yet retained in the verb *to sooth*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *My gay apparel, &c.*] Dr. Grey observes, "that King Richard's expence in regard to dress, was very extraordinary."

My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood ;  
 My scepter, for a palmer's walking-staff ;  
 My subjects, for a pair of carved saints ;  
 And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
 A little little grave, an obscure grave :—  
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
 Some way of common trade,<sup>1</sup> where subjects' feet  
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head :<sup>2</sup>  
 For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live ;  
 And, buried once, why not upon my head ?——  
 Aumerle, thou weep'st ; My tender-hearted cou-  
 sin !——

We'll make foul weather with despised tears ;  
 Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,  
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.

Holinshed has the same remark ; and adds, that he had “ one cote which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 30,000 marks.” STEVENS.

Stowe, in his *Survey*, says, “ to the value of three thousand marks.” So also, in *Vita Ricardi Secundi*, published by T. Hearne, p. 156. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Or I'll be buried in the king's bigbway,

Some way of common trade,] So, in Lord Surrey's Translation of the second book of *Virgil's Æneid*:

“ A postern with a blind wicket there was,

“ A common trade, to pass through Priam's house.”

“ Limen erat, cæcæque fores, et pervius usus,

“ Tectorum inter se Priami.”——

The phrase is still used by common people. When they speak of a road much frequented, they say, “ it is a road of much traffic.” Shakspeare uses the word in the same sense in *King Henry VIII*:

“ Stand in the gap and trade of more preferments.”

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —— on their sovereign's head :] Shakspeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetic to the ridiculous. Had the speech of Richard ended at this line, it had exhibited the natural language of submissive misery, conforming its intention to the present fortune, and calmly ending its purposes in death. JOHNSON.

Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,  
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?  
 As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,  
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
 Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*  
*Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?*  
 Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see  
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—  
 Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,  
 What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty  
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?  
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.<sup>9</sup>

NORTH. My lord, in the base court<sup>2</sup> he doth attend

To speak with you; may't please you to come down.

K. RICH. Down, down, I come; like glistening  
 Phaeton,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[NORTH. retires to BOLING.

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,  
 To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down, court!  
 down king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should  
 sing. [Exeunt, from above.

<sup>9</sup> — *Bolingbroke says—ay.*] Here is another instance of injury done to the poet's metre by changing his orthography. *I*, which was Shakspeare's word, rhymed very well with *die*; but *ay* has quite a different sound. See a note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. Vol. III. p. 485, n. 8. TYRWHITT.

In some counties *ay* is at this day pronounced with a sound very little differing from that of *I*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *base court*—] *Bas cour*, Fr. So, in Hinde's *Elioffs Libidinoso*, 1606: "—they were, for a public observation, brought into the *base court* of the palace." Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "—began, at the entrance into the *base court*, to use these words." STEEVENS.

*BOLING.* What says his majesty?

*NORTH.* Sorrow and grief of heart  
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man :  
Yet he is come.

*Enter King RICHARD, and his Attendants, below.*

*BOLING.* Stand all apart,  
And show fair duty to his majesty.—  
My gracious lord,— [Kneeling.

*K. RICH.* Fair cousin, you debase your princely  
knee,  
To make the base earth proud with kissing it :  
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,  
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.  
Up, cousin, up ; your heart is up, I know,  
Thus high at least, [*Touching his own head.*] although  
your knee be low.

*BOLING.* My gracious lord, I come but for mine  
own.

*K. RICH.* Your own is yours, and I am yours,  
and all.

*BOLING.* So far be mine, my most redoubted  
lord,  
As my true service shall deserve your love.

*K. RICH.* Well you deserve :—They well deserve  
to have,  
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—  
Uncle, give me your hand : nay, dry your eyes ;  
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—  
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
Though you are old enough to be my heir.  
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too ;  
For do we must, what force will have us do.—  
Set on towards London :—Cousin, is it so ?

BOLING. Yea, my good lord.

K. RICH. Then I must not say, no.<sup>3</sup>  
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

# SCENE IV.

Langley. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

*Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.*

QUEEN. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,  
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

I LADY. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

QUEEN. 'Twill make me think,  
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune  
Runs 'gainst the bias.

I LADY. Madam, we will dance.

QUEEN. My legs can keep no measure in delight,  
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:  
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

I LADY. Madam, we'll tell tales.

QUEEN. Of sorrow, or of joy?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Then I must not say, no.*] "The duke with a high sharpe voyce bade bring forth the kings horses, and then two little naggess, not worth forty franks, were brought forth; the king was set on the one, and the earle of Salisburie on the other: and thus the duke brought the king from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the duke of Glocesters sonne and to the earle of Arundels sonne, (that loved him but little, for he had put their fathers to death,) who led him straight to the castle." Stowe, (p. 521, edit. 1605,) from a manuscript account written by a person who was present. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Of sorrow, or of joy?*] All the old copies concur in reading—  
*Of sorrow, or of grief.*  
Mr. Pope made the necessary alteration. STEEVENS.



I LADY. Of either, madam.

QUEEN. Of neither, girl:  
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;  
Or if of grief, being altogether had,  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:  
For what I have, I need not to repeat;  
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

I LADY. Madam, I'll sing.

QUEEN. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;  
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou  
weep.

I LADY. I could weep, madam, would it do you  
good.

QUEEN. And I could weep,<sup>5</sup> would weeping do  
me good,  
And never borrow any tear of thee.  
But stay, here come the gardeners:  
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

*Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.*

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,  
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so  
Against a change:<sup>6</sup> Woe is forerun with woe.  
[Queen and Ladies retire.]

<sup>5</sup> *And I could weep,*] The old copies read—*And I could sing.*  
STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe.*] The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to forerun calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending. The sense is, that public evils are always prefigured by public penitence, and plaintive conversation. JOHNSON.

GARD. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apri-cocks,  
Which, like unruly children, make their fire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;  
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—  
Go thou, and like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:  
All must be even in our government.—  
You thus employ'd, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

I SERV. Why should we, in the compass of a  
pale,  
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,  
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?<sup>6</sup>  
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,  
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,  
Her knots disorder'd,<sup>7</sup> and her wholesome herbs  
Swarming with caterpillars?

GARD. Hold thy peace:—

<sup>6</sup> — our *firm estate*?] How could he say *ours* when he immediately subjoins, that it was *infirm*? we should read:  
— a *firm state*. WARBURTON.

The servant says *our*, meaning the state of the garden in which they are at work. The state of the metaphorical garden was indeed *unfirm*, and therefore his reasoning is very naturally induced. Why (says he) should we be careful to preserve order in the narrow cincture of this *our state*, when the *great state of the kingdom* is in disorder? I have replaced the old reading which Dr. Warburton would have discontinued in favour of his own conjecture.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Her knots disorder'd*,] *Knots* are figures planted in box, the lines of which frequently intersect each other. So, *Milton*:

“ Flowers, worthy Paradise, which not nice art  
“ In beds and curious *knots*, but nature boon  
“ Pour'd forth.” STEEVENS.

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,  
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:  
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did  
shelter,  
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,  
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;  
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

I SERV. What, are they dead?

GARD. They are; and Bolingbroke  
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh! What pity is it,  
That he had not so trimm'd and drefs'd his land,  
As we this garden! We at time of year<sup>8</sup>  
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;  
Left, being over-proud with sap and blood,  
With too much riches it confound itself:  
Had he done so to great and growing men,  
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste  
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches<sup>9</sup>  
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:  
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,  
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

I SERV. What, think you then, the king shall be  
depos'd?

GARD. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,  
'Tis doubt, he will be:<sup>2</sup> Letters came last night

<sup>8</sup> — We at time of year—] The word *We* is not in the old copies. The context shows that some word was omitted at the press; and the subsequent lines—

“ — superfluous branches

“ *We* lop away, —”

render it highly probable that this was the word. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — All *superfluous branches*—] Thus the second folio. The first omits the word—*all*, and thereby hurts the metre; for *superfluous* is never accented on the third syllable. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> 'Tis doubt, *he will be*:] We have already had an instance of this uncommon phraseology in the present play:

To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,  
That tell black tidings.

**QUEEN.** O, I am press'd to death,  
Through want of speaking!<sup>1</sup>—Thou, old Adam's  
likeness, [*Coming from her concealment.*  
Set to dress this garden,<sup>2</sup> how dares  
Thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?<sup>3</sup>

"He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,  
"When time shall call him home," &c.

*Doubt* is the reading of the quarto, 1597. The folio reads—*doubted*. I have found reason to believe that some alterations even in that valuable copy were made arbitrarily by the editor.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> O, I am press'd to death,

*Through want of speaking!*] The poet alludes to the ancient legal punishment called *peine forte et dure*, which was inflicted on those persons, who, being arraigned, refused to plead, remaining obstinately silent. They were *pressed to death* by a heavy weight laid upon their stomach. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —to dress this garden,] This was the technical language of Shakspeare's time. So, in Holy Writ: "—and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it." Gen. ii. 15.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —how dares

*Thy harsh-rude tongue, &c.*] So, in *Hamlet*:

"What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

"In noise so rude against me?"

I have quoted this passage only to justify the restoration of the word *rude*, which has been rejected in some modern editions.

A line in *King John* may add support to the restoration here made from the old copy:

"To whom he sung in *rude* harsh-sounding rhymes."

Some words seem to have been omitted in the first of these lines. We might read:

Set to dress *out* this garden. Say, how dares, &c.

It is always safer to add than to omit.

MALONE.

I would read—Set *here* to dress this garden—. Mr. Malone's quotation from Genesis serves to show that "dress *out*" was not the established phrase.

Neither can I concur with the same gentleman's opinion that "it is always safer to add than to omit;" since, in Dr. Farmer's

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee  
 To make a second fall of cursed man?  
 Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd?  
 Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
 Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,  
 Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou  
 wretch.

GARD. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,  
 To breathe this news; yet, what I say, is true.  
 King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
 Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:  
 In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,  
 And some few vanities that make him light;  
 But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,  
 Besides himself, are all the English peers,  
 And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.  
 Post you to London, and you'll find it so;  
 I speak no more than every one doth know.

QUEEN. Nimble mischance, that art so light of  
 foot,  
 Doth not thy embassy belong to me,  
 And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st  
 To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
 Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,  
 To meet at London London's king in woe.—  
 What, was I born to this! that my sad look  
 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—  
 Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,  
 I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.<sup>4</sup>  
 [Exeunt Queen and Ladies.]

judgement as well as my own, the irregularities of our author's  
 measure are too frequently occasioned by gross and manifest inter-  
 polations. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I would, the plants, &c.*] This execration of the queen is  
 somewhat ludicrous, and unsuitable to her condition; the gar-

300 KING RICHARD II.

GARD. Poor queen! so that thy state might be  
no worse,  
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—  
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,  
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:  
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,  
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*

denier's reflection is better adapted to the state both of his mind and his fortune. Mr. Pope, who has been throughout this play very diligent to reject what he did not like, has yet, I know not why, spared the last lines of this act. JOHNSON.

*I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.]* So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ This bastard graft shall never come to growth.”

MALONE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. Westminster Hall.<sup>5</sup>

*The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY,<sup>6</sup> NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER,<sup>7</sup> another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with BAGOT.*

BOLING. Call forth Bagot:—  
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;  
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;  
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd  
The bloody office of his timeless end.<sup>8</sup>

BAGOT. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

BOLING. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

BAGOT. My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue

<sup>5</sup> — Westminster Hall.] The rebuilding of Westminster Hall, which Richard had begun in 1397, being finished in 1399, the first meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — Surrey,] Thomas Holland earl of Kent. He was brother to John Holland duke of Exeter, and was created duke of Surrey in the 21st year of King Richard the Second, 1397. The dukes of Surrey and Exeter were half brothers to the king, being sons of his mother Joan, (daughter of Edmond earle of Kent) who after the death of her second husband, Lord Thomas Holland, married Edward the Black Prince. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — Fitzwater,] The christian name of this nobleman was Walter. WALPOLE.

<sup>8</sup> — his timeless end.] *Timeless for untimely.* WARBURTON.

302 KING RICHARD II.

Scorns to unfay what once it hath deliver'd.  
 In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,  
 I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,  
 That reacheth from the restful English court  
 As far as Calais, to my uncle's bead?*  
 Amongst much other talk, that very time,  
 I heard you say, that you had rather refuse  
 The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,  
 Than Bolingbroke's return to England;  
 Adding withal, how blest this land would be,  
 In this your cousin's death.

*AUM.* Princes, and noble lords,  
 What answer shall I make to this base man?  
 Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,<sup>9</sup>  
 On equal terms to give him chastisement?  
 Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd  
 With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—  
 There is my gage, the manual seal of death,  
 That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,  
 And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,  
 In thy heart-blood, though being all too base  
 To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

*BOLING.* Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

*AUM.* Excepting one, I would he were the best  
 In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

*FITZ.* If that thy valour stand on sympathies,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *my fair stars,*] I rather think it should be *stem*, being of the royal blood. *WARBURTON.*

I think the present reading unexceptionable. The *birth* is supposed to be influenced by the *stars*, therefore our author, with his usual license takes *stars* for *birth*. *JOHNSON.*

We learn from Pliny's *Natural History*, that the vulgar error assigned the bright and fair stars to the rich and great: "*Sidera singulis attributa nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus,*" &c. Lib. I. cap. viii. *ANONYMOUS.*

<sup>2</sup> *If that thy valour stand on sympathies,*] Here is a translated



There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:  
 By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,  
 I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,  
 That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.  
 If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;  
 And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
 Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.<sup>3</sup>

sense much harsher than that of stars explained in the foregoing note. Aumerle has challenged Bagot with some hesitation, as not being his equal, and therefore one whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was not obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be staked in a duel against a baser. Fitzwater then throws down his *gage*, a pledge of battle; and tells him that if he stands upon *sympathies*, that is, upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. *Sympathy* is an affection incident at once to two subjects. This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature, and thence our poet transferred the term to equality of blood.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — my rapier's point.] Shakspeare deserts the manners of the age in which his drama was placed, very often without necessity or advantage. The edge of a sword had served his purpose as well as the *point of a rapier*, and he had then escaped the impropriety of giving the English nobles a weapon which was not seen in England till two centuries afterwards. JOHNSON.

Mr. Ritson censures this note in the following terms: "It would be well however, though not quite so easy for some learned critic to bring some proof in support of this and such like assertions. Without which the authority of Shakspeare is at least equal to that of Dr. Johnson." It is probable that Dr. Johnson did not see the necessity of citing any authority for a fact so well known, or suspect that any person would demand one. If an authority however only is wanted, perhaps, the following may be deemed sufficient to justify the Doctor's observation: "——at that time two other Englishmen, Sir W. Stanley, and Rowland Yorke, got an ignominious name of traitors. This Yorke, borne in London, was a man most negligent and lazy, but desperately hardy; he was in his time most famous among those who respected fencing, having been the first that brought into England that wicked and pernicious fashion to fight in the fields in duels with a rapier called a *tucke*, onely for the thrust: the English having till that very time used to fight with backe swords, slashing and cutting one the other,

*AUM.* Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

*FITZ.* Now, by my foul, I would it were this hour.

*AUM.* Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

*PERCY.* Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,

In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

*AUM.* And if I do not, may my hands rot off,  
And never brandish more revengeful steel  
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

*LORD.* I take the earth to the like, forsworn  
Aumerle; \*

*armed with targets or bucklers, with very broad weapons, accounting it not to be a manly action to fight by thrusting and stabbing, and chiefly under the waste."* Darcie's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, 4to. 1623, p. 223. sub anno, 1587.

Again, in *Bulkeine's Dialogue between Soarnesse and Chirurgi*, fol. 1579, p. 20: "There is a new kynd of instruments to let blood withall, whych brynge the bloud-letter sometyme to the gallows, because hee stryketh to deepe. These instruments are called the ruffins tucke, and long foining rapier: weapons more malicious than manly." REED.

\* *I take the earth to the like, &c.*] This speech I have restored from the first edition in humble imitation of former editors, though, I believe, against the mind of the author. For *the earth* I suppose we should read, *thy oath*. JOHNSON.

To *take the earth* is, at present, a fox-hunter's phrase. So, in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598:

"I'll follow him until he *take the earth*."

But I know not how it can be applied here. It should seem, however, from the following passage in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. III. c. xvi. that the expression is yet capable of another meaning:

"Lo here my gage, (he *terr'd* his glove) thou know'st the victor's meed."

To *terre* the glove was, I suppose, to dash it on the *earth*.

And spur thee on with full as many lies  
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear  
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Let me add, however, in support of Dr. Johnson's conjecture, that the word *oath*, in *Troilus and Cressida*, quarto 1609, is corrupted in the same manner. Instead of the "——untraded *oath*," it gives "——untraded *earth*." We might read, only changing the place of one letter, and altering another:

*I task thy heart to the like,——*

i. e. I put thy valour to the same trial. So, in *King Henry IV.* Act V. sc. ii:

"How show'd his *tasking*? seem'd it in contempt?"

The quarto, 1597, reads—*task*; the succeeding quartos, viz. 1598, 1608, and 1615, have *take*. STEEVENS.

*Task* is the reading of the first and best quarto in 1597. In that printed in the following year the word was changed to *take*; but all the alterations made in the several editions of our author's plays in quarto, after the first, appear to have been made either arbitrarily or by negligence. (I do not mean to include copies containing new and additional matter.) I confess I am unable to explain either reading; but I adhere to the elder, as more likely to be the true one. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *From sun to sun:*] i. e. as I think, from sun-rise to sun-set. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"*Imo*. How many score of miles may we well ride

"*Twixt* hour and hour?

"*Pisa*. One score 'twixt *sun* and *sun*,

"*Madam*, 's enough for you, and too much too."

"The time appointed for the *duello* (says Saviolo) hath alwaies bene '*twixt* the *rising* and the *setting sun*; and whoever in that time doth not prove his intent, can never after be admitted the combat upon that quarrel." On *Honour and honourable quarrels*, 4to. 1595. This passage fully supports the emendation here made, and my interpretation of the words. The quartos read—*From sin to sin*. The emendation, which in my apprehension requires no enforcement or support, was proposed by Mr. Steevens, who explains these words differently. He is of opinion that they mean, *from one day to another*. MALONE.

However ingenious the conjecture of Mr. Steevens may be, I think the old reading the true one. *From sin to sin*, is from one denial to another; for those denials were severally maintained to be *lies*. HENLEY.

*AUM.* Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw  
at all:

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,<sup>4</sup>  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

*SURRY.* My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well  
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

*FITZ.* My lord, 'tis true: you were in presence then;<sup>5</sup>  
And you can witness with me, this is true.

*SURRY.* As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

*FITZ.* Surry, thou liest.

*SURRY.* Dishonourable boy!  
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,  
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,  
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie  
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.  
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

*FITZ.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!  
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,  
I dare meet Surry in a wilderness,<sup>6</sup>  
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,  
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,  
To tie thee to my strong correction.—  
As I intend to thrive in this new world,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *I have a thousand spirits in one breast,*] So, in *K. Richard III.*:

“A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *My lord, 'tis true: you were in presence then;*] The quartos omit—*My lord*, and read—*'Tis very true*, &c. The folio preserves both readings, and consequently overloads the metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *I dare meet Surry in a wilderness,*] I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against him. So, in *Macbeth*:

“—— or be alive again,

<sup>7</sup> “And dare me to the desert with thy sword.” JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —— *in this new world,*] In this world where I have just begun to be an actor. Surry has, a few lines above, called him *boy*.

JOHNSON.

Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:  
 Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,  
 That thou, Aumerle, didst fend two of thy men  
 To execute the noble duke at Calais.

*AUM.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,  
 That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,<sup>8</sup>  
 If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

*BOLING.* These differences shall all rest under  
 gage,  
 Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,  
 And, though mine enemy, restor'd again  
 To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,  
 Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

*CAR.* That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—  
 Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
 For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field  
 Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,  
 Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:  
 And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself  
 To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave  
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
 And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
 Under whose colours he had fought so long.

*BOLING.* Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

*CAR.* As sure as I live, my lord.

*BOLING.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to  
 the bosom  
 Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,  
 Your differences shall all rest under gage,  
 Till we assign you to your days of trial.

<sup>8</sup> — *here do I throw down this,*] Holinshed says, that on this occasion "he threw down a hood that he had borrowed."

STEEVENS.

He had before thrown down his own hood, when accused by Bagot. MALONE.

*Enter YORK, attended.*

**YORK.** Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee  
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul  
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields  
To the possession of thy royal hand:  
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—  
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

**BOLING.** In God's name, I'll ascend the regal  
throne.

**CAR.** Marry, God forbid!—  
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,  
Yet best befitting me to speak the truth.<sup>9</sup>  
Would God, that any in this noble presence  
Were enough noble to be upright judge  
Of noble Richard; then true nobles<sup>2</sup> would  
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.  
What subject can give sentence on his king?  
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?  
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,  
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:  
And shall the figure of God's majesty,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Yet best befitting me to speak the truth.*] It might be read more grammatically:

*Yet best befits it me to speak the truth.*

But I do not think it is printed otherwise than as Shakspeare wrote it. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *nobles* —] i. e. nobleness; a word now obsolete, but used both by Spenser and Ben Jonson. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And shall the figure, &c.*] Here is another proof that our author did not learn in King James's court his elevated notions of the right of kings. I know not any flatterer of the Stuarts, who has expressed this doctrine in much stronger terms. It must be observed that the poet intends, from the beginning to the end, to exhibit this bishop as brave, pious, and venerable. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has represented the character of the bishop as he found it in Holinshed, where this famous speech, (which contains,

His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
 Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,  
 And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,  
 That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd  
 Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!  
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
 Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.  
 My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,  
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:  
 And if you crown him, let me prophecy,—  
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
 And future ages groan for this foul act;  
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
 And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars  
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;  
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,  
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd

in the most express terms, the doctrine of passive obedience,) is preserved. The politicks of the historian were the politicks of the poet. STEVENS.

The chief argument urged by the bishop in Holinshed, is, that it was unjust to proceed against the king "without calling him openly to his answer and defence." He says, that "none of them were worthie or meete to give judgement to so noble a prince;" but does not expressly assert that he could not be lawfully deposed. Our author, however, undoubtedly had Holinshed before him. MALONE.

It does not appear from any better authority than Holinshed that Bishop Merkes made this famous speech, or any speech at all upon this occasion, or even that he was present at the time. His sentiments, however, whether right or wrong, would have been regarded neither as novel nor unconstitutional. And it is observable that usurpers are as ready to avail themselves of the doctrine of *divine right*, as lawful sovereigns; to dwell upon the *sacredness* of their *persons* and the *sanctity* of their *character*. Even that "cutpurse of the empire," Claudius, in *Hamlet*, affects to believe that

"—such divinity doth hedge a king," &c. RITSON.

The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.  
 O, if you rear this house against this house,  
 It will the wofullest division prove,  
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth :  
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,  
 Left child, child's children,<sup>3</sup> cry against you—woe !

NORTH. Well have you argu'd, fir ; and, for your  
 pains,  
 Of capital treason we arrest you here :—  
 My lord of Westminster, be it your charge  
 To keep him safely till his day of trial.<sup>4</sup>—  
 May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit ?

BOLING. Fetch hither Richard, that in common  
 view  
 He may surrender ; so we shall proceed  
 Without suspicion.

YORK. I will be his conduct.<sup>5</sup> [*Exit.*

<sup>3</sup> *Left child, child's children,*] Thus the old copy. Some of our modern editors read—*childrens' children.*" STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *his day of trial.*] After this line, whatever follows, almost to the end of the act, containing the whole process of dethroning and debasing King Richard, was added after the first edition, of 1598, and before the second of 1615. Part of the addition is proper, and part might have been forborn without much loss. The author, I suppose, intended to make a very moving scene.

JOHNSON.

The addition was first made in the quarto 1608.

STEEVENS.

The first edition was in 1597, not in 1598. When it is said that this scene was added, the reader must understand that it was added by the printer, or that a more perfect copy fell into the hands of the later editor than was published by a former. There is no proof that the whole scene was not written by Shakspeare at the same time with the rest of the play, though for political reasons it might not have been exhibited or printed during the life of Queen Elizabeth. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of his plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *his conduct.*] i. e. conductor. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II :  
 " Although thou hast been *conduct* of my shame." STEEVENS.



*BOLING.* Lords, you that are here under our arrest,  
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:—  
Little are we beholden to your love, [*To CARLISLE.*  
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with King RICHARD, and Officers  
bearing the crown, &c.*

*K. RICH.* Alack, why am I sent for to a king,  
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd  
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—  
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me  
To this submission. Yet I well remember  
The favours of these men:<sup>6</sup> Were they not mine?  
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?  
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,  
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand,  
none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?  
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.  
God save the king! although I be not he;  
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—  
To do what service am I sent for hither?

*YORK.* To do that office, of thine own good will,  
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—  
The resignation of thy state and crown  
To Henry Bolingbroke.

*K. RICH.* Give me the crown:—Here, cousin,  
seize the crown;  
Here, on this side,<sup>7</sup> my hand; on that side, thine.

<sup>6</sup> *The favours, &c.] The countenances; the features.* JOHNSON.  
So, in *Otello*:

“ — nor should I know him,

“ Were he in *favour* as in humour alter'd.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Here, on this side,]* The old copy redundantly has—*Here,*  
cousin, *on this side,*— STEEVENS.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,  
 That owes two buckets filling one another;  
 The emptier ever dancing<sup>7</sup> in the air,  
 The other down, unseen, and full of water:  
 That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,  
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

*BOLING.* I thought, you had been willing to resign.

*K. RICH.* My crown, I am; but still my griefs  
 are mine:

You may my glories and my state depose,  
 But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

*BOLING.* Part of your cares you give me with  
 your crown.

*K. RICH.* Your cares set up, do not pluck my  
 cares down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done;<sup>8</sup>  
 Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:  
 The cares I give, I have, though given away;  
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

*BOLING.* Are you contented to resign the crown?

*K. RICH.* Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing  
 be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.  
 Now mark me how I will undo myself:—  
 I give this heavy weight from off my head,  
 And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,

<sup>7</sup> *The emptier ever dancing—*] This is a comparison not easily accommodated to the subject, nor very naturally introduced. The best part is this line, in which he makes the usurper the empty bucket. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *My care is—loss of care, by old care done;*] Shakspeare often obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here, that *his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares*; for this reason, that *his care is the loss of care*,—his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, *by the cessation of the care to which he had been accustomed.* JOHNSON.

The pride of kingly fway from out my heart;  
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,<sup>9</sup>  
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  
 With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:  
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear;  
 My manors, rents, revenues, I forgo;  
 My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:  
 God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!  
 God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!  
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;  
 And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!  
 Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,  
 And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!  
 God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,  
 And send him many years of sunshine days!—  
 What more remains?

NORTH.

No more, but that you read

[*Offering a paper.*

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,  
 Committed by your person, and your followers,  
 Against the state and profit of this land;  
 That, by confessing them, the souls of men  
 May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. RICH. Must I do so? and must I ravel out  
 My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,  
 If thy offences were upon record,  
 Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,  
 To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,<sup>2</sup>  
 There should'st thou find one heinous article,—  
 Containing the deposing of a king,  
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—

<sup>9</sup> — *my balm,*] The oil of consecration. He has mentioned it before. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *If thou would'st,*] That is, if thou wouldst read over a list of thy own deeds. JOHNSON.

Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—  
 Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,  
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—  
 Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,  
 Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates  
 Have here deliver'd me to my four crosses,  
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

*NORTH.* My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

*K. RICH.* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:  
 And yet salt water blinds them not so much,  
 But they can see a sort<sup>3</sup> of traitors here.  
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,  
 I find myself a traitor with the rest:  
 For I have given here my soul's consent,  
 To undeck the pompous body of a king;  
 Make glory base; and sovereignty, a slave;  
 Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

*NORTH.* My lord,—

*K. RICH.* No lord of thine, thou haught,<sup>4</sup> insulting man,  
 Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—  
 No, not that name was given me at the font,<sup>5</sup>—  
 But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,  
 That I have worn so many winters out;  
 And know not now what name to call myself!

<sup>3</sup> ——— a sort —] *A pack, a company.* 'WARBURTON.

So, in *King Richard III*:

"A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— haught,] i. e. *haughty*. So, in *K. Richard III*:

"And the queen's sons and brothers, *haught* and proud."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *No, not that name was given me at the font,*] How that name which was given him at the font could be usurped, I do not understand. Perhaps Shakspeare meant to shew that imagination, dwelling long on its own misfortunes, represents them as greater than they really are. ANONYMOUS.

O, that I were a mockery king of snow,  
 Standing before the fun of Bolingbroke,  
 To melt myself away in water-drops!—  
 Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly  
 good,)

An if my word be sterling yet in England,  
 Let it command a mirror hither straight;  
 That it may show me what a face I have,  
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

*BOLING.* Go some of you, and fetch a looking-  
 glafs. *[Exit an Attendant.*

*NORTH.* Read o'er this paper, while the glafs  
 doth come.

*K. RICH.* Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come  
 to hell.

*BOLING.* Urge it no more, my lord Northum-  
 berland.

*NORTH.* The commons will not then be satisfied.

*K. RICH.* They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,  
 When I do see the very book indeed  
 Where all my sins are writ,<sup>6</sup> and that's—myself.

*Re-enter Attendant, with a glafs.*

Give me that glafs, and therein will I read.—  
 No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck  
 So many blows upon this face of mine,  
 And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glafs,  
 Like to my followers in prosperity,  
 Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,  
 That every day under his household roof

<sup>6</sup> — *the very book indeed*

Where all my *sins* are writ,] This phrase is from the 139th  
*Psalms*, v. 15: “—and in thy *book* were all my members *written*.”

STEEVENS.

316 KING RICHARD II.

Did keep ten thousand men?<sup>6</sup> Was this the face,  
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?  
Was this the face, that faced so many follies,  
And was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?  
A brittle glory shineth in this face:  
As brittle as the glory is the face;  
[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*  
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—  
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—  
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

*BOLING.* The shadow of your sorrow hath de-  
stroy'd  
The shadow of your face.

*K. RICH.* Say that again.  
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—  
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;  
And these external manners of lament<sup>7</sup>  
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,  
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;  
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,  
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st  
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way  
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,  
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.  
Shall I obtain it?

*BOLING.* Name it, fair cousin.

*K. RICH.* Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than a  
king:

<sup>6</sup> *Did keep ten thousand men?*] Shakspeare is here not quite accurate. Our old chronicles only say "that to his household came every day, to meate, ten thousand men." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *my grief lies all within;  
And these external manners of lament &c.*] So, in *Hamlet*:  
"But I have that within which passeth show;  
"These but the trappings and the suits of woe." MALONE.

For, when I was a king, my flatterers  
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,  
I have a king here to my flatterer.  
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

BOLING. Yet ask.

K. RICH. And shall I have?

BOLING. You shall.

K. RICH. Then give me leave to go.

BOLING. Whither?

K. RICH. Whither you will, so I were from your  
fights.

BOLING. Go some of you, convey him to the  
Tower.

K. RICH. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are  
you all,<sup>8</sup>

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.<sup>9</sup>

[*Exeunt K. RICHARD, some Lords, and a guard.*]

BOLING. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set  
down

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.<sup>1</sup>

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, bishop of Carlisle,  
and AUMERLE.*]

<sup>8</sup> ——— Conveyers are you all,] To *convey* is a term often used in an ill sense, and so Richard understands it here. Pistol says of *stealing*, convey the *wise* it call; and to *convey* is the word for sleight of hand, which seems to be alluded to here. *Ye are all*, says the deposed prince, *jugglers*, who rise with this nimble dexterity by the fall of a good king. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— a true king's fall.] This is the last of the additional lines which were first printed in the quarto, 1608. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down  
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.] The two first quartos,  
read:

“ Let it be so: and loe on Wednesday next

“ We solemnly proclaim our coronation:

“ Lords, be ready all.” STREVS.

318 KING RICHARD II.

*ABBOT.* A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

*CAR.* The woe's to come; the children yet unborn  
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.<sup>2</sup>

*AUM.* You holy clergymen, is there no plot  
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

*ABBOT.* Before I freely speak my mind herein,  
You shall not only take the sacrament  
To bury<sup>3</sup> mine intents, but to effect<sup>4</sup>  
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—  
I see, your brows are full of discontent,  
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;  
Come home with me to supper; I will lay  
A plot, shall show us all a merry day.<sup>5</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> — *as sharp to them as thorn.*] This pathetic denunciation shows that Shakspeare intended to impress his auditors with dislike of the depofal of Richard. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *To bury—*] *To conceal, to keep secret.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Every Man in his Humour*, by Ben Jonfon:

“ Lock'd up in filence, midnight, *buried* here.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *but to effect—*] The old copies redundantly read—*but* also *to effect*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> In the first edition there is no personal appearance of King Richard, so that all to the line at which he leaves the stage was inferted afterwards. JOHNSON.



## ACT V. SCENE I.

London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

*Enter Queen, and Ladies.*

QUEEN. This way the king will come; this is the way  
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,<sup>6</sup>  
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:  
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth  
Have any resting for her true king's queen.<sup>7</sup>

*Enter King RICHARD, and guards.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,  
My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—  
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,*] The Tower of London is traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Cæsar. JOHNSON.

By—*ill-erected*, I suppose, is meant—erected for bad purposes. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Here let us rest, if &c.*] So, Milton:

“Here rest, if any rest can harbour here.” JOHNSON.

And Browne, in his *Britannia's Pastorals*, B. II. Song iii. 1613:

“—Night and day upon the hard'ned stones

“Rests, if a rest can be—” &c. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>8</sup> *Ab, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;*] The queen uses comparative terms absolutely. Instead of saying, *Thou who appearest* as the ground on which the magnificence of Troy was once erected, she says—

*Ab, thou the model &c.*

*Thou map of honour;*—

Thou *picture* of greatness. JOHNSON.

*Model*, it has already been observed, is used by our author, for a thing made after a pattern. He is, I believe, singular in this use

Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,  
 And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn,<sup>9</sup>  
 Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,  
 When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. RICH. Join not with grief,<sup>a</sup> fair woman, do  
 not so,

To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,  
 To think our former state a happy dream;  
 From which awak'd, the truth of what we are  
 Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,  
 To grim necessity;<sup>3</sup> and he and I  
 Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,  
 And cloister thee in some religious house:  
 Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
 Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

QUEEN. What, is my Richard both in shape and  
 mind

Transform'd, and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke

of the word. 'Thou ruined majesty, says the queen, that *resembleth*  
 the desolated waste where Troy once stood. So before:

"Who was the *model* of thy father's life."

In our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, sleep is called "the *map* of death."

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *beauteous inn*,] *Inn* does not here signify a house of  
 publick entertainment; but a dignified habitation. Lord Howard's  
 magnificent seat in Essex is still called Audley-Inn. STEEVENS.

I cannot agree with Steevens. *Inn* means a house of entertain-  
 ment, and is opposed to *alehouse* in the following line. M. MASON.

<sup>a</sup> *Join not with grief*,] Do not thou unite with grief against  
 me; do not, by thy additional sorrows, enable grief to strike me  
 down at once. My own part of sorrow I can bear, but thy af-  
 fliction will immediately destroy me. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *I am sworn brother*,—

*To grim necessity*;] I have reconciled myself to necessity, I am in a  
 state of amity with the constraint which I have sustained. JOHNSON.

The expression—*sworn brother*, alludes to the *fratres jurati*, who,  
 in the ages of adventure, bound themselves by mutual oaths, to  
 share fortunes together. See Mr. Whalley's note on *K. Henry V.*  
*Act II. sc. i.* STEEVENS.

Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?  
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,  
Take thy correction mildly? kifs the rod;  
And fawn on rage with base humility,  
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

*K. RICH.* A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but  
beasts,

I had been still a happy king of men.<sup>4</sup>  
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:  
Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,  
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.  
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire  
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales  
Of woful ages, long ago betid:  
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,<sup>5</sup>  
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,<sup>6</sup>  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.  
For why,<sup>7</sup> the senseless brands will sympathize

<sup>4</sup> — *king of men.*] 'Tis marvellous, that Mr. Upton did not quote this passage as an evidence of our author's learning, and observe, that a more faithful translation of Homer's ἀνὴρ ἀνδρῶν could not have been made. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *to quit their grief,*] To retaliate their mournful stories. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,*] Thus the folio. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*:

“And when you would say something that is sad,

“Speak how I fell.”

The reading, however, of the first quarto, 1597, is also much in our author's manner:

*Tell thou the lamentable tale of me* — MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *For why,*] The poet should have ended this speech with the foregoing line, and have spared his childish prattle about the fire.

JOHNSON.  
This is certainly childish prattle, as Johnson calls it; but it is of the same stamp with the other speeches of Richard, after the landing of Bolingbroke, which are a strange medley of sense and puerility. M. MASON.

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,  
And, in compassion, weep the fire out :  
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,  
For the deposing of a rightful king.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.*

*NORTH.* My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is  
chang'd ;  
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—  
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ;  
With all swift speed you must away to France.

*K. RICH.* Northumberland, thou ladder where-  
withal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—  
The time shall not be many hours of age  
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,  
Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,  
It is too little, helping him to all ;  
And he shall think,<sup>4</sup> that thou, which know'st the way  
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way  
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.  
The love of wicked friends converts to fear ;  
That fear, to hate ; and hate turns one, or both,  
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

*NORTH.* My guilt be on my head, and there an end.  
Take leave, and part ; for you must part forthwith.

*K. RICH.* Doubly divorc'd ?—Bad men, ye violate  
A twofold marriage ; 'twixt my crown and me ;  
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—

<sup>4</sup> And *he shall think,*] The conjunction—*And*, without which the metre is deficient, was supplied by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

Let me unkifs the oath 'twixt thee and me;  
And yet not so, for with a kifs 'twas made.<sup>5</sup>—  
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,  
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;  
My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,  
She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
Sent back like Hallowmas,<sup>6</sup> or short't of day.

QUEEN. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. RICH. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and  
heart from heart.

QUEEN. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

NORTH. That were some love, but little policy.<sup>7</sup>

QUEEN. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.<sup>8</sup>

K. RICH. So two, together weeping, make one woe.  
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;  
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Let me unkifs the oath 'twixt thee and me;*

*And yet not so, for with a kifs 'twas made.*] A kifs appears to have been an established circumstance in our ancient nuptial ceremony. So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613, the Duke, on parting with his wife, says to her:

"The kifs thou gav'st me in the church, here take." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *Hallowmas.*] *All-hallowes, or all-hallowtide*; the first of November. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *That were some love, &c.*] The quartos give this speech to the king. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Then whither he goes, thither let me go.*] So, in the Book of Ruth, i. 16: "—for whither thou goest, I will go." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.*] To be *never the nigher*, or, as it is commonly spoken in the midland counties, *ne'er she ne'er*, is, to make no advance towards the good desired. JOHNSON.

So, in *The legend of Shore's wife*, by Thomas Churchyard, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1578:

"Compel the hauke to sit, that is unmann'd,

"Or make the hound untought to draw the deer,

"Or bring the free against his will in band,

"Or move the sad a pleasant tale to hear,

"Your time is lost, and *you are never the near'.*"

Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

QUEEN. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. RICH. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kifs shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;

Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.

[*They kifs.*

QUEEN. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.<sup>a</sup>

[*Kifs again.*

So, now I have mine own again, begone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. RICH. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in the Duke of YORK's Palace.*

*Enter YORK, and his Duchefs.*

DUCH. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,  
When weeping made you break the story off  
Of our two coufins coming into London.

The meaning is, it is better to be at a great distance, than being near each other, to find that we yet are not likely to be peaceably and happily united. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> ——— and kill thy heart.] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ ——— they have murder'd this poor heart of mine.” MALONE.

Again, in *K. Henry V.* Act II. sc. i: “ ——— he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king hath kill'd his heart.”

STEEVENS.

*YORK.* Where did I leave?

*DUCH.* At that sad stop, my lord,  
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,  
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

*YORK.* Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-  
broke,—  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—  
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,  
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Boling-  
broke!

You would have thought the very windows spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,  
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,<sup>3</sup>—  
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!  
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,  
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:  
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

*DUCH.* Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the  
while?

*YORK.* As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent<sup>4</sup> on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes

<sup>3</sup> *With painted imag'ry, had said at once,*] Our author probably was thinking of the painted clothes that were hung in the streets, in the pageants that were exhibited in his own time; in which the figures sometimes had labels issuing from their mouths, containing sentences of gratulation. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Are idly bent—*] That is, *carelessly* turned, thrown without attention. This the poet learned by his attendance and practice on the stage. JOHNSON.

Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—  
His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience,<sup>3</sup>—  
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him.  
But heaven hath a hand in these events;  
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.  
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

<sup>3</sup> *His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience,*] There is, I believe, no image, which our poet more delighted in than this. So, in a former scene of this play:

“ As a long-parted mother with her child,  
“ Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting.”

Again, in *K. Lear*:

“ Patience and sorrow strove  
“ Who should express her goodliest:  
“ ——— her smiles and tears  
“ Were like a better May.”

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— nobly he yokes  
“ A smiling with a sigh.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“ My plenteous joys,  
“ Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves  
“ In drops of sorrow.”

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“ Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles.”

Again, in *The Tempest*:

“ ——— I am a fool  
“ To weep at what I am glad of.”

So also, Drayton in his *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596:

“ With thy sweete kisses so them both beguile,  
“ Untill they smiling weep, and weeping smile.”

MALONE.



*Enter AUMERLE.*

**DUCH.** Here comes my son Aumerle.

**YORK.** Aumerle that was;<sup>6</sup>  
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,  
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:  
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,  
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

**DUCH.** Welcome, my son: Who are the violets now,  
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?<sup>7</sup>

**AUM.** Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:  
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

**YORK.** Well, bear you well<sup>8</sup> in this new spring  
of time,  
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.  
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and  
triumphs?<sup>9</sup>

**AUM.** For aught I know, my lord, they do.

**YORK.** You will be there, I know.

**AUM.** If God prevent it not; I purpose so.

<sup>6</sup> Aumerle *that was*;] The Dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter, were by an act of Henry's first parliament deprived of their dukedoms, but were allowed to retain their earldoms of Rutland, Kent, and Huntingdon. *Holinshead*, p. 513. 514.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?*] So, in Milton's Song on *May Morning*:

" — who from her *green lap* throws

" The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *bear you well* —] That is, conduct yourself with prudence. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *justs and triumphs?*] *Triumphs* are *Shows*, such as *Masks*, *Revels*, &c.

So, in the Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* Act V. sc. vii:

" And now what rests, but that we spend the time

" With stately *triumphs*, mirthful comick shows,

" Such as befit the pleasures of the court?" STEEVENS.

YORK. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?<sup>2</sup>

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.<sup>3</sup>

AUM. My lord, 'tis nothing.

YORK. No matter then who sees it; I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

AUM. I do beseech your grace to pardon me; It is a matter of small consequence, Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

YORK. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see. I fear, I fear,—

DUCH. What should you fear? 'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

YORK. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.— Boy, let me see the writing.

AUM. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

YORK. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[Snatches it, and reads.]  
Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

DUCH. What is the matter, my lord?

YORK. Ho! who is within there? [Enter a Servant.] Saddle my horse. God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

<sup>2</sup> *What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?* The seals of deeds were formerly impressed on slips or labels of parchment, appendant to them. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.* Such harsh and defective lines as this, are probably corrupt, and might be easily supplied, but that it would be dangerous to let conjecture loose on such slight occasions. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*Boy, let me see the writing.* York uses these words a little lower. MALONE.

DUCH. Why, what is it, my lord?

YORK. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:—

Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,  
I will appeach the villain. [Exit Servant.

DUCH. What's the matter?

YORK. Peace, foolish woman.

DUCH. I will not peace:—What is the matter, son?

AUM. Good mother, be content; it is no more  
Than my poor life must answer.

DUCH. Thy life answer!

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

YORK. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

DUCH. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd :<sup>4</sup>—

Hence, villain; never more come in my fight.—  
[To the Servant.

YORK. Give me my boots, I say.

DUCH. Why, York, what wilt thou do?  
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?  
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?  
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?  
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,  
And rob me of a happy mother's name?  
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

<sup>4</sup> —amaz'd:] i. e. perplexed, confounded. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "That cannot choofe but amaze him. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked." STEEVENS.

*YORK.* Thou fond mad woman,  
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?  
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,  
And interchangeably set down their hands,  
To kill the king at Oxford.\*

*DUCH.* He shall be none;  
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?

*YORK.* Away,  
Fond woman! were he twenty times my son,  
I would appeach him.

*DUCH.* Hadst thou groan'd for him,  
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.  
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,  
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,  
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:  
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:  
He is as like thee as a man may be,  
Not like to me, or any of my kin,  
And yet I love him.

*YORK.* Make way, unruly woman.

[*Exit.*]

*DUCH.* After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his  
horse;  
Spur, post; and get before him to the king,  
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.  
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,

\* *To kill the king at Oxford.*] That the dukes of Exeter and Surry, and the Earl of Salisbury entered into a conspiracy for this purpose is unquestionable; but Hall's narrative, copied by Holinshed and Sir John Hayward, is by no means to be depended upon. Aumerle, in particular, is not charged by any contemporary writer, unless it be the writer of a romance, as having the least concern in it. See a "Requiem to the Conspirators," in *A Collection of Ancient Songs*, lately published, where may be found an authentic account of the plot from writers of authority.

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York :  
And never will I rise up from the ground,  
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee : Away ;  
Begone. [ *Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Windfor. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE as King; PERCY, and other Lords.*

*BOLING.* Can no man tell of my unthrifty son ?  
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last :—  
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.  
I would to God, my lords, he might be found :  
Enquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,<sup>5</sup>  
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,  
With unrestrained loose companions ;  
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,  
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;  
While he,<sup>6</sup> young, wanton, and effeminate boy,  
Takes on the point of honour, to support  
So dissolute a crew.

*PERCY.* My lord, some two days since I saw the  
prince ;  
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

<sup>5</sup> *Enquire at London, &c.]* This is a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry the Fifth, to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare seldom attended to chronology. The prince was at this time but twelve years old, for he was born in 1388, and the conspiracy on which the present scene is formed, was discovered in the beginning of the year 1400.—He scarcely frequented taverns or stews at so early an age. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *While he,]* All the old copies read—*Which* he. STEEVENS.  
The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

*BOLING.* And what said the gallant?

*PERCY.* His answer was,—he would unto the stews;

And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,<sup>1</sup>  
And wear it as a favour; and with that  
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

*BOLING.* As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through both

I see some sparkles of a better hope,<sup>2</sup>  
Which elder days may happily bring forth.  
But who comes here?

*Enter AUMERLE, hastily.*

*AUM.* Where is the king?

*BOLING.* What means  
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

*AUM.* God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,  
To have some conference with your grace alone.

*BOLING.* Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.— [*Exeunt PERCY and Lords.*]  
What is the matter with our cousin now?

<sup>1</sup> — *pluck a glove,*] So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, *Lamia*, the strumpet, says:

“Who loves me once is lymed to my heaft:

“My colour some, and some shall wear my *glove*.”

Again, in *The Shoemaker's Holyday, or Gentle Craft*, 1600:

“Or shall I undertake some martial sport

“Wearing your *glove* at turney or at tilt,

“And tell how many gallants I unhors'd?” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I see some sparkles of a better hope,*] The folio reads:

— *sparkles of better hope.*

The quarto, 1615:

— *sparkles of better hope.* STEEVENS.

The first quarto has—*sparkles of better hope.* The article was inserted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

AUM. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,  
[Kneels.]

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,  
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

BOLING. Intended, or committed, was this fault?  
If but<sup>9</sup> the first, how heinous ere it be,  
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

AUM. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,  
That no man enter till my tale be done.

BOLING. Have thy desire.

[AUMERLE locks the door.]

YORK. [Within.] My liege, beware; look to thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

BOLING. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing.]

AUM. Stay thy revengeful hand;  
Thou hast no cause to fear.

YORK. [Within.] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?  
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[BOLINGBROKE opens the door.]

Enter YORK.

BOLING. What is the matter, uncle? speak;  
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,  
That we may arm us to encounter it.

YORK. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know  
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

AUM. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past:

<sup>9</sup> If but—] Old copies—If on. Corrected by Mr. Pope.  
MALONE.

I do repent me; read not my name there,  
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

*YORK.* 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it  
down.—

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;  
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:  
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

*BOLING.* O heinous, strong, and bold conspi-  
racy!—

O loyal father of a treacherous son!  
Thou sheer, immaculate,<sup>9</sup> and silver fountain,  
From whence this stream through muddy passages,  
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!  
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;<sup>2</sup>  
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse  
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Thou sheer, immaculate, &c.*] *Sheer* is pellucid, transparent. Some of the modern editors arbitrarily read *clear*. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. ii:

“Who having viewed in a fountain *bere*

“Her face,” &c.

Again, B. III. c. xi:

“That she at last came to a fountain *bere*.”

Again, in the Fourth Book of Golding's Translation of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, 1587:

“The water was so pure and *beere*,” &c.

Transparent muslin is still called *beer* muslin. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Thy overflow of good converts to bad;*] Mr. Theobald would read:  
—— *converts the bad*. STEEVENS.

The old reading—*converts to bad*, is right, I believe, though Mr. Theobald did not understand it. “The overflow of good in thee is turned to bad in thy son; and that same abundant goodness in thee shall excuse his transgression.” TIRWHITT.

<sup>3</sup> —— *digressing son,*] Thus the old copies, and rightly. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“*Digressing* from the valour of a man.”

To *digress* is to deviate from what is right or regular. Some of the modern editors read:—*transgressing*. STEEVENS.



**YORK.** So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;  
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,  
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.  
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,  
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:  
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,  
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

**DUCH.** [*Within.*] What ho, my liege! for God's  
sake, let me in.

**BOLING.** What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this  
eager cry?

**DUCH.** A woman, and thine aunt, great king;  
'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door;  
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

**BOLING.** Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious  
thing,

And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King*.<sup>4</sup>—  
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;  
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

**YORK.** If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.  
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;  
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *the Beggar and the King.*] *The King and the Beggar* seems to have been an interlude well known in the time of our author, who has alluded to it more than once. I cannot now find that any copy of it is left. JOHNSON.

*The King and Beggar* was perhaps once an interlude; it was certainly a song. The reader will find it in the first volume of Dr. Percy's collection. It is there entitled, *King Copbetus and the Beggar Maid*; and is printed from Rich. Johnson's *Crown Garland of Gouldeu Roses*, 1612, 12mo; where it is entitled simply, *A song of a Beggar and a King*. This interlude or ballad is mentioned in *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613:

“Provoke thy sharp Melpomene to sing  
“The story of a *Beggar and the King*.” STEEVENS.

*Enter Ducheſs.*

*DUCH.* O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;  
Love, loving not itſelf, none other can.

*YORK.* Thou frantick woman, what doſt thou make here?<sup>5</sup>

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

*DUCH.* Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*]

*BOLING.* Riſe up, good aunt.

*DUCH.* Not yet, I thee beſeech:  
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,<sup>6</sup>  
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,  
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,  
By pardoning Rutland, my tranſgreſſing boy.

*AUM.* Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*]

*YORK.* Againſt them both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*]

Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!<sup>7</sup>

*DUCH.* Pleads he in earneſt? look upon his face;  
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jeſt;  
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:

<sup>5</sup> *Thou frantick woman, what doſt thou make here?*] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“What make you here?”

Again, in *Othello*:

“Ancient, what makes he here.” *MALONE.*

<sup>6</sup> —kneel upon my knees,] Thus the folio. The quartos read:  
—walk upon my knees. *STEEVENS.*

<sup>7</sup> *Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!*] This line is not in the folio. *MALONE.*

He prays but faintly, and would be denied;  
 We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside;  
 His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;  
 Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:  
 His prayers are full of false hypocisy;  
 Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.  
 Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have  
 That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

BOLING. Good aunt, stand up.

DUCH. Nay, do not say—stand up;  
 But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.  
 An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,  
 Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.  
 I never long'd to hear a word till now;  
 Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:  
 The word is short, but not so short as sweet;  
 No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

YORK. Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez  
 moy*.<sup>8</sup>

DUCH. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to de-  
 stroy?

Ah, my four husband, my hard-hearted lord,  
 That set'st the word itself against the word!—  
 Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;  
 The chopping French<sup>9</sup> we do not understand.

<sup>8</sup> — *pardonnez moy*.] That is, *excuse me*, a phrase used when any thing is civilly denied. The whole passage is such as I could well wish away. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *The chopping French*.—] *Chopping*, I suppose, here means *jabbering*, talking slipshodly a language unintelligible to Englishmen; or perhaps it may mean,—the French, who *clip* and *mutilate* their words. I do not remember to have met the word, in this sense, in any other place. In the universities they talk of *chopping* logick; and our author in *Romeo and Juliet* has the same phrase:

“How now! how now! *chop logick*?” MALONE.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:  
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;  
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do  
pierce,

Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

*BOLING.* Good aunt, stand up,

*DUCH.* I do not sue to stand,  
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

*BOLING.* I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

*DUCH.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!  
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;  
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,  
But makes one pardon strong.

*BOLING.* With all my heart  
I pardon him.<sup>a</sup>

*DUCH.* A god on earth thou art.<sup>b</sup>

*BOLING.* But for our trusty brother-in-law,<sup>c</sup>—and  
the abbot,<sup>d</sup>  
With all the rest of that comforted crew,—  
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.<sup>e</sup>—  
Good uncle, help to order several powers

<sup>a</sup> *With all my heart*  
*I pardon him.*] The old copies read—*I pardon him with all*  
*my heart.* The transposition was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> *A god on earth thou art.*] So, in *Cymbeline*:  
“He fits ’mongst men, like a descended god.” STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> *But for our trusty brother-in-law,*] The brother-in-law meant,  
was John duke of Exeter and Earl of Huntingdon (own brother  
to King Richard II.) and who had married with the lady Elizabeth,  
sister of Henry Bolingbroke. THEOBALD.

<sup>d</sup> — *the abbot,*] i. e. the Abbot of Westminster.

<sup>e</sup> *Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.*] Again, in  
*King Richard III*:  
“Death and destruction dog thee at the heels.”

STEEVENS.

To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:  
 They shall not live within this world, I swear,  
 But I will have them, if I once know where.  
 Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too,<sup>7</sup> adieu:  
 Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.  
*DUSH.* Come, my old son;—I pray God make  
 thee new. *[Exeunt.]*

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter* EXTON, *and a* Servant.

*EXTON.* Didst thou not mark the king, what  
 words he spake?  
*Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?*  
 Was it not so?

*SERV.* Those were his very words.

*EXTON.* *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it  
 twice,  
 And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

*SERV.* He did.

*EXTON.* And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;  
 As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man  
 That would divorce this terror from my heart;  
 Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;  
 I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.  
*[Exeunt.]*

<sup>7</sup> ——— *cousin* too, *adieu* :] *Too*, which is not in the old copy,  
 was added by Mr. Theobald, for the sake of the metre.

MALONE.

## SCENE V.

Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

*Enter King RICHARD.*

*K. RICH.* I have been studying how I may compare  
This prison, where I live, unto the world:  
And, for because the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.  
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;  
My soul, the father: and these two beget  
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,  
And these same thoughts people this little world;<sup>5</sup>  
In humours, like the people of this world,  
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—  
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd  
With scruples, and do set the word itself  
Against the word:<sup>6</sup>  
As thus, *Come,—little ones*; and then again,—  
*It is as hard to come, as for a camel*  
*To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*  
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot

<sup>5</sup> — *people this little world*;] i. e. his own frame;—"the state of man;" which in our author's *Julius Cæsar* is said to be "like to a little kingdom." So also, in his *Lover's Complaint*:

"Storming my *world* with sorrow's wind and rain."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"Strives in this *little world* of man to out-scorn

"The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *the word itself*

*Against the word*:] By the *word*, I suppose, is meant the *holy word*. The folio reads:

— *the faith itself*

*Against the faith.* STEVENS.

The reading of the text is that of the first quarto, 1597.

MALONE.

Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails  
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;  
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—  
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
 Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,  
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—  
 That many have, and others must sit there:  
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.  
 Thus play I, in one person,<sup>7</sup> many people,  
 And none contented: Sometimes am I king;  
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,  
 And so I am: Then crushing penury  
 Persuades me I was better when a king;  
 Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,  
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
 And straight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,  
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,  
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd  
 With being nothing.—Musick do I hear? [*Musick.*  
 Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet musick is,  
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept!  
 So is it in the musick of men's lives.  
 And here have I the daintiness of ear,  
 To check<sup>8</sup> time broke in a disorder'd string;

<sup>7</sup> *Thus play I, in one person,*] Alluding, perhaps, to the necessities of our early theatres. The title-pages of some of our *Moralities* show, that three or four characters were frequently represented by *one person*. STEEVENS.

Thus the first quarto, 1597. All the subsequent old copies have—*prison*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *To check*—] Thus the first quarto, 1597. The folio reads—*To hear*. Of this play the first quarto copy is much more valuable than that of the folio. MALONE.

But, for the concord of my state and time,  
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.  
 For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:  
 My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar  
 Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch,"

<sup>9</sup> *For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:*

*My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar*

*Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch, &c.]* I think this passage must be corrupt, but I know not well how to make it better. The first quarto reads:

*My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar,*

*Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.*

The quarto 1615:

*My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar,*

*There watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.*

The first folio agrees with the second quarto.

Perhaps out of these two readings the right may be made. *Watch* seems to be used in a double sense, for a quantity of time, and for the instrument that measures time. I read, but with no great confidence, thus:

*My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar*

*Their watches on; mine eyes the outward watch,*

*Where to, &c. JOHNSON.*

I am unable to throw any certain light on this passage. A few hints, however, which may tend to its illustration, are left for the service of future commentators.

The *outward watch*, as I am informed, was the moveable figure of a man habited like a watchman, with a pole and lantern in his hand. The figure had the word—*watch* written on its forehead; and was placed above the dial-plate. This information was derived from an artist *after the operation of a second cup*: therefore neither Mr. Tollet, who communicated it, or myself, can vouch for its authenticity, or with any degree of confidence apply it to the passage before us. Such a figure, however, appears to have been alluded to in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "—— he looks like one of these motions in a great antique clock," &c. A motion anciently signified a puppet. Again, in his *Sejanus*:

"Observe him, as his watch observes his clock."

Again, in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1595:

"The clocke will strike in haste, I heare the watch

"That sounds the bell——."



Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.  
Now, fir, the found, that tells what hour it is,<sup>2</sup>  
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,  
Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,  
Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time  
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o'the clock.<sup>3</sup>

The same thought also occurs in Greene's *Perimedes*, 1588:

“Disquiet thoughts the minuts of her *watch*.”

To *jar* is, I believe, to make that noise which is called *ticking*.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“——I love thee not a *jar* o' the clock behind,” &c.

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

“——the minutes *jarring*, the clock striking.”

STEEVENS,

There appears to be no reason for supposing with Dr. Johnson, that this passage is corrupt. It should be recollected, that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time; viz. by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these, the king, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial or outward watch, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or (to use an expression of Milton) *minute drops*: his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the dial's point:—his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour.

In *K. Henry IV.* Part II. Tears are used in a similar manner:

“But Harry lives, that shall convert those *tears*,

“By number, into *hours* of happiness.” HENLEY.

<sup>2</sup> Now, *fir*, &c.] Should we not read thus:

Now, *fir*, the sounds that tell what hour it is,

Are clamorous groans,” &c. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——his Jack o' the clock.] That is, I strike for him. One of these automats is alluded to in *K. Richard III.* Act IV. sc. iii:

“Because that, like a *Jack*, thou keep'st the stroke,

“Between thy begging and my meditation.”

This musick mads me, let it sound no more;<sup>4</sup>  
 For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,<sup>5</sup>  
 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.  
 Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!  
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard  
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.<sup>6</sup>

*Enter Groom.*

GROOM. Hail, royal prince!

K. RICH. Thanks, noble peer;  
 The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.  
 What art thou? and how comest thou hither,  
 Where no man never comes, but that sad dog<sup>7</sup>  
 That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Again, in an old comedy, entitled, *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612:

“ ——— so would I,

“ And we their *jacks o' the clockhouse*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *This musick mads me, let it sound no more;*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ The little birds that tune their morning throats,

“ Make her moans *mad* with their sweet melody.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,*] In what degree musick was supposed to be useful in curing madness, the reader may receive information from *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part II. Sect ii. REED.

The allusion is perhaps, to the persons bit by the tarantula, who are said to be cured by musick. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— and love to Richard

*Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.*] i. e. is as strange and uncommon as a *brooch* which is now no longer worn. So, in *All's well that ends well*: “ Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly suited, but unsuitable; just like the *brooch* and the toothpick, which *wear not now*.” MALONE.

——— *in this all-hating world.*] I believe the meaning is, this world in which I am universally hated. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Where no man never comes, but that sad dog*——] It should be remembered that the word *sad* was in the time of our author used

GROOM. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,  
 When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,  
 With much ado, at length have gotten leave  
 To look upon my sometimes<sup>8</sup> master's face.  
 O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,  
 In London streets, that coronation day,  
 When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!  
 That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;  
 That horse, that I so carefully have dres'd!

K. RICH. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle  
 friend,  
 How went he under him?

GROOM. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. RICH. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his  
 back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;  
 This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  
 Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,  
 (Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck  
 Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?  
 Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,  
 Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,  
 Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;  
 And yet I bear a burden like an ass,  
 Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.<sup>9</sup>

for *grave*. The expression will then be the same as if he had said,  
*that grave, that gloomy villain*. So, in Holinshed, p. 730: "With  
 that, the recorder called Fitzwilliam, a *sad man*, and an honest," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — sometimes *master's face*.] *Sometimes* was used for *formerly*,  
 as well as *sometime*, which the modern editors have substituted.  
 So, in Speed's *History of Great Britaine*, 1611:—"A catalogue of the  
 religious houses, &c. *sometimes* in England and Wales," MALONE.

The old copy, redundantly,—

—sometimes *royal master's face*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — by jauncing *Bolingbroke*.] *Faunce* and *jaunt* were synony-  
 mous words. Ben Jonson uses *geances* in his *Tale of a Tub*:

*Enter Keeper, with a distb.*

KEEP. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.  
[*To the Groom.*]

K. RICH. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

GROOM. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [Exit.]

KEEP. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. RICH. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

KEEP. My lord, I dare not; sir Pierce of Exton, who

Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. RICH. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[Beats the Keeper.]

KEEP. Help, help, help!

*Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.*

K. RICH. How now? what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching a weapon, and killing one.]  
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[He kills another; then EXTON strikes him down.]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,  
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

“ I would I had a few more *geances* of it :

“ And you say the word, send me to Jericho.”

STEEVENS.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;  
 Whilst my grofs flesh finks downward, here to die.\*  
 [*Dies.*]

\* — *here to die.*] Shakspeare in this scene has followed Holinshed, who took his account of Richard's death from Hall, as Hall did from Fabian, in whose Chronicle, I believe, this story of Sir Piers of Exton first appeared. Froisart, who had been in England in 1396, and who appears to have finished his Chronicle soon after the death of the king, says, "how he died, and by what means, I could not tell whanne I wrote this cronicle." Had he been murdered by eight armed men, (for such is Fabian's story,) "four of whom he slew with his own hand," and from whom he must have received many wounds, surely such an event must have reached the ears of Froisart, who had a great regard for the king, having received from him at his departure from England "a goblet of silver and gilt, waying two marke of silver, and within it a C. nobles; by the whych (he adds) I am as yet the better, and shal be as longe as I live; wherefore I am bounde to praye to God for his soule, and wyth mucþe sorowe I wryte of his deathe."

Nor is this story of his murder consistent with the account (which is not controverted) of his body being brought to London and exposed in Cheapside for two hours, ("his heade on a blacke quishen, and his *visage open*,") where it was viewed, says Froisart, by twenty thousand persons. The account given by Stowe, who seems to have had before him a Manuscript History of the latter part of Richard's life, written by a person who was with him in Wales, appears much more probable. He says, "he was imprisoned in Pomfrait Castle, where xv dayes and nightes they vexed him with continuall hunger, thirst, and cold, and finally bereft him of his life, with such a kind of death as never before that time was knowen in England, saith Sir John Fortescute," probably in his *Declaration touching the title of the House of Yorke*, a work yet, I believe, somewhere existing in MS. Sir John Fortescue was called to the bar a few years after the death of Richard: living therefore so near the time, his testimony is of the highest weight. And with him Harding, who is supposed to have been at the battle of Shrewsbury in 1403, concurs: "Men sayd *for-hungered* he was." Chron. 1543, fol. 199. So also Walsingham, who wrote in the time of Henry V. and Polydore Virgil.

The Percies in the Manifesto which they published against King Henry IV. in the third yeare of his reign, the day before the battle of Shrewsbury, expressly charge him with having "carried his soveraign lord traiterously within the castell of Pomfret, with-

EXTON. As full of valour, as of royal blood :  
 Both have I spilt ; O, would the deed were good !  
 For now the devil, that told me—I did well,  
 Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.  
 This dead king to the living king I'll bear ;—  
 Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[*Exeunt.*]

out the consent or the judgement of the lordes of the realm, by the space of fiftene daies and so many nightes, (which is horrible among Christian people to be heard,) *with hunger, thirst, and cold to perishe.*" Had the story of Sir Pierce of Exton been true, it undoubtedly must have reached them. Their not mentioning it is decisive.

If, however, we are to give credit to Sir John Hayward, this controverted point will not admit of dispute ; for in *The First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV.* 4to. 1599, after relating the story of King Richard's assassination, he very gravely tells us, that " after being felled to the ground, he with a faint and feeble voice *groaned forth* these words : ' My great grandfather Edward II.' " &c. Mr. Hume in his entertaining, but often superficial, History of England, has not been weak enough to insert this fictitious dying speech. He might, however, have inserted it with as much propriety as an abridgement of the oration of the Bishop of Carlisle, on the deposition of the king being propounded in parliament, which Hayward feigned in imitation of Livy, grounding himself on a few sentences preserved in our old Chronicles, which he has expanded into *thirteen quarto pages.* The writers of the *Parliamentary History* have in this matter been as careless as Mr. Hume. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Dies.*] The representation here given of the King's death is perfectly agreeable to Hall and Holinshed. But the fact was otherwise. He refused food for several days, and died of abstinence and a broken heart. See Walsingham, Otterbourne, the Monk of Evesham, the continuator of the History of Croyland, and the anonymous Godstow Chronicle. RITSON.

SCENE VI.

Windfor. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, and YORK, with  
Lords and Attendants.*

**BOLING.** Kind uncle York, the latest news we  
hear,  
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire  
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;  
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

**NORTH.** First, to thy sacred state wish I all hap-  
piness.  
The next news is,—I have to London sent  
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:<sup>4</sup>  
The manner of their taking may appear  
At large discoursed in this paper here.

*[Presenting a paper.]*

**BOLING.** We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy  
pains;  
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

*Enter FITZWATER.*

**FITZ.** My lord, I have from Oxford sent to  
London

<sup>4</sup> ——— of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent;] So the folio.  
The quarto reads—of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent. It ap-  
pears from the histories of this reign that the reading of the folio  
is right. MALONE.

350 KING RICHARD II.

The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely;  
Two of the dangerous comforted traitors,  
That fought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

*BOLING.* Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;  
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of Carlisle.*

*PERCY.* The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,  
With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,  
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;<sup>5</sup>  
But here is Carlisle living, to abide  
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

*BOLING.* Carlisle, this is your doom:<sup>6</sup>—  
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,  
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;  
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:  
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

<sup>5</sup> *The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,——  
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;*] This Abbot of Westminster was William de Colchester. The relation here given of his death, after Holinshed's Chronicle, is untrue, as he survived the King many years; and though called "the grand conspirator," it is very doubtful whether he had any concern in the conspiracy; at least nothing was proved against him. RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Carlisle, this is your doom:]* This prelate was committed to the Tower, but on the intercession of his friends, obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster-Abbey. In order to deprive him of his see, the Pope, at the King's instance, translated him to a bishoprick in *partibus infidelium*; and the only preferment he could ever after obtain, was a rectory in Gloucestershire. He died in 1409. RITSON.



*Enter* EXTON, *with Attendants bearing a coffin.*

EXTON. Great king, within this coffin I present  
Thy buried fear : herein all breathless lies  
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,  
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

BOLING. Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast  
wrought  
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,  
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

EXTON. From your own mouth, my lord, did I  
this deed.

BOLING. They love not poison that do poison  
need,  
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,  
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.  
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
But neither my good word, nor princely favour :  
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,  
And never show thy head by day nor light.—  
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,  
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow :  
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,  
And put on sullen black incontinent;  
I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand :—  
March sadly after ; grace my mournings here,  
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> This play is extracted from the *Chronicle of Holinshed*, in which many passages may be found which Shakspeare has, with very little alteration, transplanted into his scenes; particularly a speech of the Bishop of Carlisle, in defence of King Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human jurisdiction.

Jonson who, in his *Catiline* and *Sejanus*, has inserted many speeches from the Roman historians, was perhaps induced to that

practice by the example of Shakspeare, who had condescended sometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakspeare had more of his own than Jonson; and, if he sometimes was willing to spare his labour, showed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleness rather than necessity.

This play is one of those which Shakspeare has apparently revised; but as success in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finished at last with the happy force of some other of his tragedies, nor can be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding. JOHNSON.

The notion that Shakspeare revised this play, though it has long prevailed, appears to me extremely doubtful; or, to speak more plainly, I do not believe it. See further on this subject in *An Attempt to ascertain the order of his plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

# KING HENRY IV.

## PART I.\*

**VOL. VIII.**

**A 2**



\* KING HENRY IV. PART I.] The transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl of Douglas at Holmedon, (or Halidown-hill,) which battle was fought on Holyrood-day, (the 14th of September,) 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July, (the eve of Saint Mary Magdalen,) in the year 1403. THEOBALD.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 25, 1597, by Andrew Wise. Again, by M. Woolff, Jan. 9, 1598. For the piece supposed to have been its original, see *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross, STEVENS.

Shakspeare has apparently designed a regular connection of these dramatic histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy Land, which he resumes in the first speech of this play. The complaint made by King Henry in the last act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolics which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited. JOHNSON.

This comedy was written, I believe, in the year 1597. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

## PERSONS represented.

King Henry *the Fourth*.

Henry, *Prince of Wales*, } *sons to the King.*  
Prince John of Lancaster,<sup>2</sup> }

Earl of Westmoreland, } *friends to the King.*  
Sir Walter Blunt, }

Thomas Percy, *Earl of Worcester*.

Henry Percy, *Earl of Northumberland*:

Henry Percy, *surnamed Hotspur, his son*.

Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of March*.

Scroop, *Archbishop of York*.

Archibald, *Earl of Douglas*.

Owen Glendower.

Sir Richard Vernon.

Sir John Falstaff.

Poins.

Gadshill.

Peto.

Bardolph.

Lady Percy, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer*.

Lady Mortimer, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer*.

Mrs. Quickly, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap*.

*Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers,  
two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.*

## SCENE, England.

<sup>2</sup> *Prince John of Lancaster.*] The persons of the drama were originally collected by Mr. Rowe, who has given the title of *Duke of Lancaster* to *Prince John*, a mistake which Shakspeare has been no where guilty of in the first part of this play, though in the second he has fallen into the same error. *King Henry IV.* was himself the last person that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaster*. But all his sons (till they had peerages, as *Clarence*, *Bedford*, *Gloucester*,) were distinguished by the name of the royal house, as *John of Lancaster*, *Humphrey of Lancaster*, &c. and in that proper style, the present *John* (who became afterwards so illustrious by the title of *Duke of Bedford*,) is always mentioned in the play before us. STEEVENS.

# FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Others.*

*K. HEN.* So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils<sup>2</sup>  
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.  
No more the thirsty Erinnyes of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils—*] That is, let  
us soften peace to rest a while without disturbance, that she may  
recover breath to propose new wars. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *No more the thirsty Erinnyes of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;*] See Mr.  
M. Mason's note, p. 359. The old copies read—*entrance*,

Perhaps the following conjecture may be thought very far fetch'd,  
and yet I am willing to venture it, because it often happens that a  
wrong reading has affinity to the right. We might read :

—*the thirsty entrants of this soil;*

i. e. those who set foot on this kingdom through the thirst of power  
or conquest, as the speaker himself had done, on his return to Eng-  
land after banishment.

Whoever is accustomed to the old copies of this author, will ge-  
nerally find the words *consequents*, *occurents*, *ingredients*, spelt con-  
sequence, occurrence, ingredience; and thus, perhaps, the French  
word *entrants*, anglicized by Shakspeare, might have been corrupted  
into *entrance*, which affords no very apparent meaning.

No more shall trenching war channel her fields,

By *her* lips Shakspeare may mean *the lips of peace*, who is mentioned in the second line; or may use the *thirsty entrance* of the soil, for the *porous surface* of the earth, through which all moisture enters, and is thirstily drank, or soaked up.

So, in an Ode inserted by Gascoigne in his and Francis Kinwelmerth's translation of the *Phoenissæ* of Euripides:

"And make the greedy ground a drinking cup,  
"To sup the blood of murdered bodies up." STEEVENS.

If there be no corruption in the text, I believe Shakspeare meant, however licentiously, to say, *No more shall this soil have the lips of her thirsty entrance, or mouth, daubed with the blood of her own children.*

*Her lips*, in my apprehension, refers to *soil* in the preceding line, and not to *peace*, as has been suggested. Shakspeare seldom attends to the integrity of his metaphors. In the second of these lines he considers the soil or earth of England as a person; (So, in *King Richard II.*:

"Tells them, he does bestride a bleeding land,  
"Gapping for life under great Bolingbroke.)"

and yet in the first line the soil must be understood in its ordinary material sense, as also in a subsequent line in which its *fields* are said to be channelled with war. Of this kind of incongruity our author's plays furnish innumerable instances.

*Daub*, the reading of the earliest copy, is confirmed by a passage in *K. Richard II.* where we again meet with the image presented here:

"For that our kingdom's *earth* shall not be *soil'd*  
"With that dear *blood* which it hath fostered."

The same kind of imagery is found in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"Thy brother's *blood* the *thirsty earth* hath drunk:"

In which passage, as well as in that before us, the poet had perhaps the sacred writings in his thoughts: "And now art thou cursed from the *earth*, which hath opened *her mouth* to receive *thy brother's blood* from thy hand." *Gen.* iv. 2. This last observation has been made by an anonymous writer.

Again, in *K. Richard II.*:

"Rest thy unrest on England's lawful *earth*,  
"Unlawfully made *drunk* with innocent *blood*."

The earth may with equal propriety be said to *daub her lips with blood*, as to be *made drunk* with blood.

A passage in the old play of *King John*, 1591, may throw some light on that before us:

"Is all the *blood* y-spilt on either part,  
"Closing the *crannies* of the *thirsty earth*,  
"Grown to a love-game, and a bridal feast?" MALONE.



Nor bruise her *flowrets* with the armed hoofs

The *slipshy* entrance of the soil is nothing more or less, than the face of the earth parch'd and crack'd as it always appears in a dry summer. As to its being personified, it is certainly no such unusual practice with Shakspeare. Every one talks familiarly of *Mother Earth*; and they who live upon her face, may without much impropriety be called her children. Our author only confines the image to his own country. The allusion is to the Barons' wars.

RITSON.

The amendment which I should propose, is to read *Erinny*, instead of *entrance*.—By *Erinny* is meant the fury of discord. The *Erinny* of the soil, may possibly be considered as an uncommon mode of expression, as in truth it is; but it is justified by a passage in the second *Æneid* of Virgil, where *Æneas* calls Helen—

—*Troja & patriæ communis Erinny*.

And an expression somewhat similar occurs in the first part of *King Henry VI.* where Sir William Lucy says:

“Is Talbot slain? the Frenchman's only scourge,

“Your kingdom's terror, and black *Nemesis*?”

It is evident that the words, *her own children*, *her fields*, *her flowrets*, must all necessarily refer to *this soil*; and that Shakspeare in this place, as in many others, uses the personal pronoun instead of the impersonal; *her* instead of *its*; unless we suppose he means to personify the soil, as he does in *Richard II.* where Bolingbroke departing on his exile says:

“———sweet soil, adieu!

“My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet.” M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's conjecture (which I prefer to any explanation hitherto offered respecting this difficult passage) may receive support from N. Ling's *Epistle* prefixed to *Wit's Commonwealth*, 1598:

“——I knowe there is nothing in this worlde but is subject to the *Erinny* of ill-disposed persons.”—The same phrase also occurs in the tenth book of *Lucan*:

*Dedecus Egypti, Latio feralis Erinny*.

Amidst these uncertainties of opinion, however, let me present our readers with a single fact on which they may implicitly rely; viz. that Shakspeare could not have designed to open his play with a speech, the fifth line of which is obscure enough to demand a series of comments thrice as long as the dialogue to which it is appended. All that is wanted, on this emergency, seems to be—a just and striking personification, or, rather, a proper name. The former of these is not discoverable in the old reading—*entrance*; but the latter, furnished by Mr. M. Mason, may, I think, be safely admitted, as it affords a natural unembarrassed introduction to the train of imagery that succeeds.

A a 4

Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,  
Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,<sup>4</sup>  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,—  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
And furious close of civil butchery,  
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,  
March all one way ; and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :  
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulcher of Christ,<sup>5</sup>

Let us likewise recollect, that, by the first editors of our author, *Hyperion* had been changed into *Epton* ; and that Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613, concludes with a speech so darkened by corruptions, that the comparison in the fourth line of it is absolutely unintelligible.—It stands as follows :

“ Night, like a masque, is entred heaven's great hall,  
“ With thousand torches ushering the way :  
“ To *Rifus* will we consecrate this evening,  
“ Like *Meffermis cheating of the brack*.  
“ Weele make this night the day,” &c.

Is it impossible, therefore, that *Erinnyes* may have been blundered into *entrancé*, a transformation almost as perverse and mysterious as the foregoing in Marston's tragedy ?

Being nevertheless aware that Mr. M. Mason's gallant effort to produce an easy sense, will provoke the slight objections and petty cavils of such as restrain themselves within the bounds of timid conjecture, it is necessary I should subjoin, that his present emendation was not inserted in our text on merely my own judgement, but with the deliberate approbation of Dr. Farmer.—Having now prepared for controversy—*signa canant!* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —like the meteors of a troubled heaven,] Namely, long streaks of red, which represent the lines of armies ; the appearance of which, and their likeness to such lines, gave occasion to all the superstition of the common people concerning armies in the air, &c.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> As far as to the sepulcher &c.] The lawfulness and justice of the holy wars have been much disputed ; but perhaps there is a principle on which the question may be easily determined. If it be part of the religion of the Mahometans to extirpate by the sword all other religions, it is, by the laws of self-defence, lawful for men of every other religion, and for Christians among others,

(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
We are impress'd and engag'd to fight,) <sup>6</sup>  
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;  
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb  
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,  
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd  
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.  
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,  
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;  
Therefore we meet not now:<sup>7</sup>—Then let me hear  
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
What yesternight our council did decree,  
In forwarding this dear expedience.<sup>8</sup>

WEST. My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits<sup>9</sup> of the charge set down  
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came

to make war upon Mahometans, simply as Mahometans, as men  
obliged by their own principles to make war upon Christians, and  
only lying in wait till opportunity shall promise them success.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *shall we levy;*] To *levy* a power of English *as far* as  
to the sepulcher of Christ, is an expression quite unexampled, if  
not corrupt. We might propose *lead*, without violence to the  
sense, or too wide a deviation from the traces of the letters. In  
*Pericles*, however, the same verb is used in a mode as uncommon:

“Never did thought of mine *levy* offence.” STEEVENS.

The expression—“*As far as* to the sepulcher” &c. does not, as  
I conceive, signify—to *the distance of* &c. but—*so far only as*  
*regards the sepulcher* &c. DOUCE.

<sup>7</sup> *Therefore we meet not now:*] i. e. not on that account do we  
now meet;—we are not now assembled, to acquaint you with our  
intended expedition. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *this dear expedience.*] For *expedition*. WARBURTON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“——— I shall break

“The cause of our *expedience* to the queen.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And many limits—*] *Limits for estimates*. WARBURTON.

A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;  
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,  
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,  
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
 And a thousand of his people butchered:  
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,  
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,  
 By those Welshwomen done,<sup>2</sup> as may not be,  
 Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

K. HEN. It seems then, that the tidings of this  
 broil

Brake off our business for the Holy land.

WEST. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious  
 lord;

For more uneven and unwelcome news  
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.  
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
 Young Harry Percy,<sup>3</sup> and brave Archibald,<sup>4</sup>

*Limits*, as Mr. Heath observes, may mean, *outlines*, *rough sketches*  
 or *calculations*. STEEVENS.

*Limits* may mean the regulated and appointed times for the con-  
 duct of the business in hand. So, in *Measure for Measure*:—"be-  
 tween the time of the contract and *limit* of the solemnity, her  
 brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea." Again, in *Macbeth*:

"—— I'll make so bold to call,

"For 'tis my *limited* service." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *By these Welshwomen done,*] Thus Holinshed, p. 528:—"such  
 shameful villanie executed upon the carcases of the dead men by  
 the *Welshwomen*; as the like (I doo beleeeve) hath never or sildome  
 beene practised." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *the gallant Hotspur there,*

*Young Harry Percy,*] Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, p. 240,  
 says: "This *Harry Percy* was surnamed, for his *often pricking*,  
*Henry Hotspur*, as one that seldom times rested, if there were anie  
 service to be done abroad." TOLLET.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Archibald,*] *Archibald Douglas*, earl Douglas.

STEEVENS.

That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
 At Holmedon met,  
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;  
 As by discharge of their artillery,  
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told;  
 For he that brought them, in the very heat  
 And pride of their contention did take horse,  
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. HEN. Here is a dear and true-industrious  
 friend,

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
 Stain'd with the variation of each foil<sup>5</sup>  
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;  
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.  
 The earl of Douglas is discomfited;  
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,  
 Balk'd in their own blood,<sup>6</sup> did sir Walter see

<sup>5</sup> *Stain'd with the variation of each foil*—] No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is used by Falstaff in a similar manner, "As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me, but to *stand stained with travel*." HENLEY.

<sup>6</sup> *Balk'd in their own blood*,] I should suppose, that the author might have written either *batb'd*, or *bak'd*, i. e. encrusted over with blood dried upon them. A passage in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632, may countenance the latter of these conjectures:

"Troilus lies *embak'd*

"In his cold *blood*."—

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"———horribly trick'd

"With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,

"*Bak'd* and impasted," &c.

Again, in Heywood's *Iron Age*:

"———*bak'd* in blood and dust."

Again, *ibid*:

"———as *bak'd* in blood." STEEVENS.

*Balk* is a ridge; and particularly, a ridge of land: here is therefore a metaphor; and perhaps the poet means, in his bold and careless manner of expression: "Ten thousand bloody carcasses piled up together in a long heap."—"A ridge of dead bodies

On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took  
Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son  
To beaten Douglas;<sup>7</sup> and the earl of Athol  
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.<sup>8</sup>

*piled up in blood.*" If this be the meaning of *balked*, for the greater exactness of construction, we might add to the pointing, viz. Balk'd, in their own blood, &c.

"Piled up in a ridge, and in their own blood," &c. But without this punctuation, as at present, the context is more poetical, and presents a stronger image.

A *balk*, in the sense here mentioned, is a common expression in Warwickshire, and the northern counties. It is used in the same signification in Chaucer's *Plowman's Tale*, p. 182, edit. Urr. v. 2428, WARTON,

*Balk'd in their own blood*, I believe, means, lay'd in *heaps* or *billocks*, in their own blood. Blithe's *England's Improvement*, p. 118, observes: "The mole raiseth *balks* in meads and pastures." In Leland's *Itinerary*, Vol. V. p. 16 and 118, Vol. VII. p. 10, a *balk* signifies a *bank* or *bill*. Mr. Pope in the *Iliad*, has the same thought: "On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans *bled*,"  
"And thick'ning round them rise the *hills* of dead."

TOLLET.

<sup>7</sup> Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son

To beaten Douglas;] The article—the, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Mr. Pope. Mr. Malone, however, thinks it needless, and says "the word *earl* is here used as a disyllable."

Mordake earl of Fife, who was son to the duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, is here called the *son of earl Douglas*, through a mistake into which the poet was led by the omission of a comma in the passage of Holinshed from whence he took this account of the Scottish prisoners. It stands thus in the historian: "—— and of prisoners, Mordacke earl of Fife, son to the gouvernour Archembald earle Dowglas, &c." The want of a comma after *gouvernour*, makes these words appear to be the description of one and the same person, and so the poet understood them; but by putting the stop in the proper place, it will then be manifest that in this list Mordake who was son to the governor of Scotland, was the first prisoner, and that Archibald earl of Douglas was the second, and so on. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— and Menteith.] This is a mistake of Holinshed in his *English History*, for in that of Scotland, p. 259, 262, and 419, he speaks of the earl of Fife and Menteith as one and the same person.

STEEVENS.

And is not this an honourable spoil?  
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

*WEST.* In faith,

It is<sup>9</sup> a conquest for a prince to boast of.

*K. HEN.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and  
mak'st me fin

In envy that my lord Northumberland  
Should be the father of so blest a son:  
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;  
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;  
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,  
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd  
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.  
But let him from my thoughts:—What think you  
coz',  
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,\*

<sup>9</sup> *In faith,*

*It is—*] These words are in the first quarto, 1598, by the inaccuracy of the transcriber, placed at the end of the preceding speech, but at a considerable distance from the last word of it. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—'*Faith 'tis* &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —*the prisoners,*] Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom, at his pleasure. It seems from Camden's *Britannia*, that Pounouny castle in Scotland was built out of the ransom of this very Henry Percy, when taken prisoner at the battle of Otterbourne by an ancestor of the present earl of Eglington. TOLLET.

Percy could not refuse the Earl of Fife to the King; for being a prince of the blood royal, (son to the Duke of Albany, brother to King Robert III.) Henry might justly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative. STEEVENS.

Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,  
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,  
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife,

WEST. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects;<sup>2</sup>  
Which makes him prune himself;<sup>3</sup> and bristle up  
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. HEN. But I have sent for him to answer this;  
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.  
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:  
But come yourself with speed to us again;  
For more is to be said, and to be done,  
Than out of anger can be uttered.<sup>4</sup>

WEST. I will, my liege. [Exeunt.]

<sup>2</sup> *Malevolent to you in all aspects;*] An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur. HENLEY.

<sup>3</sup> *Which makes him prune himself;*] The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride *prunes himself*; that is, picks off the loose feathers to smooth the rest. To *prune* and to *plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right in his choice of the reading. So, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"Sith now thou dost but *prune* thy wings,

"And make thy feathers gay."

Again, in Green's *Metamorphosis*, 1613:

"Pride makes the fowl to *prune* his feathers so."

But I am not certain that the verb to *prune* is justly interpreted. In *The Booke of Haukyng*, &c. (commonly called *The Booke of St. Albans*) is the following account of it: "The hauke *proineth* when she fetcheth oyle with her beake over the taile, and anointeth her feet and her fethers. She *plumeth* when she pulleth fethers of anie foule and casteth them from her." STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Than out of anger can be uttered.*] That is, "More is to be said than anger will suffer me to say: more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine." JOHNSON.



## SCENE II.

*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter HENRY, Prince of Wales, and FALSTAFF.*

FAL. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. HEN. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know.<sup>5</sup> What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

FAL. Indeed, you come near me, now Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair*.<sup>6</sup> And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art

<sup>5</sup> ——— to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know.] The Prince's objection to the question seems to be, that Falstaff had asked in the *night* what was the time of the *day*. JOHNSON.

This cannot be well received as the objection of the Prince; for presently after, the Prince himself says: "Good morrow, Ned," and Poinc replies: "Good morrow, sweet lad." The truth may be, that when Shakspeare makes the Prince wish Poinc a good morrow, he had forgot that the scene commenced at night.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair*.] Falstaff starts the idea of *Phœbus*, i. e. the sun; but deviates into an allusion to *El Donzel del Ebo*, the *knight of the sun* in a Spanish romance translated (under the title of *The Mirror of Knighthood*, &c.) during the age of Shakspeare. This illustrious personage was "most excellently faire," and a great *wanderer*, as those who travel after him throughout three thick volumes in 4to. will discover. Perhaps the words "that wandering knight so fair," are part of some for-

king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

P. HEN. What! none?

FAL. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. HEN. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

FAL. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty;<sup>7</sup> let us be—Diana's foresters,<sup>8</sup> gentlemen of the shade,

gotten ballad on the subject of this marvellous hero's adventures. In Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, Com. 1595, Eumenides, the wandering knight, is a character. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty;] This conveys no manner of idea to me. How could they be called thieves of the day's beauty? They robbed by moonshine; they could not steal the fair day-light. I have ventured to substitute *booty*: and this I take to be the meaning. Let us not be called *thieves*, the purloiners of that *booty*, which, to the proprietors, was the purchase of honest labour and industry by day. THEOBALD.

It is true, as Mr. Theobald has observed, that they could not steal the fair day-light; but I believe our poet by the expression, *thieves of the day's beauty*, meant only, let not us who are body squires to the night, i. e. adorn the night, be called a disgrace to the day. To take away the beauty of the day, may probably mean, to disgrace it. A squire of the body signified originally, the attendant on a knight; the person who bore his head-piece, spear, and shield. It became afterwards the cant term for a pimp; and is so used in the second part of Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630. Again, in *The Witty Fair One*, 1633, for a procurefs: "Here comes the squire of her mistress's body."

Falstaff however puns on the word *knight*. See the *Curialia* of Samuel Pegge, Esq. Part I. p. 100. STEEVENS.

There is also, I have no doubt, a pun on the word *beauty*, which in the western counties is pronounced nearly in the same manner as *booty*. See *K. Henry VI.* Part III:

"So triumph *thieves* upon their conquer'd *booty*." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Diana's foresters, &c.*]

"Exile and slander are justly mee awarded,

"My wife and heire lacke lands and lawful right;

"And me their lord made dame *Diana's knight*."

minions of the moon : And let men say, we be men of good government ; being govern'd as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

*P. HEN.* Thou say'st well ; and it holds well too : for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea ; being govern'd as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now : A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning ; got with swearing—lay by ;<sup>9</sup> and spent with crying—bring in :<sup>2</sup> now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder ; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

*FAL.* By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench ?<sup>3</sup>

So lamenteth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*. HENDERSON.

We learn from Hall, that certain persons who appeared as *foresters* in a pageant exhibited in the reign of King Henry VIII. were called *Diana's knights*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — got with swearing—lay by ;] i. e. swearing at the passengers they robbed, *lay by your arms* ; or rather, *lay by* was a phrase that then signified *stand still*, addressed to those who were preparing to rush forward. But the Oxford editor kindly accommodates these old thieves with a new cant phrase, taken from Bagshot-heath or Finchley-common, of *lug out*. WARBURTON.

To *lay by*, is a phrase adopted from navigation, and signifies, by slackening sail to become stationary. It occurs again in *King Henry VIII.*

“ Even the billows of the sea

“ Hung their heads, and then *lay by*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — and spent with crying, bring in :] i. e. more wine.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — And is not my hostess of the tavern &c.] We meet with the same kind of humour as is contained in this and the three following speeches, in *The Mostellaria of Plautus*, Act I. sc. ii :

“ Jampridem ecastor frigidâ non lavi magis lubenter,

“ Nec unde me melius, mea Scapha, rear esse defœcatam.

*P. HEN.* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.<sup>4</sup> And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?’

*Sca.* “Eventus rebus omnibus, velut hofno melfis magna fuit.

*Pbi.* “Quid ea melfis attinet ad meam lavationem?

*Sca.* “Nihilo plus, quam lavatio tua ad melfim.”

In the want of connection to what went before, probably confifts the humour of the Prince’s question. STEEVENS.

This kind of humour is often met with in old plays. In *The Gallathea* of Lyly, *Phyllida* fays: “It is a pittie that nature framed you not a woman.

“*Gall.* There is a tree in Tylos, &c.

“*Pbill.* What a toy it is to tell me of that tree, being nothing to the purpose,” &c.

Ben Jonfon calls it a *game at vapours*. FARMER.

<sup>4</sup> *As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.*] Mr. Rowe took notice of a tradition, that this part of *Falstaff* was written originally under the name of *Oldcastle*. An ingenious correspondent hints to me, that the paffage above quoted from our author, proves what Mr. Rowe tells us was a tradition. *Old lad of the castle* feems to have a reference to *Oldcastle*. Befides, if this had not been the fact, why, in the epilogue to *The Second Part of Henry IV.* where our author promifes to continue his ftory with Sir John in it, fhould he fay, “Where, for any thing I know, *Falstaff* fhall die of a fwat, unlefs already he be killed with your hard opinions: for *Oldcastle* died a martyr, and this is not the man.” This looks like declining a point that had been made an objection to him. I’ll give a farther matter in proof, which feems almoft to fix the charge. I have read an old play, called, *The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable battle of Agincourt*.—The action of this piece commences about the 14th year of K. Henry the Fourth’s reign, and ends with Henry the Fifth’s marrying Princefs Catharine of France. The fcene opens with Prince Henry’s robberies. Sir John *Oldcastle* is one of the gang, and called *Jockie*; and Ned and *Gadshill* are two other comrades.—From this old imperfect fketeh, I have a fufpicion, Shakfpeare might form his two parts of *Henry IV.* and his hiftory of *Henry V.*; and confequently it is not improbable, that he might continue the mention of Sir John *Oldcastle*, till fome descendant of that family moved Queen Elizabeth to command him to change the name. THEOBALD.

—*my old lad of the castle.*] This alludes to the name Shakfpeare firft gave to this buffoon character, which was Sir John *Oldcastle*; and when he changed the name he forgot to ftrike out

**FAL.** How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

this expression that alluded to it. The reason of the change was this; one Sir John Oldcastle having suffered in the time of Henry the Fifth for the opinions of Wickliffe, it gave offence, and therefore the poet altered it to Falstaff, and endeavours to remove the scandal in the epilogue to *The Second Part of Henry IV.* Fuller takes notice of this matter in his *Church History*:—"Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place." Book IV. p. 168. But, to be candid, I believe there was no malice in the matter. Shakspeare wanted a droll name to his character, and never considered whom it belonged to. We have a like instance in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where he calls his French quack, Caius, a name at that time very respectable, as belonging to an eminent and learned physician, one of the founders of Caius College in Cambridge. **WARBURTON.**

The propriety of this note the reader will find contested at the beginning of *K. Henry V.* Sir John Oldcastle was not a character ever introduced by Shakspeare, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falstaff. The play in which Oldcastle's name occurs, was not the work of our poet.

*Old lad* is likewise a familiar compellation to be found in some of our most ancient dramatick pieces. So, in *The Trial of Treasure*, 1567: "What, Inclination, *old lad* art thou there?" In the dedication to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up, &c.* by T. Nash, 1598, *old Dick of the castle* is mentioned.

Again, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Ass*, 1593: "And here's a lusty ladd of the castell, that will binde beares, and ride golden asses to death." **STEEVENS.**

*Old lad of the castle*, is the same with *Old lad of Castile*, a *Castilian*.—Meres reckons *Oliver of the castle* amongst his romances: and Gabriel Harvey tells us of "*Old lads of the castell* with their rapping babble."—roaring boys.—This is therefore no argument for Falstaff's appearing first under the name of *Oldcastle*. There is however a passage in a play called *Amends for Ladies*, by Field the player, 1618, which may seem to prove it, unless he confounded the different performances:

B b. 2

P. HEN. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

" ——— Did you never see  
 " The play where the fat knight, hight *Oldcastle*,  
 " Did tell you truly what this *honour* was?"

FARMER.

Fuller, besides the words cited in the note, has in his *Worthies*, p. 253, the following passage: "Sir John Oldcastle was first made a *ibrajonical puff*, an emblem of *mock valour*, a make-sport in all plays, for a *coward*." Speed, likewise, in his *Chronicle*, edit. 2. p. 178, says: "The author of *The Three Conversions* (i. e. Parsons the Jesuit), hath made *Oldcastle* a ruffian, a robber, and a rebel, and his authority, taken from the *stage players*, is more befitting the pen of his slanderous report, than the credit of the judicious, being only grounded from the papist and the poet, of like conscience for lies, the one ever feigning, and the other ever falsifying the truth." RITSON.

From the following passage in *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinaire, or the Walkes in Powles*, quarto, 1604, it appears that Sir John Oldcastle was represented on the stage as a very fat man (certainly not in the play printed with that title in 1600):—"Now, signiors, how like you mine host? did I not tell you he was a madde round knave and a merrie one too? and if you chauce to talke of *fatte* Sir John Oldcastle, he will tell you, he was his great grand-father, and not much unlike him in *paunch*."—The host, who is here described, returns to the gallants, and entertains them with telling them stories. After his first tale, he says: "Nay gallants, I'll fit you, and now I will serve in another, as good as vinegar and pepper to your roast beefe."—*Signor Kickshawe* replies: "Let's have it, let's taste on it, mine host, my noble *fat actor*."

The cause of all the confusion relative to these two characters, and of the tradition mentioned by Mr. Rowe, that our author changed the name from Oldcastle to Falstaff, (to which I do not give the smallest credit,) seems to have been this. Shakspeare appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falstaff from a wretched play entitled *The famous Victories of King Henry V.* (which had been exhibited before 1589,) in which Henry Prince of Wales is a principal character. He is accompanied in his revels and his robberies by Sir John *Oldcastle*, ("a pamper'd glutton, and a debauchee," as he is called in a piece of that age,) who appears to be the character alluded to in the passage above quoted from *The Meeting of Gallants*, &c. To this character undoubtedly it is that

*FAL.* Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

Fuller alludes in his *Church History*, 1656, when he says, "Stage poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot." Speed in his *History*, which was first published in 1611, alludes both to this "boon companion" of the anonymous *K. Henry V.* and to the Sir John Oldcastle exhibited in a play of the same name, which was printed in 1600: "The author of *The Three Conversions* hath made Oldcastle a ruffian, a robber, and a rebel, and his authority taken from the *stage players*." Oldcastle is represented as a *rebel* in the play last mentioned alone; in the former play as "a ruffian and a robber."

Shakspeare probably never intended to ridicule the real Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, in any respect; but thought proper to make Falstaff, in imitation of his proto-type, the Oldcastle of the old *K. Henry V.* a mad round knave also. From the first appearance of our author's *King Henry IV.* the old play in which Sir John Oldcastle had been exhibited, (which was printed in 1598,) was probably never performed. Hence, I conceive, it is, that Fuller says, "Sir John Falstaff has relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place;" which being misunderstood, probably gave rise to the story, that Shakspeare changed the name of his character.

A passage in his *Worthies*, folio, 1662, p. 253, shows his meaning still more clearly; and will serve at the same time to point out the source of the mistakes on this subject.—"Sir John Fastolfe, knight, was a native of this county [Norfolk]. To avouch him by many arguments valiant, is to maintain that the sun is bright; though, since, the stage has been over-bold with his memory, making him a Thraasonical puff, and emblem of mock-valour.—True it is, Sir John Oldcastle did first bear the brunt of the one, being made the makesport in all plays for a coward. It is easily known out of what purse this black penny came. The papists railing on him for a heretick; and therefore he must be also a coward: though indeed he was a man of arms, every inch of him, and as valiant as any of his age.

"Now as I am glad that Sir John Oldcastle is put out, so I am sorry that Sir John Fastolfe is put in, to relieve his memory in this base service; to be the anvil for every dull wit to strike upon. Nor is our comedian excusable by some alteration of his name, writing him Sir John Falstaffe, (and making him the property and

*P. HEN.* Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

*FAL.* No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

pleasure of King Henry V. to abuse,) seeing the vicinity of sounds intrench on the memory of that worthy knight."

Here we see the assertion is, not that Sir John Oldcastle did *first* bear the brunt in *Shakspeare's* play, but in *all plays*, that is, on the stage in general, before Shakspeare's character had appeared; owing to the malevolence of *papists*, of which religion it is plain Fuller supposed the writers of those plays in which Oldcastle was exhibited, to have been; nor does he complain of Shakspeare's *altering* the name of his character from *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff*, but of the metathesis of *Falstolfe* to *Falstaff*. Yet I have no doubt that the words above cited, "put out" and "put in," and "by some *alteration of his name*," that these words alone, misunderstood, gave rise to the misapprehension that has prevailed since the time of Mr. Rowe, relative to this matter. For what is the plain meaning of Fuller's words? "Sir John Falstolfe was in truth a very brave man, though he is now represented on the stage as a cowardly braggart. Before *he* was thus ridiculed, Sir John Oldcastle, being hated by the *papists*, was exhibited by *papist writers*, in all plays, as a coward. Since the new character of Falstaff has appeared, Oldcastle has no longer borne the brunt, has no longer been the object of ridicule: but, as on the one hand I am glad that 'his memory has been relieved,' that the plays in which he was represented have been expelled from the scene, so on the other, I am sorry that so respectable a character as Sir John Falstolfe has been brought on it, and 'substituted buffoon in his place;' for however our comick poet [Shakspeare] may have hoped to escape censure by *altering* the name from Falstolfe to Falstaff, he is certainly culpable, since some imputation must necessarily fall on the brave knight of Norfolk from the similitude of the sounds."

Falstaff having thus grown out of, and immediately succeeding, the other character, (the Oldcastle of the old *K. Henry V.*) having one or two features in common with him, and being probably represented in the same dress, and with the same fictitious belly, as his predecessor, the two names might have been indiscriminately used by Field and others, without any mistake, or intention to deceive. Perhaps, behind the scenes, in consequence of the circumstances already mentioned, Oldcastle might have been a cant appellation for Falstaff, for a long time. Hence the name might have been prefixed inadvertently, in some play-house copy, to one of the speeches in *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.*



*P. HEN.* Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

*FAL.* Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'y-thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father

If the verses be examined, in which the name of Falstaff occurs, it will be found, that Oldcastle could not have stood in those places. The only answer that can be given to this, is, that Shakspeare new-wrote each verse in which Falstaff's name occurred;—a labour which those only who are entirely unacquainted with our author's history and works, can suppose him to have undergone.—A passage in the Epilogue to *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.* rightly understood, appears to me strongly to confirm what has been now suggested. See the note there. MALONE.

'And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?'] To understand the propriety of the Prince's answer, it must be remarked that the sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that when Falstaff asks, whether *his hostess is not a sweet wench*, the Prince asks in return whether *it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench*. JOHNSON.

The following passage from the old play of *Ram-Alley*, may serve to confirm Dr. Johnson's observation:

"Look, I have certain goblins in buff jerkins,

"Lye ambuscado."——

[Enter Serjeants.

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv:

"A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,

"A fellow all in buff."

*Durance*, however, might also have signified some lasting kind of stuff, such as we call at present, *everlasting*. So, in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "Where did'st thou buy this buff? Let me not live but I will give thee a good suit of *durance*. Wilt thou take my bond?" &c.

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607: "Varlet of velvet, my moccado villain, old heart of *durance*, my strip'd canvas shoulders, and my perpetuana pander." Again, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584: "As the taylor that out of seven yards, stole one and a half of *durance*." STEEVENS.

antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

*P. HEN.* No; thou shalt.

*FAL.* Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.<sup>4</sup>

*P. HEN.* Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

*FAL.* Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

*P. HEN.* For obtaining of suits?<sup>5</sup>

*FAL.* Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat,<sup>6</sup> or a lugg'd bear.

<sup>4</sup> — *I'll be a brave judge.*] This thought, like many others, is taken from the old play of *Henry V*:

"*Hen. V.* Ned, so soon as I am king, the first thing I will do shall be to put my *lord chief justice* out of office; and thou shalt be my *lord chief justice* of England.

"*Ned.* Shall I be *lord chief justice*? By gogs wounds, I'll be the bravest *lord chief justice* that ever was in England."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *For obtaining of suits?*] *Suit*, spoken of one that attends at court, means a *petition*; used with respect to the hangman, means the clothes of the offender. JOHNSON.

So, in an ancient *Medley*, bl. 1:

"The broker hath gay cloaths to fell

"Which from the *hangman's* budgett fell." STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 325, n. 5. The same quibble occurs in *Hoffman's Tragedy*, 1631: "A poor maiden, mistress, has a *suit* to you; and 'tis a good *suit*,—very good apparel." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *a gib cat,*] A *gib cat* means, I know not why, an old cat. JOHNSON.

A *gib cat* is the common term in Northamptonshire, and all adjacent counties, to express a *be cat*. PERCY.

"As melancholy as a *gib'd cat*" is a proverb enumerated among others in Ray's *Collection*. In *A Match at Midnight*, 1633,

*P. HEN.* Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.<sup>7</sup>

*FAL.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.<sup>8</sup>

*P. HEN.* What say'st thou to a hare,<sup>9</sup> or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?<sup>1</sup>

is the following passage: "They swell like a couple of *gib'd cats*, met both by chance in the dark in an old garret." So, in Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, 1653: "Some in mania or melancholy mad-ness have attempted the same, not without success, although they have remained somewhat *melancholy like gib'd cats*." I believe after all, a *gib'd cat* is a cat who has been qualified for the seraglio; for all animals so mutilated, become drowsy and melancholy. To *glib* has certainly that meaning. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. sc. i:

"And I had rather *glib* myself than they

"Should not produce fair issue."

In Sidney's *Arcadia*, however, the same quality in a cat is mentioned, without any reference to the consequences of castration:

"The hare, her sleights; the cat, *his melancholy*."

STEEVENS.

Sherwood's *English Dictionary* at the end of Cotgrave's *French* one, says: "*Gibbe* is an *old be cat*." Aged animals are not so playful as those which are young; and *glib'd* or gelded ones are duller than others. So we might read: — *as melancholy as a gib cat, or a glib'd cat*. TOLLET.

<sup>7</sup> — *or a lover's lute*.] See Vol. IV. p. 472, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *Lincolnshire bagpipe*.] "Lincolnshire bagpipes" is a proverbial saying. Fuller has not attempted to explain it; and Ray only conjectures that the Lincolnshire people may be fonder of this instrument than others. DOUCE.

I suspect, that by the *drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe*, is meant the *dull croak of a frog*, one of the native musicians of that waterish county. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *a hare*.] A *hare* may be considered as melancholy, because she is upon her form always solitary; and, according to the physick of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy. JOHNSON.

The following passage in *Vittoria Corombona*, &c. 1612, may prove the best explanation:

"—like your *melancholy hare*,

"Feed after midnight."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song the second:

"The *melancholy hare* is form'd in brakes and briers."

*FAL.* Thou hast the most unfavoury similes;<sup>3</sup> and art, indeed, the most comparative,<sup>4</sup> rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pry'thee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God,

The Egyptians in their Hieroglyphics expressed a melancholy man by a *bare* sitting in her form, See *Pierii Hieroglyph.* Lib. XII. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *the melancholy of Moor-ditch?*] It appears from Stowe's *Survey*, that a broad ditch, called Deep-ditch, formerly parted the hospital from Moor-fields; and what has a more melancholy appearance than stagnant water?

This ditch is also mentioned in *The Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609: "—— it will be a forer labour than the cleansing of Augras' stable, or the scowring of Moor-ditch."

Again, in *Newes from Hall, brought by the Diuel's Carrier*, by Thomas Decker, 1606: "As touching the river, looke how Moor-ditch shews when the water is three quarters dreyn'd out, and by reason the stomacke of it is overladen, is ready to fall to casting. So does that; it stinks almost worfe, is almost as poysonous, altogether so muddy, altogether so black." STEEVENS.

So, in Taylor's *Pennyleffe Pilgrimage*, quarto, 1618: "—— my body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody, muddy, *Moor-ditch melancholy*." MALONE.

*Moor-ditch*, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholesome and impassable morass, and consequently not frequented by the citizens, like other suburban fields which were remarkably pleasant, and the fashionable places of resort. T. WARTON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *similes;*] Old copies—*smiles*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *the most comparative;*] Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton after him, read—*incomparative*, I suppose for *incomparable*, or *peerless*; but *comparative* here means *quick at comparisons*, or *fruitful in similes*, and is properly introduced. JOHNSON.

This epithet is used again, in Act III. sc. ii. of this play, and apparently in the same sense:

"—— stand the push

"Of every beardless vain *comparative*."

And in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. ult. Rosaline tells Biron that he is a man "Full of *comparisons* and wounding flouts."

STEEVENS.

thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought:’ An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I mark’d him not: and yet he talk’d very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk’d wisely, and in the street too.

*P. HEN.* Thou did’st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.<sup>6</sup>

*FAL.* O, thou hast damnable iteration; <sup>7</sup> and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do

<sup>5</sup> *I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought:]* So, in *The Discoverie of the Knights of the Poste*, 1597, sign. C: “In troth they live so so, and it were well if they knew where a commoditie of names were to be fauld, and yet I thinke all the money in their purses could not buy it.” REED.

<sup>6</sup> *—wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.]* This is a scriptural expression: “Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets.—I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded.” Proverbs, i. 20, and 24. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>7</sup> *O, thou hast damnable iteration;]* For iteration Sir T. Hamner and Dr. Warburton read *attraction*, of which the meaning is certainly more apparent; but an editor is not always to change what he does not understand. In the last speech a text is very indecently and abusively applied, to which Falstaff answers, *thou hast damnable iteration*, or, a wicked trick of repeating and applying holy texts. This I think is the meaning. JOHNSON.

*Iteration* is right, for it also signified simply citation or recitation. So, in Marlow’s *Doctor Faustus*, 1631:

“Here take this book, and peruse it well,

“The iterating of these lines brings gold.”

From the context, *iterating* here appears to mean pronouncing, reciting. Again, in Camden’s *Remaines*, 1614: “King Edward I. disliking the iteration of FITZ,” &c. MALONE.

not, I am a villain; I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

*P. HEN.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

*FAL.* Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.<sup>7</sup>

*P. HEN.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

*Enter POINS, at a distance.*

*FAL.* Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.<sup>8</sup> Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> —and baffle me.] See Mr. Tollet's note on *K. Richard II.* p. 198. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.] This (as Dr. Farmer observes to me) is undoubtedly a sneer on Agremont Radcliffe's *Politique Discourses*, 1578. From the beginning to the end of this work, the word *vocation* occurs in almost every paragraph. Thus chapter i:

"That the *vocation* of men hath been a thing unknown unto philosophers, and other that have treated of Politique Government; of the commoditie that cometh by the knowledge thereof; and the etymology and definition of this worde *vocation*." Again, chap. xxv:

"Whether a man being disorderly and unduely entered into any vocation, may lawfully brooke and abide in the same; and whether the administration in the meane while done by him that is unduely entered, ought to holde, or be of force." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —have set a match.] Thus the quarto. So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "Peace, sir, they'll be angry if they hear you eves-dropping, now they are *setting* their *match*." There it seems to mean making an appointment.—The folio reads—*set a watch*. MALONE.

As no *watch* is afterwards set, I suppose *match* to be the true reading. STEEVENS.

O, if men were to be fav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. HEN. Good morrow, Ned.

POINS. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar?<sup>2</sup> Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about

<sup>2</sup> —[*for John Sack-and-Sugar?*] Hentzner, p. 88, edit. 1757, speaking of the manners of the English, says, "*in potum copiosè immittunt saccharum,*" they put a great deal of sugar in their drink.

REED.

Much inquiry has been made about Falstaff's sack, and great surprise has been expressed that he should have mixed sugar with it. As they are here mentioned for the first time in this play, it may not be improper to observe that it is probable that Falstaff's wine was Sherry, a Spanish wine, originally made at Xeres. He frequently himself calls it *Sberriis-sack*. Nor will his mixing sugar with sack appear extraordinary, when it is known that it was a very common practice in our author's time to put sugar into *all* wines. "Clownes and vulgar men (says Fynes Moryson) only use large drinking of beere or ale,—but gentlemen garrawise only in wine, with which they mix sugar, which I never observed in any other place or kingdom to be used for that purpose. And because the taste of the English is thus delighted with sweetness, the wines in taverns (for I speak not of merchantes' or gentlemen's cellars) are commonly mixed at the filling thereof, to make them pleasant." ITIN. 1617. P. III. p. 152. See also Mr. Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 308: "Among the orders of the royal household in 1604 is the following: [Ms. Harl. 293, fol. 162.] 'And whereas in tymes past, *Spanisb* wines, called *Sacke*, were little or no whitt used in our courte,—we now understanding that it is now used in common drink," &c. *Sack* was, I believe, often mulled in our author's time. See a note, *post*, on the words, "If sack and sugar be a fin," &c. See also Blount's GLOSSOGRAPHY: "*Mulled Sack*, (*Vinum mollitum*) because softened and made mild by burning, and a mixture of *sugar*."

Since this note was written, I have found reason to believe that Falstaff's *Sack* was the dry Spanish wine which we call *Mountain Malaga*. A passage in *Via Recta ad vitam longam*, by Thomas

thy foul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

*P. HEN.* Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give his devil his due.

*POINS.* Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

*P. HEN.* Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

*POINS.* But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are

Venner, Dr. of Physicke in Bathe, 4to. 1622, seems to ascertain this:

"*Sacke* is completely hot in the third degree, and of *thin parts*, and therefore it doth vehemently and quickly heat the body.—Some affect to drink sack with sugar, and some without, and upon no other grounds, as I thinke, but as it is best pleasing to their palates. I will speake what I deeme thereof.—Sack, taken by itself is very hot and very penetrative; being taken with sugar, the heat is both somewhat allayed, and the penetrative quality thereof also retarded."

The author afterwards thus speaks of the wine which we now denominate Sack, and which was then called *Canary*: "*Canarie-wine*, which beareth the name of the islands from whence it is brought, is of some termed a *sacke*, with this adjunct, *sweete*; but yet very improperly, for it differeth not only from *sacke* in *sweetness* and *pleasantness of taste*, but also in colour and consistence, for it is not so white in colour as sack, nor so thin in substance; wherefore it is more nutritive than sack, and less penetrative.—White wine, Rhenish wine, &c.—do in six or seaven moneths, or within, according to the smallness of them, attaine unto the height of their goodness, especially the smaller sort of them. But the *stronger* sort of wines, as *sack*, *mustadell*, *malmsey*, are best when they are two or three years old."

From hence, therefore, it is clear, that the wine usually called sack in that age was thinner than canary, and was a strong light-coloured dry wine; *vin sec*; and that it was a Spanish wine is ascertained by the order quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and by several ancient books. Cole in his Dict. 1679, renders *sack* by *Vinum Hispanicum*; and Sherwood in his English and French Dict. 1650, by *Vin d'Espagne*.

MALONE.



pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

FAL. Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

POINS. You will, chops?

FAL. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. HEN. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

FAL. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.<sup>3</sup>

P. HEN. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

FAL. Why, that's well said.

P. HEN. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

FAL. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. HEN. I care not.

POINS. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince

<sup>3</sup> — *if thou dar'st not stand, &c.*] The modern reading [*cry stand*] may perhaps be right; but I think it necessary to remark, that all the old editions read:—*if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.*

JOHNSON.

Falstaff is quibbling on the word *royal*. The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten shillings*. Almost the same jest occurs in a subsequent scene. The quibble, however, is lost, except the old reading be preserved. *Cry, stand*, will not support it. STEVENS.

and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

*FAL.* Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake,) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

*P. HEN.* Farewell, thou latter spring!<sup>3</sup> Farewell All-hallowen summer!<sup>4</sup> [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

*POINS.* Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill,<sup>5</sup> shall rob those men that we have

<sup>3</sup> — thou *latter spring*!] Old copies—the latter. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — All-hallowen summer!] *All-hallows*, is *All-hallowen-tide*, or *All-saints'* day, which is the first of November. We have still a church in London, which is absurdly styled *St. All-hallows*, as if a word which was formed to express the community of saints, could be appropriated to any particular one of the number. In *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569, this mistake (which might have been a common one) is pleasantly exposed:

“*Pard.* Friends, here you shall see, even anone,

“*Of All-hallows* the blessed jaw-bone,

“*Kiss it hardly, with good devotion:*” &c.

The characters in this scene are striving who should produce the greatest falsehood, and very probably in their attempts to excel each other, have out-lied even the Romish Kalendar.

Shakspeare's allusion is designed to ridicule an old man with youthful passions. So, in the second part of this play: “—— the *Martlemas* your master.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill,*] In former editions—*Falstaff, Harvey, Rossil, and Gadshill.* Thus have we two persons named, as characters in this play, that were never among the *dramatis personæ*. But let us see who they were that committed this robbery. In the second Act we come to a scene of the highway. Falstaff, wanting his horse, calls out on Hal, Poins, Bardolph,

already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

*P. HEN.* But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

*POINS.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

*P. HEN.* Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

*POINS.* Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, firrah,<sup>6</sup> I have cases of buckram for the nonce,<sup>7</sup> to immask our noted outward garments.

and Peto. Presently Gadshill joins them, with intelligence of travellers being at hand; upon which the Prince says,—“ You four shall front 'em in a narrow lane, Ned Poins and I will walk lower.” So that the four to be concerned, are Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill. Accordingly, the robbery is committed; and the Prince and Poins afterwards rob them four. In the Boar's-head tavern, the Prince rallies Peto and Bardolph for their running away, who confess the charge. Is it not plain now that Bardolph and Peto were two of the four robbers? And who then can doubt, but Harvey and Rossill were the names of the actors? THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> — *firrah,*] *Sirrah,* in our author's time, as appears from this and many other passages, was not a word of disrespect.

MALONE.

It is scarcely used as a term of *respect*, when addressed by the King to Hotspur, p. 399. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *for the nonce,*] That is, as I conceive, for the occasion. This phrase, which was very frequently, though not always very precisely, used by our old writers, I suppose to have been originally a corruption of corrupt Latin. From *pro-nunc*, I suppose, came *for*

*P. HEN.* But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

*POINS.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof<sup>7</sup> of this, lies the jest.

*P. HEN.* Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night<sup>8</sup> in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

*POINS.* Farewell, my lord. [*Exit POINS.*]

*P. HEN.* I know you all, and will a while uphold  
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds<sup>9</sup>  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

*the nunc*, and so for *the nonce*; just as from *ad-nunc* came *a-nun*. The Spanish *entonces* has been formed in the same manner from *in-tunc*. TYRWHITT.

For *the nonce* is an expression in daily use amongst the common people in Suffolk, to signify *on purpose*; for *the turn*. HENLEY.

<sup>7</sup> — reproof — ] *Reproof is confutation.* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — to-morrow night — ] I think we should read — *to-night*. The disguises were to be provided for the purpose of the robbery, which was to be committed at *four in the morning*; and they would come too late if the Prince was not to receive them till the night after the day of the exploit. This is a second instance to prove that Shakspeare could forget in the end of a scene what he had said in the beginning. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Who doth permit the base contagious clouds, &c.* ] So, in our author's 33d Sonnet:

I

Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.<sup>1</sup>  
 If all the year were playing holidays,  
 To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
 But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,<sup>2</sup>  
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
 And pay the debt I never promised,  
 By how much better than my word I am,  
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;<sup>3</sup>

" Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,—  
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
 With ugly rack on his celestial face." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *vapours, that did seem to strangle him.*] So, in *Macbeth*:  
 " And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp."

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *If all the year were playing holidays,  
 To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
 But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,*] So, in our  
 author's 52d Sonnet:

" Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set,  
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *shall I falsify men's hopes;*] To falsify hope is to exceed  
 hope, to give much where men hoped for little.

This speech is very artfully introduced to keep the prince from  
 appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them  
 for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, ex-  
 hibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself,  
 and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake.

JOHNSON.

*Hopes* is used simply for *expectations*, as *success* is for the *event*,  
 whether good or bad. This is still common in the midland  
 counties. " Such manner of uncouth speech, (says Puttenham,) *did the Tanner of Tamworth use to King Edward IV. which Tanner*  
*having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with*  
*him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was*  
*afraide he should be punished for it, and said thus, with a certaine*  
*rude repentance: 'I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow,' for 'I fear*  
*me I shall be hanged;'* whereat the king laughed a-good; not only

And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,<sup>a</sup>  
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
 Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*

to see the *Tanner's* vaine *fears*, but also to hear his mishapen *terme*; and gave him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumton Parke." P. 214. FARMER.

The following passage in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* fully supports Dr. Farmer's interpretation. The Prince is there, as in the passage before us, the speaker:

" My father is gone wild into his grave,—  
 " And with his spirit sadly I survive,  
 " To mock the *expectations* of the world;  
 " To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out  
 " Rotten opinion, who hath written down  
 " After my seeming." MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> —like *bright metal on a sullen ground*, &c.] So, in *King Richard II.*:

" The *sullen* passage of thy weary steps  
 " Esteem a *foil*, wherein thou art to set  
 " The precious jewel of thy home return." STEEVENS.

## S C E N E III.

*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER,  
HOTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Others.

K. HEN. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
And you have found me; for, accordingly,  
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,  
I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;<sup>3</sup>  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
And therefore lost that title of respect,  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

<sup>3</sup> *I will from henceforth rather be myself,*

*Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;*] i. e. I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the resentment of an injured king, than still continue in the inactivity and mildness of my natural disposition. And this sentiment he has well expressed, save that by his usual licence, he puts the word *condition* for *disposition*. WARBURTON.

The commentator has well explained the sense, which was not very difficult, but is mistaken in supposing the use of *condition* licentious. Shakspeare uses it very frequently for *temper of mind*, and in this sense the vulgar still say a *good* or *ill-conditioned man*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry V.* Act V: "Our tongue is rough, coo, and my *condition* is not smooth." Ben Jonson uses it in the same sense, in *The New Inn*, Act I. sc. vi:

"You cannot think me of that coarse *condition*,

"To envy you any thing." STEEVENS.

So also all the contemporary writers. See Vol. V. p. 412, n. 5; and Vol. VI. p. 29, n. 8. MALONE.

WOR. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;  
And that same greatness too which our own hands  
Have help to make so portly.

NORTH. My lord,—

K. HEN. Worcester, get thee gone, for I see danger<sup>3</sup>

And disobedience in thine eye: O, sir,  
Your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
And majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow.<sup>4</sup>  
You have good leave<sup>5</sup> to leave us; when we need  
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[Exit WORCESTER.]

You were about to speak. [To NORTHUMBERLAND.]

NORTH. Yea, my good lord.  
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
As is deliver'd to your majesty:  
Either envy, therefore, or misprision  
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *I see danger*——] Old copies—I do see, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *And majesty might never yet endure*

*The moody frontier of a servant brow.*] *Frontier* was anciently used for *forehead*. So Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595: "Then on the edges of their bolster'd hair, which standeth crested round their *frontiers*, and hanging over their faces," &c.

STEEVENS.

*And majesty might never yet endure, &c.*] So, in *K. Henry VIII.*:

"The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

"So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,

"They swell and grow as terrible as storms." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *You have good leave*——] i. e. our ready assent. So, in *K. John*:

"Good leave, good Philip."

See note 9, p. 24. STEEVENS.



*Hor.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,  
 When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,  
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
 Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,  
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,  
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home:<sup>6</sup>  
 He was perfumed like a milliner;  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
 A pouncet-box,<sup>7</sup> which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose, and took't away again;—  
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,  
 Took it in snuff:<sup>8</sup>—and still he smil'd, and talk'd;

<sup>6</sup> —at harvest-home:] That is, a time of festivity.

JOHNSON.

If we understand *harvest-home* in the general sense of a time of festivity, we shall lose the most pointed circumstance of the comparison. *A chin new shaven* is compared to a *stubble-land at harvest-home*, not on account of the festivity of that season, as I apprehend, but because at that time, when the corn has been but just carried in, the stubble appears more even and upright, than at any other. TYRWHITT.

<sup>7</sup> *A pouncet box,*] A small box for musk or other perfumes then in fashion: the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name; from *poisoner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is just. At the christening of Queen Elizabeth, the Marchioness of Dorset gave, according to Holinshed, "three gilt bowls *pounced*, with a cover."

So also, in Gawin Douglas's Translation of the ninth *Æneid*:

"—wrought richt curiously

"With figuris grave, and *punsit* ymagery." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Took it in snuff:*] *Snuff* is equivocally used for anger, and a powder taken up the nose.

So, in *The Fleire*, a comedy by E. Sharpham, 1610: "Nay be not angry; I do not touch thy nose, to the end it should take any thing *in snuff*."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

"—'tis enough,

"Having so much fool, to take him *in snuff*;"

And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
 He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
 With many holiday and lady terms<sup>8</sup>  
 He question'd me; among the rest, demanded  
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,<sup>9</sup>

and here they are talking about tobacco. Again, in Hinde's *Elisio Libidinoso*, 1606: "The good wife glad that he *took the matter so in snuff*," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 157, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *With many holiday and lady terms*—] So, in *A Looking Glass for London and England*, 1598: "These be but *holiday terms*, but if you heard her working day words——." Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "——he speaks *holiday*." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold, To be so pester'd with a popinjay,*] But in the beginning of the speech he represents himself at this time not as *cold* but *hot*, and inflamed with rage and labour:

"When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil," &c.  
 I am therefore persuaded that Shakspeare wrote and pointed it thus:  
*I then all smarting with my wounds; being gall'd*  
*To be so pester'd with a popinjay, &c.* WARBURTON.

Whatever Percy might say of his *rage* and *toil*, which is merely declamatory and apologetical, his wounds would at this time be certainly *cold*, and when they were *cold* would *smart*, and not before. If any alteration were necessary, I should transpose the lines:

*I then all smarting with my wounds being cold,*  
*Out of my grief, and my impatience,*  
*To be so pester'd with a popinjay,*  
*Answer'd negligently.*

A *popinjay* is a parrot. JOHNSON.

The same transposition had been proposed by Mr. Edwards. In John Alday's *Summarie of secret Wonders*, &c. bl. l. no date, we are told that "The *Popingay* can speake humane speech, they come from the *Indias*" &c.

From the following passage in *The Northern Lass*, 1632, it should seem, however, that a *popinjay* and a *parrot* were distinct birds:

"Is this a *parrot* or a *popinjay*?"

Out of my grief<sup>2</sup> and my impatience,  
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;  
 He should, or he should not;—for he made me  
 mad,

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,  
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the  
 mark!)

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was spermaceti, for an inward bruise;<sup>3</sup>  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
 So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,<sup>4</sup>

Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: "—the *parrot*, the *popinjay*, Philip-sparrow, and the cuckow." In the ancient poem called *The Parliament of Birds*, bl. l. this bird is called "the *poppyge jay of paradise*." STEVENS.

It appears from Minshew that Dr. Johnson is right. See his *Dict.* 1617, in v. *Parrot*. MALONE.

The old reading may be supported by the following passage in Barnes's *History of Edward III.* p. 786: "The esquire fought still, until the wounds began with loss of blood to *cool* and smart."

TOLLET.

So, in *Mortimeriados*, by Michael Drayton, 4to. 1596:

"As when the blood is cold, we feel the wound——."

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *grief*—] i. e. pain. In our ancient translations of physical treatises, *dolor ventris* is commonly called *belly-grief*.

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *spermaceti, for an inward bruise*;] So, in Sir T. Overbury's *Characters*, 1616: [An Ordinary Fencer.] "His wounds are seldom skin-deepe; for an *inward bruise* lambstones and sweetebreads are his only *spermaceti*." BOWLE.

<sup>4</sup> — *but for these vile guns, &c.*] A similar thought occurs in *Questions of profitable and pleasant Concernings*, &c. 1594, p. 11: "I confesse those gunnes are diuelliish things, and make many men runne away that other wayes would not turne their heads."

STEVENS.

He would himself have been a soldier.  
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said;  
 And, I beseech you, let not his report  
 Come current for an accusation,  
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

*BLUNT.* The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,

Whatever Harry Percy then had said,  
 To such a person, and in such a place,  
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,  
 May reasonably die, and never rise  
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach;  
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.<sup>4</sup>

*K. HEN.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;  
 But with proviso, and exception,—  
 That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight  
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *To do him wrong, or any way impeach;*

*What then he said, so he unsay it now.*] Let what he then said never rise to impeach him, so he unsay it now. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;*] Shakspeare has fallen into some contradictions with regard to this Lord Mortimer. Before he makes his personal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly spoken of as Hotspur's *brother-in-law*. In Act II. Lady Percy expressly calls him *her brother Mortimer*. And yet when he enters in the third act, he calls Lady Percy *his aunt*, which in fact she was, and not his sister. This inconsistency may be accounted for as follows. It appears both from Dugdale's and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken prisoners at different times by Glendower, each of them bearing the name of *Edmund*; one being *Edmund Earl of March*, nephew to Lady Percy, and the proper *Mortimer* of this play; the other, *Sir Edmund Mortimer*, uncle to the former, and brother to Lady Percy. Shakspeare confounds the two persons. STEEVENS.

Another cause also may be assigned for this confusion. Henry Percy, according to the accounts of our old historians, married Eleanor, the sister of Roger Earl of March, who was the father of the Edmund Earl of March that appears in the present play. But

Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
 The lives of those, that he did lead to fight  
 Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;  
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March  
 Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then  
 Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?  
 Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,<sup>6</sup>

this Edmund had a sister likewise named *Eleanor*. Shakspeare might therefore have at different times confounded these two Eleanors. In fact, however, the sister of Roger Earl of March, whom young Percy married, was called *Elizabeth*. MALONE.

See my note on Act II. sc. iii. where this Lady is called—*Kate*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *and indent with fears,*] The reason why he says, bargain and article with *fears*, meaning with Mortimer, is, because he supposed Mortimer had wilfully betrayed his own forces to Glendower out of fear, as appears from his next speech. WARBURTON.

The difficulty seems to me to arise from this, that the king is not desired to *article or contract with* Mortimer, but with another for Mortimer. Perhaps we may read:

*Shall we buy treason? and indent with peers,*

*When they have lost and forfeited themselves?*

Shall we purchase back a traitor? Shall we descend to a composition with Worcester, Northumberland, and young Percy, who by disobedience have *lost and forfeited their honours* and themselves?

JOHNSON.

*Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,*] This verb is used by Harrington in his translation of Ariosto. Book XVI. st. 35:

“And with the Irish bands he first *indents*,

“To spoil their lodgings and to burn their tents.”

Again, in *The Cruel Brother*, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1630:

“—— Dost thou *indent*

“With my acceptance, make choice of services?”

*Fears* may be used in the active sense for *terrors*. So, in the second part of this play:

“—— all those bold *fears*

“Thou seest with peril I have answered.”

These lords, however, had, as yet, neither forfeited or lost any thing, so that Dr. Johnson's conjecture is inadmissible.

After all, I am inclined to regard Mortimer (though the King affects to speak of him in the plural number) as the *Fear*, or timid object, which had *lost or forfeited itself*. Henry afterwards says:

“—— he *durst* as well have met the devil alone,

“As Owen Glendower for an enemy.”

When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
 For I shall never hold that man my friend,  
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
 But by the chance of war;<sup>6</sup>—To prove that true,  
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
 Those mouthed wounds,<sup>7</sup> which valiantly he took,

*Indent with fears*, may therefore mean, *sign an indenture or compact with daftards*. *Fears* may be substituted for *fearful people*, as *wrongs* has been used for *wrongers* in *K. Richard II*:

“ He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,

“ To rouse his *wrongs*, and chase them to a bay.”

“ Near Cæsar’s angel (says the Soothsayer to Antony) thy own becomes a *fear*,” i. e. a spirit of cowardice; and Sir Richard Vernon, in the play before us, uses an expression that nearly resembles *indenting with fears*:

“ I hold as little *counsel with weak fear*,

“ As you, my lord——”

The King, by *buying treason*, and *indenting with fears*, may therefore covertly repeat both his pretended charges against Mortimer; first, that he had treasonably betrayed his party to Glendower; and, secondly, that he would have been afraid to encounter with so brave an adversary. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,*

*But by the chance of war;*] The meaning is, he came not into the enemy’s power but by the chance of war. The King charged Mortimer, that he wilfully betrayed his army, and, as he was then with the enemy, calls him revolted Mortimer. Hotspur replies, that he never fell off, that is, fell into Glendower’s hands, but by the chance of war. I should not have explained thus tediously a passage so hard to be mistaken, but that two editors have already mistaken it. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —— *To prove that true,*

*Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds, &c.*] Hotspur calls Mortimer’s wounds *mouthed*, from their gaping like a mouth; and says, that to prove his loyalty, but one tongue was necessary for all these mouths. This may be harsh; but the same idea occurs in *Coriolanus*, where one of the populace says: “ For if he shows

When on the gentle Severn's fedgy bank,  
 In single opposition, hand to hand,  
 He did confound the best part of an hour  
 In changing hardiment<sup>8</sup> with great Glendower:  
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they  
 drink,<sup>9</sup>

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;  
 Who then, affrighted<sup>2</sup> with their bloody looks,  
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
 And hid his crisp head<sup>3</sup> in the hollow bank

as his wounds, we are to put our *tongues into these wounds*, and speak for them."

And again, in *Julius Cæsar*, Antony says:

" — there were an Antony,

" Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a *tongue*

" In every *wound* of Cæsar, that should move," &c.

M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> — *hardiment* —] An obsolete word, signifying hardiness, bravery, stoutness. Spenser is frequent in his use of it.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *three times did they drink*,] It is the property of wounds to excite the most impatient thirst. The poet therefore hath with exquisite propriety introduced this circumstance, which may serve to place in its proper light the dying kindness of Sir Philip Sydney; who, though suffering the extremity of thirst from the agony of his own wounds, yet, notwithstanding, gave up his own draught of water to a wounded soldier. HENLEY.

<sup>2</sup> *Who then, affrighted* &c.] This passage has been censured as sounding nonsense, which represents a stream of water as capable of fear. It is misunderstood. Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was affrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *his crisp head* —] *Crisp* is curled. So, Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Maid of the Mill*:

" — methinks the river,

" As he steals by, curls up his head to view you."

Again, in Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1595:

" O beauteous Tiber, with thine easy streams,

" That glide as smoothly as a Parthian shaft,

" Turn not thy *crispy* tides, like silver curls,

" Back to thy grass-green banks to welcome us?"

Blood-stained with these valiant combatants,  
 Never did bare and rotten policy\*  
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds;  
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
 Receive so many, and all willingly:  
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. HEN. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost  
 belie him,  
 He never did encounter with Glendower;  
 I tell thee,  
 He durst as well have met the devil alone,  
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Perhaps Shakspeare has bestowed an epithet, applicable only to the stream of water, on the genius of the stream. The following passage, however, in the sixth Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, may seem to justify its propriety:

"Your corpes were dissolv'd into that chrystal stream;  
 "Your curls to curled waves, which plainly still appear  
 "The same in water now that once in locks they were."

Beaumont and Fletcher have the same image with Shakspeare in *The Loyal Subject*:

"—the Volga trembled at his terror,  
 "And hid his seven curl'd beads."

Again, in one of Ben Jonson's *Masques*:

"The rivers run as smoothed by his hand,  
 "Only their heads are crisped by his stroke."

See Vol. VI. (Whalley's edit.) p. 26. STEEVENS.

\* *Never did bare and rotten policy*—] All the quartos which I have seen read *bare* in this place. The first folio, and all the subsequent editions, have *bafe*. I believe *bare* is right: "Never did policy, lying open to detection, so colour its workings."

JOHNSON.

The first quarto, 1598, reads *bare*; which means so *thinly covered by art as to be easily seen through*. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"What *bare* excuses mak'st thou to be gone!" MALONE.

Since there is such good authority as Johnson informs us, for reading *bafe*, in this passage, instead of *bare*, the former word should certainly be adopted. *Bare* policy, that is, policy lying open to detection, is in truth no policy at all. The epithet *bafe*, also best agrees with *rotten*. M. MASON.



Art not<sup>a</sup> ashamed? But, firrah, henceforth  
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:  
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
 As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,  
 We license your departure with your son:—  
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*]

HOT. And if the devil come and roar for them,  
 I will not send them:—I will after straight,  
 And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,  
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

NORTH. What, drunk with choler? stay, and  
 pause awhile;  
 Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter WORCESTER.*

HOT. Speak of Mortimer?  
 'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul  
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him:  
 Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,  
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'the dust,  
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
 As high i'the air as this unthankful king,  
 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

NORTH. Brother, the king hath made your ne-  
 phew mad. [To WORCESTER.]

WOR. Who struck this heat up after I was  
 gone?

HOT. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;  
 And when I urg'd the ransom once again  
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;

<sup>a</sup> *Art not*—] Old copies—*Art thou not*. STEEVENS.

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,<sup>5</sup>  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

WOR. I cannot blame him: Was he not proclaim'd,  
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?<sup>6</sup>

NORTH. He was; I heard the proclamation:  
And then it was, when the unhappy king  
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth

<sup>5</sup> — *an eye of death*,] That is, an eye menacing death. Hotspur seems to describe the king as trembling with rage rather than fear. JOHNSON.

So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

“ And wrapt in silence of his angry soul,

“ Upon his browes was pourtraid ugly death,

“ And in his eyes the furies of his heart.” STEEVENS.

Johnson and Steevens seem to think that Hotspur meant to describe the King as trembling not with fear, but rage; but surely they are mistaken. The king had no reason to be enraged at Mortimer, who had been taken prisoner in fighting against his enemy; but he had much reason to fear the man who had a better title to the crown than himself, which had been proclaimed by Richard II; and accordingly, when Hotspur is informed of that circumstance, he says,

“ Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king

“ That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.”

And Worcester, in the very next line, says: “ He cannot blame him for *trembling* at the name of Mortimer, since Richard had proclaimed him next of blood.” M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's remark is, I think, in general just; but the King, as appears from this scene, had some reason to be *enraged* also at Mortimer, because he thought that Mortimer had not been taken prisoner by the efforts of his enemies, but had himself *revolted*.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *Was he not proclaim'd,*

*By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?*] Roger Mortimer, earl of March, who was born in 1371, was declared heir apparent to the crown in the 9th year of King Richard II. (1385). See Grafton. p. 347. But he was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person who was proclaimed by Richard heir apparent to the crown, previous to his last voyage to Ireland, was Edmund Mortimer, (the son of Roger,) who was then but seven years old; but he was not Percy's wife's brother, but her nephew. MALONE.

Upon his Irish expedition ;  
From whence he, intercepted, did return  
To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

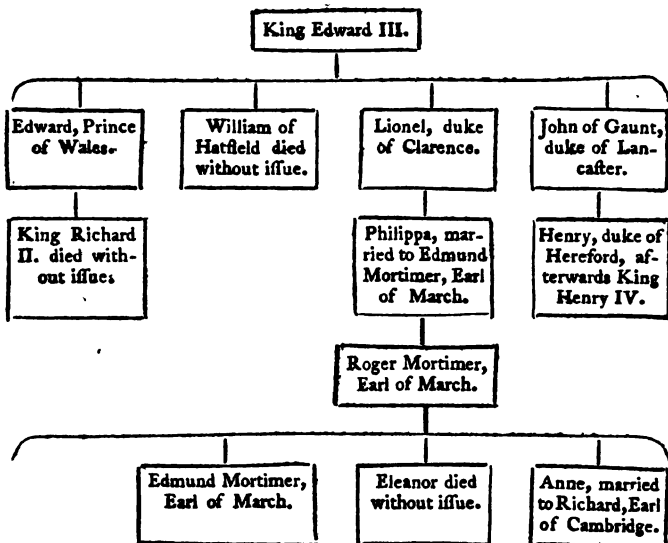
*WOR.* And for whose death, we in the world's  
wide mouth

Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.'

*HOR.* But, soft, I pray you ; Did king Richard  
then

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer  
Heir to the crown ?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Heir to the crown?*] Edmand Mortimer, earl of March, was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard, as appears from the following table ; in which the three younger children of King Edward III. are not included, as being immaterial to the subject before us :



Sandford in his *Genealogical History* says, that the last mentioned Edmund, earl of March, (the Mortimer of this play,) was married to Anne Stafford, daughter of Edmund, earl of Stafford.

NORTH.

He did; myself did hear it.

HOT. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,  
 That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.  
 But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown  
 Upon the head of this forgetful man;  
 And, for his sake, wear the detested blot  
 Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,  
 That you a world of curses undergo;  
 Being the agents, or base second means,  
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—  
 O, pardon me, that I descend so low,  
 To show the line, and the predicament,  
 Wherein you range under this subtle king.—  
 Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,  
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
 That men of your nobility and power,  
 Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—  
 As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—  
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,

Thomas Walsingham asserts that he married a daughter of Owen Glendower; and the subsequent historians copied him; but this is a very doubtful point, for the Welsh writers make no mention of it. Sandford says that this earl of March was confined by the jealous Henry in the castle of Trim in Ireland, and that he died there, after an imprisonment of twenty years, on the 19th of January, 1424. But this is a mistake. There is no proof that he was confined a state-prisoner by King Henry the Fourth, and he was employed in many military services by his son Henry the Fifth. He died in his own castle at Trim in Ireland, at the time mentioned by Sandford, but not in a state of imprisonment. See note on *King Henry VII.* P. II. Act II. sc. ii. Vol. X.

Since the original note was written, I have learned that Owen Glendower's daughter was married to his antagonist Lord Gray of Ruthven. Holinshed led Shakspeare into the error of supposing her the wife of Edmund Mortimer, earl of March. This nobleman, who is the Mortimer of the present play, was born in November, 1392, and consequently at the time when this play commences, was little more than ten years old. The Prince of Wales was not fifteen. MALONE.

And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?<sup>8</sup>  
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,  
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off  
 By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?  
 No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem  
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
 Into the good thoughts of the world again:  
 Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd<sup>9</sup> contempt,  
 Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,  
 To answer all the debt he owes to you,  
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.  
 Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:  
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;  
 As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,  
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,  
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.<sup>2</sup>

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or  
 swim:<sup>3</sup>—  
 Send danger from the east unto the west,  
 So honour cross it from the north to south,

<sup>8</sup> — *this canker, Bolingbroke?*] The canker-rose is the dog-rose, the flower of the Cynosbaton. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *disdain'd*—] For *disdainful*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.*] That is, of a spear laid across. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> — *sink or swim*:] This is a very ancient proverbial expression. So, in *The Knight's Tale of Chaucer*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 2399:

"Ne recceth never, whether I sink or flete."

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"He careth not who doth sink or swimme." STEEVENS.

And let them grapple;—O! the blood more stirs,  
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.<sup>3</sup>

*NORTH.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

*HOT.* By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— the blood more stirs,

*To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.*] This passage will remind the classical reader of young Ascanius's heroic feelings in the fourth *Æneid*:

————— *pecora inter inertia votis*

*Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,*

*To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;*] Though I am very far from condemning this speech with Gildon and Theobald, as absolute madness, yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection, and beauty of allegory which Dr. Warburton has endeavoured to display. This folly of Hotspur, may be, I think, soberly and rationally vindicated as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition and fired with resentment; as the boasted clamour of a man able to do much, and eager to do more; as the hasty motion of turbulent desire; as the dark expression of indetermined thoughts. The passage from Euripides is surely not allegorical, yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel. JOHNSON.

Euripides has put the very same sentiment into the mouth of Eteocles: "I will not, madam, disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven, I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom.

WARBURTON.

This is probably a passage from some bombast play, and afterwards used as a common burlesque phrase for attempting impossibilities. At least, that it was the last, might be concluded from its use in Cartwright's poem *On Mr. Stokes his Book on the Art of Vaulting*, edit. 1651, p. 212:

"Then go thy ways, brave Will, for one;

"By Jove 'tis thou must leap, or none,

"To pull bright honour from the moon."

Unless Cartwright intended to ridicule this passage in Shakspeare, which I partly suspect. Stokes's book, a noble object for the wits, was printed at London, in the year 1641. T. WARTON.

A passage somewhat resembling this, occurs in Archbishop Parker's Address to the Reader, prefixed to his Tract entitled *A Brief Ex-*

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,<sup>5</sup>  
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;  
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,  
 Without corrival, all her dignities:  
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!<sup>6</sup>

*amination for the Tyme, &c.*—"But trueth is to hye set, for you to pluck her out of heaven, to manifestlye knowen to be by your papers obscured, and surely stablished, to drowne her in the myrie lakes of your sophisthically writings."

In *The Knight of the burning Pestle*, Beaumont and Fletcher have put the foregoing rant of Hotspur into the mouth of Ralph the apprentice, who, like Bottom, appears to have been fond of acting parts to tear a cat in. I suppose a ridicule on Shakspeare was designed. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,*] So, in *The Tempest*:

"I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!*] A coat is said to be *faced*, when part of it, as the sleeves or bosom, is covered with something finer or more splendid than the main substance. The mantua-makers still use the word. *Half-fac'd fellowship* is then "partnership but half-adorned, partnership which yet wants half the show of dignities and honours." JOHNSON.

So, in *The Portraiture of Hypocrite, &c.* bl. l. 1589: "A gentleman should have a gowne for the night, two for the daie, &c. one all furred, another *half-faced*."

Mr. M. Mason, however, observes, that the allusion may be to the *half-faces* on medals, where two persons are represented. "The coins of Philip and Mary (says he) rendered this image sufficiently familiar to Shakspeare." STEEVENS.

I doubt whether the allusion was to dress. *Half-fac'd* seems to have meant *paltry*. The expression, which appears to have been a contemptuous one, I believe, had its rise from the meaner denominations of coin, on which, formerly, only a *profile* of the reigning prince was exhibited; whereas on the more valuable pieces a *full face* was represented. So, in *King John*:

"With that *half-face* would he have all my land,—

"A *half-fac'd* groat, five hundred pound a year!"

*WOR.* He apprehends a world of figures here,<sup>6</sup>  
But not the form of what he should attend.—  
Good coufin, give me audience for a while.

*HOT.* I cry you mercy.

*WOR.* Those same noble Scots,  
That are your prisoners,——

*HOT.* I'll keep them all;  
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:  
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:  
I'll keep them, by this hand.

*WOR.* You start away,  
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—  
Those prisoners you shall keep.

*HOT.* Nay, I will; that's flat:—  
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;  
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!<sup>7</sup>

But then, it will be said, "what becomes of *fellowship*? Where is the fellowship in a *single* face in profile? The allusion must be to the coins of Philip and Mary, where two faces were in part exhibited."—This squaring of our author's comparisons, and making them correspond precisely on every side, is in my apprehension the source of endless mistakes. See p. 412, n. 9. *Fellowship* relates to Hotspur's "corrival" and himself, and I think to nothing more.

I find the epithet here applied to it, in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593: "—— with all other odd ends of your *half-faced* English." Again, in *Histrionastix*, 1610:

"Whilst I behold yon *half-fac'd* minion,——" MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —— a world of figures here,] *Figure* is here used equivocally. As it is applied to Hotspur's speech it is a rhetorical mode; as opposed to form, it means appearance or shape. JOHNSON.

*Figures* mean shapes created by Hotspur's imagination; but not the form of what he should attend, viz. of what his uncle had to propose. EDWARDS.

<sup>7</sup> He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;——

But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!]  
So Marlowe, in his  
*King Edward II.*



Nay,  
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion.

WOR. Hear you,  
Cousin; a word.

HOT. All studies here I solemnly defy,<sup>6</sup>  
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:  
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of  
Wales,<sup>9</sup>—

But that I think his father loves him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.<sup>2</sup>

“ — and if he will not ransom him,

“ I'll thunder such a peale into his eares,

“ As never subject did unto his king.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — I solemnly defy,] One of the ancient senses of the verb, to *defy*, was to *refuse*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ I do *defy* thy commiseration.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,] A royster or turbulent fellow, that fought in taverns, or raised disorders in the streets, was called a Swash-buckler. In this sense *sword-and-buckler* is here used. JOHNSON.

Stowe will keep us to the precise meaning of the epithet here given to the prince.—“ This field, commonly called West-Smith-field, was for many years called Ruffians Hall, by reason it was the usual place of frays and common fighting, during the time that sword and bucklers were in use. When every *serving-man*, from the base to the best, carried a *buckler* at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his *sword*.” HENLEY.

I have now before me (to confirm the justice of this remark) a poem entitled “ *Sword and Buckler, or Serving Man's Defence*.” By William Bas, 1602. STEEVENS.

“ What weapons bear they?—Some sword and dagger, some *sword* and *buckler*.—What weapon is that *buckler*?—A clownish dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman.” Florio's *Firſt Fruits*, 1578. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *poison'd with a pot of ale*.] Dr. Grey supposes this to be said in allusion to Caxton's *Account of King John's Death*; (see Caxton's *Fructus Temporum*, 1515, fol. 62.) but I rather think it

*WOR.* Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,  
When you are better temper'd to attend.

*NORTH.* Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient  
fool<sup>3</sup>

has reference to the low company (drinkers of ale) with whom the prince spent so much of his time in the meanest taverns.

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool—*] Thus the quarto, 1598; and surely it affords a more obvious meaning than the folio, which reads: —*wasp-tongued*. That Shakspeare knew the sting of a wasp was not situated in its mouth, may be learned from the following passage in *The Winter's Tale*, Act I. sc. ii: "——is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps." STEVENS.

This reading is confirmed by Hotspur's reply:

"Why look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,

"Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear

"Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke." M. MASON.

The first quarto copies of several of these plays are in many respects much preferable to the folio, and in general I have paid the utmost attention to them. In the present instance, however, I think the transcriber's ear deceived him, and that the true reading is that of the second quarto, 1599, *wasp-tongue*, which I have adopted, not on the authority of that copy, (for it has none,) but because I believe it to have been the word used by the author. The folio was apparently printed from a later quarto; and the editor from ignorance of our author's phraseology changed *wasp-tongue* to *wasp-tongued*. There are other instances of the same unwarrantable alterations even in that valuable copy of our author's plays. The change, I say, was made from ignorance of Shakspeare's phraseology; for in *King Richard III.* we have—his *venom-tooth*, not *venom'd-tooth*; your *widow-dolour*, not *widow'd-dolour*; and in another play,—parted with *sugar-breath*, not *sugar'd-breath*; and many more instances of the same kind may be found. Thus, in this play, —*smooth-tongue*, not *smooth-tongued*. Again: "—stolen from my host at St. Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daintry." [not red-nosed.] Again, in *King Richard III.*:

"Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk."

not light-footed.

So also, in *The Black Book*, 4to. 1604: "—The spindle-*banke* spyder, which showed like great leachers with little legs, went stealing over his head," &c. In the last act of *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* "*blew-bottle* rogue" (the reading of the quarto) is changed by the editor of the folio to "*blew-bottled* rogue," as he here substituted *wasp-tongued* for *wasp-tongue*.

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Shakspeare certainly knew, as Mr. Steevens has observed, that the sting of a wasp lay in his tail; nor is there in my apprehension any thing couched under the epithet *wasp-tongue*, inconsistent with that knowledge. It means only, having a tongue as peevish and mischievous (if such terms may be applied to that instrument of the mind) as a wasp. Thus, in *As you Like it*, *waspish* is used without any particular reference to any action of a wasp, but merely as synonymous to *peevish* or *fretful*:

" By the stern brow and *waspish* action  
" Which she did use as she was writing of it,  
" It bears an *angry* tenour."

In *The Tempest*, when Iris speaking of Venus, says,

" Her *waspish-headed* son has broke his arrows,"

the meaning is perfectly clear; yet the objection that Shakspeare knew the sting of a wasp was in his tail, not in his head, might, I conceive, be made with equal force, there, as on the present occasion.

Though this note has run out to an unreasonable length, I must add a passage in *The Taming of the Shrew*; which, while it shows that our author knew the sting of a wasp was really situated in its tail, proves at the same time that he thought it might with propriety be applied metaphorically to the tongue:

" *Pet.* Come, come, you *wasp*; i'faith you are too angry.  
" *Cath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.  
" *Pet.* My remedy is then to pluck it out.  
" *Cath.* Ay, if the fool could find out where it lies.  
" *Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?  
" In his tail.  
" *Cath.* In his tongue.  
" *Pet.* Whose tongue?  
" *Cath.* Yours, if you talk of tails," &c.

This passage appears to me fully to justify the reading that I have chosen. Independent however of all authority, or reference to other passages, it is supported by the context here. A person stung by a wasp would not be very likely to claim all *the talk* to himself, as Hotspur is described to do, but rather in the agony of pain to implore the assistance of those about him; whereas "the wasp-tongue fool" may well be supposed to "break into a woman's mood," and to listen "to no tongue but his own."

Mr. M. Mason thinks that the words afterwards used by Hotspur are decisively in favour of *wasp-stung*,—"Nettled and stung with pismires;" but Hotspur uses that expression to mark the poignancy

*HOT.* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd  
with rods,  
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.  
In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—  
A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—  
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;  
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee  
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,  
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

*NORTH.* At Berkley castle.

*HOT.* You say true:—  
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy<sup>4</sup>  
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!  
Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age*,<sup>5</sup>—  
And,—*gentle Harry Percy*,—and, *kind cousin*,—  
O, the devil take such cozeners!<sup>6</sup>—God forgive  
me!—  
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

of his own feelings; Northumberland uses the term *wasp-tongue* to denote the irritability of his son's temper, and the petulance of his language. MALONE.

I may seem to be overlaid by the foregoing note, but do not think myself defeated. The reader's patience, however, shall be no further exercised on the present occasion. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *what a candy deal of courtesy*—] i. e. what a deal of candy courtesy. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*candy'd*, without necessity. See also *K. Richard III*:

“Grossly grew captive to his *honey* words.”  
not *honey'd* words. See the last note. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *infant fortune came to age*,] Alluding to what passed in *King Richard*, Act II. sc. iii. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *the devil take such cozeners!*] The same jingle occurs in *Two Tragedies in One*, &c. 1601:

“Come pretty *cousin*, *cozened* by grim death.”  
Again, in *Monsieur Thomas*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“*cozen*,”

“*Cozen* thyself no more.”

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“To see my *cousin cozen'd* in this fort.” STEVENS.

*WOR.* Nay, if you have not, to't again;  
We'll stay your leisure.

*HOT.* I have done, i'faith.

*WOR.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.  
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,  
And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers rea-  
sons,

Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,  
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—

[*To NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—  
Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,  
The archbishop.

*HOT.* Of York, is't not?

*WOR.* True; who bears hard  
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.  
I speak not this in estimation,<sup>7</sup>  
As what I think might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;  
And only stays but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*HOT.* I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

*NORTH.* Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st  
slip.<sup>8</sup>

*HOT.* Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—  
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,—  
To join with Mortimer, ha?

<sup>7</sup> *I speak not this in estimation,]* *Estimation* for conjecture.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> — *let'st slip.]* *To let slip,* is to loose the greyhound.

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

“*Lucentio slip'd me, like his greyhound.*” STEEVENS.

*WOR.* And so they shall.

*HOT.* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

*WOR.* And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
To save our heads by raising of a head:<sup>8</sup>  
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
The king will always think him in our debt;<sup>9</sup>  
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.  
And see already, how he doth begin  
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

*HOT.* He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

*WOR.* Cousin,<sup>2</sup> farewell:—No further go in this,  
Than I by letters shall direct your course.  
When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,)  
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;  
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,  
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,  
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

*NORTH.* Farewell, good brother: We shall thrive,  
I trust.

*HOT.* Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,  
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!  
[*Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> — by raising of a head:] A head is a body of forces.

JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

" Making another head, to fight again." STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *The king will always &c.*] This is a natural description of the state of mind between those that have conferred, and those that have received obligations too great to be satisfied.

That this would be the event of Northumberland's disloyalty, was predicted by King Richard in the former play. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Cousin,*] This was a common address in our author's time to nephews, nieces, and grandchildren. See Holinshed's *Chronicle*, passim. Hotspur was Worcester's nephew. MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

*Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.*

1 CAR. Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day,  
I'll be hang'd: Charles' wain<sup>3</sup> is over the new chim-  
ney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

OST. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 CAR. I pry'thee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle,<sup>4</sup> put  
a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung  
in the withers out of all cefs.<sup>5</sup>

*Enter another Carrier.*

2 CAR. Pease and beans are as dank<sup>6</sup> here as a

<sup>3</sup> ——— *Charles' wain*—] *Charles's wain* is the vulgar name given to the constellation called the Bear. It is a corruption of the *Charles* or *Churls* wain (Sax. ceopl, a countryman.) RITSON.

See also Thoresby's Leeds, p. 268. REED.

*Churl* is frequently used for a countryman in old books. "Here begynneth the *chorle* and the byrde," printed for Wynkyn de Worde. See also the Glossaries of Skinner and Junius, v. *Churl*.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Cut's saddle*,] *Cut* is the name of a horse in *The Witches of Lancashire*, 1634, and, I suppose, was a common one.

STEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 67, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *out of all cefs*.] i. e. *out of all measure*: the phrase being taken from a *cefs*, tax, or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be, *out of all cefs*. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *as dank*—] i. e. wet, rotten. POPE.

In the directions given by Sir Thomas Bodley, for the preservation of his library, he orders that the cleaner thereof should,

dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots:<sup>7</sup> this house is turn'd upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 CAR. Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 CAR. I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.<sup>8</sup>

1 CAR. Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

"at least twice a quarter, with clean cloths, strike away the dust and moulding of the books, which will not then continue long with it; now it proceedeth chiefly of the newness of the forrels, which in time will be less and less dankish." *Reliquiæ Bodleianæ*, p. 111.

REED.

7 — bots:] Are worms in the stomach of a horse.

JOHNSON.

"The *bottes* is an yll disease, and they lye in a horse mawe; and they be an inche long, white coloured, and a reed heed, and as moche as a fyngers ende; and they be quicke and stycke faste in the mawe syde: it apperethe by stampynge of the horse or tom-blynge; and in the beginnynge there is remedy ynoughe; and if they be not cured betyme, they wyll eate thorough his mawe and kyll hym." *Fitzberbert's Book of Husbandry*. REED.

*A bots light upon you*, is an imprecation frequently repeated in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V.* as well as in many other old pieces. So, in the ancient black letter interlude of *The Disobedient Child*, no date:

"That I wished their bellyes full of *bottes*."

In *Reginald Scott, on Witchcraft*, 1584, is "a charme for the bots in a horse." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *I am stung like a tench.*] Why like a tench? I know not, unless the similitude consists in the spots of the tench, and those made by the bite of vermin. MALONE.

I have either read, or been told, that it was once customary to pack such pond-fish as were brought alive to market, in *singing-nettles*. But writing from recollection, and having no proof of this usage to offer, I do not press my intelligence on the public.

STEEVENS.



2 CAR. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.<sup>9</sup>

1 CAR. What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 CAR. I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger,<sup>2</sup> to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

<sup>9</sup> —breeds fleas like a loach.] The loach is a very small fish, but so exceedingly prolific that it is seldom found without spawn in it; and it was formerly a practice of the young gallants to swallow loaches in wine, because they were considered as invigorating, and as apt to communicate their prolific quality. The carrier therefore means to say that "your chamber-lie breeds fleas as fast as a loach" breeds, not fleas, but loaches.

In *As you like it*, Jaques says that he "can fuck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs;" but he does not mean that a weasel sucks eggs "out of a song."—And in *Troilus and Cressida*, where Nestor says that Therfites is

"A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,"

he means, that his gall coined slanders as fast as a mint coins money. M. MASON.

A passage in *Coriolanus* likewise may be produced in support of the interpretation here given: "——and he no more remembers his mother, than an eight-year-old horse;" i. e. than an eight-year-old horse remembers his dam.

I entirely agree with Mr. M. Mason in his explanation of this passage, and, before I had seen his COMMENTS, had in the same manner interpreted a passage in *As you like it*. See Vol. VI. p. 77, n. 7. One principal source of error in the interpretation of many passages in our author's plays has been the supposing that his similes were intended to correspond exactly on both sides. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —and two razes of ginger,] As our author in several passages mentions a *race* of ginger, I thought proper to distinguish it from the *raze* mentioned here. The former signifies no more than a single root of it; but a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale* of it.

THEOBALD.

——and two razes of ginger,] So, in the old anonymous play of *Henry V*: "——he hath taken the great *raze* of ginger, that bouncing Bels, &c. was to have had." *A dainty race of ginger*

I CAR. 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starved.<sup>3</sup>—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Hast no faith in thee?

*Enter GADSHILL.*<sup>4</sup>

GADS. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

is mentioned in Ben Jonson's masque of *The Gypsies Metamorphosed*. The late Mr. Warner observed to me, that a single *root* or *race* of ginger, were it brought home entire, as it might formerly have been, and not in small pieces, as at present, would have been sufficient to load a pack-horse. He quoted Sir Hans Sloane's Introduction to his *History of Jamaica*, in support of his assertion; and added "that he could discover no authority for the word *rase* in the sense appropriated to it by Theobald."

A *race* of ginger is a phrase that seems familiar among our comic writers. So, in *A Looking-Glass for London and England*, 1598: "I have spent eleven pence, besides three *rases* of ginger."—"Here's two *rases* more." STEVENS.

Dr. Grew speaks, in *The Philosophical Transactions*, of a *single root* of ginger weighing fourteen ounces, as uncommonly large. I doubt therefore concerning the truth of Mr. Warner's assertion. Theobald's explanation seems equally disputable. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *the turkies in my pannier are quite starved.*] Here is a slight anachronism. Turkies were not brought into England till the time of King Henry VIII. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *Gadshill.*] This thief receives his title from a place on the Kentish road, where many robberies have been committed. So, in *Westward Hoe*, 1606:

" — Why, how lies she?

" Troth, as the way lies over *Gads-bill*, very dangerous."

Again, in the anonymous play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*:

" And I know thee for a taking fellow

" Upon *Gads-bill* in Kent."

In the year 1558, a ballad entitled "The Robbery at *Gads-hill*," was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company.

STEVENS.

1 CAR. I think it be two o'clock.<sup>5</sup>

GADS. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 CAR. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

GADS. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 CAR. Ay, when, canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

GADS. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 CAR. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt* Carriers.

GADS. What, ho! chamberlain!

CHAM. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *I think it be two o'clock.*] The carrier, who suspected Gads-hill, strives to mislead him as to the hour; because the first observation made in this scene is, that it was *four o'clock*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *At hand, quoth pick-purse.*] This is a proverbial expression often used by Green, Nashe, and other writers of the time, in whose works the cant of low conversation is preserved. Again, in the play of *Apus and Virginia*, 1575, Haphazard, the vice, says:

"*At hand, quoth pickpurse*, here redy am I,

"See well to the cutpurse, be ruled by me."

Again, (as Mr. Malone observes,) in *The Dutchess of Suffolk*, by Tho. Drue, (but hitherto ascribed to Heywood,) 1631: "*At hand, quoth pickpurse*—have you any work for a tyler?"

STEEVENS.

This proverbial saying probably arose from the pick-purse always seizing upon the prey nearest him: his maxim being that of Pope's man of gallantry:

"The thing *at hand* is of all things the best." MALONE.

GADS. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou varieft no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'ft the plot how.<sup>6</sup>

*Enter Chamberlain.*

CHAM. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin<sup>7</sup> in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter:<sup>8</sup> They will away presently.

<sup>6</sup> *That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou varieft no more &c.*] So, in *The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsey*, 1605: “——he dealt with the *chamberlaine* of the house to learne which way they rode in the morning, which the *chamberlaine* performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he should partake of their fortunes, if they sped.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——*franklin*——] is a little gentleman. JOHNSON.

A *franklin* is a *freeholder*. M. MASON.

Fortescue, says the editor of *The Canterbury Tales*, Vol. IV. p. 202. (de L. L. Ang. c. xxix.) describes a *franklain* to be *pater familias—magnis ditatus possessionibus*. He is classed with (but after) the *miles* and *armiger*; and is distinguished from the *Libere tenentes* and *vassalli*; though, as it should seem, the only real distinction between him and other freeholders, consisted in the largeness of his estate. Spelman, in voce *Franklein*, quotes the following passage from Trivet's *French Chronicle*. (MSS. Bibl. R. S. n. 56.) “Thomas de Brotherton filius Edwardi I. marescallus Angliz, apres la mort de son pere espousa la fille de un *Franchelyn* apelee Alice.” The historian did not think it worth his while even to mention the name of the *Frankleyn*. REED.

<sup>8</sup> ——*and call for eggs and butter*:] It appears from the *Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland*, that *butter'd eggs* was the usual breakfast of my lord and lady, during the season of Lent.

STEEVENS.

**GADS.** Sirrah, if they meet not with faint Nicholas' clerks,<sup>9</sup> I'll give thee this neck.

**CHAM.** No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st faint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

**GADS.** What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans<sup>2</sup> that thou dream'st not of, the which, for

<sup>9</sup> ——— *saint Nicholas' clerks,*] St. Nicholas was the patron saint of scholars; and Nicholas, or old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, *St. Nicholas' clerks*.

WARBURTON.

Highwaymen or robbers were so called, or *Saint Nicholas's knights*:

“ A mandrake grown under some heavy tree,

“ There where *Saint Nicholas knights* not long before

“ Had dropt their fat *axungia* to the lee.”

*Glareanus Vadeanus's* Panegyrick upon Tom Coryat.

GREY.

Again, in *Rowley's Match at Midnight*, 1633: “ I think yonder come prancing down the hills from Kingston, a couple of *St. Nicholas's clerks*.” Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

“ ——— We are prevented; ———

“ *St. Nicholas's clerks* are stepp'd up before us.”

Again, in *The Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640: “ Next it is decreed, that the receivers of our rents and customs, to wit, divers rooks, and *St. Nicholas' clerks*, &c. ——— under pain of being carried up Holborn in a cart,” &c. STEEVENS.

This expression probably took its rise from the parish clerks of London, who were incorporated into a fraternity or guild, with St. Nicholas for their patron. WHALLEY.

See Vol. III. p. 240, n. 2, where an account is given of the origin of this expression as applied to scholars. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *other Trojans* —] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: “ Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.” Trojan in both these instances had a cant signification, and perhaps was only a more creditable term for a thief. So again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: “ ——— unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away.”

STEEVENS.

sport fake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers,<sup>3</sup> no long-staff, six-penny strikers;<sup>4</sup> none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms:<sup>5</sup> but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers;<sup>6</sup> such

<sup>3</sup> *I am join'd with no foot land-rakers, &c.*] That is, with no pad-ders, no wanderers on foot. No *long-staff six-penny strikers*,—no fellows that infest the road with long staves, and knock men down for six-pence. *None of these mad mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms*,—none of those whose faces are red with drinking ale. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *six-penny strikers*;<sup>]</sup> A *striker* had some cant signification with which at present we are not exactly acquainted. It is used in several of the old plays. I rather believe in this place, no *six-penny striker* signifies, *not one who would content himself to borrow*, i. e. *rob you for the sake of six-pence*. That to borrow was the cant phrase for to steal, is well known; and that to strike likewise signified to borrow, let the following passage in Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice* confirm:

“ Cor. You had best assault me too.

“ Mal. I must borrow money,

“ And that some call a *striking*,” &c.

Again, in Glapthorne's *Hollander*, 1640:

“ The only shape to hide a *striker* in.”

Again, in an old MS. play entitled, *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*:

“ — one that robs the mind,

“ Twenty times worse than any highway *striker*.”

STEVENS.

In Greene's *Art of Cony-catching*, 1592, under the table of *Cant Expressions used by Thieves*: “ — the cutting a pocket or picking a purse, is called *striking*.” Again: “ — who taking a proper youth to be his prentice, to teach him the order of *striking* and foisting.” COLLINS.

See also *The London Prodigal*, 1605: “ Nay, now I have had such a fortunate beginning, I'll not let a *six-penny-purse* escape me.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *malt-worms*:<sup>]</sup> This cant term for a tippler I find in *The Life and Death of Jack Straw*, 1593: “ You shall purchase the prayers of all the alewives in town, for saving a *malt-worm* and a customer.” Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *burgomasters, and great oneyers*;<sup>]</sup> “ Perhaps, *queraires*, trustees, or commissioners;” says Mr. Pope. But how this word

as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than

comes to admit of any such construction, I am at a loss to know. To Mr. Pope's second conjecture, "of cunning men that look sharp, and aim well," I have nothing to reply seriously: but choose to drop it. The reading which I have substituted, [*moneyers*] I owe to the friendship of the ingenious Nicholas Hardinge, Esq. A *moneyer* is an officer of the Mint, who makes coin, and delivers out the king's money. *Moneyers* are also taken for bankers, or those that make it their trade to turn and return money. Either of these acceptations will admirably square with our author's context.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Hardinge's conjecture may be supported by an ancient authority, and is probably right: "—there is a house upon Page Greene, next unto the round tuft of trees, sometime in the tenure and occupation of Simon Bolton, *Moneyer*;" i. e. probably *banker*. *Description of Tottenham High-Cross*, 1631. REED.

This is a very acute and judicious attempt at emendation, and is not undeservedly adopted by Dr. Warburton. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *great owners*, not without equal or greater likelihood of truth. I know not however whether any change is necessary: Gadshill tells the Chamberlain, that he is joined with no mean wretches, but *with burgomasters and great ones*, or, as he terms them in merriment by a cant termination, *great oneyers*, or *great-one-ers*, as we say, *privateer*, *auctioneer*, *circuiteer*. This is, I fancy, the whole of the matter. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*onyers*, that is, *publick accountants*; men possessed of large sums of money belonging to the state.—It is the course of the Court of Exchequer, when the sheriff makes up his accounts for issues, amerciaments, and mesne profits, to set upon his head *o. ni.* which denotes *oneratur*, *nisi habeat sufficientem exonerationem*: he thereupon becomes the king's debtor, and the parties *peravaille* (as they are termed in law) for whom he answers, become his debtors, and are discharged as with respect to the King.

To settle accounts in this manner, is still called in the Exchequer, to *ony*; and from hence Shakspeare perhaps formed the word *onyers*.—The Chamberlain had a little before mentioned, among the travellers whom he thought worth plundering, an officer of the Exchequer, "a kind of *auditor*, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what." This emendation may derive some support from what Gadshill says in the next scene: "There's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's Exchequer." The first quarto has—*oneyres*, which the second and all the subsequent copies made *oneyers*. The original reading gives great probability to Hanmer's conjecture. MALONE.

E c 3

speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray :<sup>7</sup> And yet I lie; for they pray

<sup>7</sup> — *such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink, &c.*] According to the specimen given us in this play, of this dissolute gang, we have no reason to think they *were less ready to drink than speak*. Besides, it is plain, a natural gradation was here intended to be given of their actions, relative to one another. But what has *speaking, drinking, and praying* to do with one another? We should certainly read *think* in both places instead of *drink*; and then we have a very regular and humorous climax. *They will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than think; and think sooner than pray*. By which last words is meant, that “though perhaps they may now and then reflect on their crimes, they will never repent of them.” The Oxford editor has dignified this correction by his adoption of it.

WARBURTON.

I am in doubt about this passage. There is yet a part unexplained. What is the meaning of *such as can hold in*? It cannot mean *such as can keep their own secret*, for they will, he says, *speak sooner than think*: it cannot mean *such as will go calmly to work without unnecessary violence*, such as is used by *long-staff strikers*, for the following part will not suit with this meaning; and though we should read by transposition *such as will speak sooner than strike*, the climax will not proceed regularly. I must leave it as it is.

JOHNSON.

*Such as can hold in*, may mean, *such as can curb old father antic the law*, or *such as will not blab*. STEEVENS.

Turbervile's *Book on Hunting*, 1575, p. 37, mentions huntsmen on horseback to make young hounds “*bold in and close*” to the old ones: so Gadshill may mean, that he is joined with such companions as will *bold in*, or keep and stick close to one another, and such as are men of deeds, and not of words; and yet they love to talk and speak their mind freely better than to drink.

TOLLET.

I think a gradation was intended, as Dr. Warburton supposes. To *bold in*, I believe, meant to “keep their fellows’ counsel and their own;” not to discover their rogueries by talking about them. So, in *Twelfth Night*: “— that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to *keep in*.” Gadshill therefore, I suppose, means to say, that he keeps company with steady robbers; such as will not impeach their comrades, or make any discovery by talking of what they have done; men that will strike the traveller sooner than talk to him; that yet would sooner speak to him than drink, which might intoxicate them, and put them off their guard; and,



continually to their faint, the commonwealth ; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her ; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

CHAM. What, the common-wealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

GADS. She will, she will ; justice hath liquor'd her.<sup>8</sup> We steal as in a castle,<sup>9</sup> cock-sure ; we have the receipt of fern-seed,<sup>2</sup> we walk invifible.

notwithstanding, would prefer drinking, however dangerous, to prayer, which is the last thing they would think of.—The words however will admit a different interpretation. We have often in these plays, “ it were as good a deed as to drink.” Perhaps therefore the meaning may be,—Men who will knock the traveller down sooner than speak to him ; who yet will speak to him and bid him stand, sooner than drink ; (to which they are fufficiently well inclined ; ) and laftly, who will drink fooner than pray. Here indeed the climax is not regular. But perhaps our author did not intend it fhould be preferved. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *She will, ſhe will ; juſtice hath liquor'd her.*] A satire on chicane in courts of juſtice ; which fupports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it. WARBURTON.

Alluding to boots mentioned in the preceding ſpeech. “ They would melt me (ſays Falſtaff in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*,) out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fiſhermen's boots with me.” See alſo Peacham's *Complete Gentleman*, 1627, p. 199 :

“ Item, a halfpenny for liquor for his boots.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *as in a caſtle,*] This was once a proverbial phraſe. So, Dante, (in *Purgatorio*) :

“ Sicura quaſi rocca in alto monte.”

Again, in *The Little French Lawyer*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ That noble courage we have ſeen, and we

“ Shall fight *as in a caſtle.*”

Perhaps Shakſpeare means, we ſteal with as much ſecurity as the ancient inhabitants of *caſtles*, who had thoſe ſtrong holds to fly to for protection and defence againſt the laws. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I. Act III. ſc. i :

“ Yes, as an outlaw in a caſtle keeps,

“ And uſes it to patronage his *theft.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *we have the receipt of fern-ſeed,*] Fern is one of thoſe plants which have their ſeed on the back of the leaf ſo ſmall as to eſcape the ſight. Thoſe who perceived that fern was propagated

CHAM. Nay, by my faith; I think, you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

GADS. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase,<sup>3</sup> as I am a true man.

by semination, and yet could never see the seed, were much at a loss for a solution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavours to augment itself, they ascribed to *fern-seed* many strange properties, some of which the rustick virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded. JOHNSON.

This circumstance relative to *fern-seed* is alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

" — had you Gyges' ring,  
" Or the herb that gives invisibility?"

Again, in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*:

" — I had  
" No medicine, fir, to go invisible,  
" No *fern-seed* in my pocket."

Again, in P. Holland's Translation of *Pliny*, Book XXVII. ch. ix: "Of *ferne* be two kinds, and they beare neither floure nor *seede*." STEEVENS.

The ancients, who often paid more attention to received opinions than to the evidence of their senses, believed that *fern* bore *no seed*. Our ancestors imagined that this plant produced seed which was invisible. Hence, from an extraordinary mode of reasoning, founded on the fantastic doctrine of signatures, they concluded that they who possessed the secret of wearing this seed about them would become invisible. This superstition, the good sense of the poet taught him to ridicule. It was also supposed to seed in the course of a single night, and is called in Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, 1613:

"The wond'rous one-night-seeding *ferne*."

Aburd as these notions are, they were not wholly exploded in the time of Addison. He laughs at "a Doctor who was arrived at the knowledge of the green and red dragon, and *had discovered the female fern-seed*." *Tatler*, No. 240. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>3</sup> — *purchase*,] Is the term used in law for any thing not inherited but acquired. JOHNSON.

*Purchase* was anciently the cant term for stolen goods, So, in *Henry V.* Act III:

"They will steal any thing, and call it *purchase*."

So, Chaucer:

"And robbery is holde *purchase*." STEEVENS.

CHAM. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

GADS. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men.<sup>4</sup> Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The Road by Gadshill.*

*Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.*

POINS. Come, shelter, shelter; I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.<sup>5</sup>

P. HEN. Stand close.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

FAL. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

P. HEN. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep?

FAL. Where's Poins, Hal?

<sup>4</sup> — *Homo is a common name &c.*] Gadshill had promised as he was a true man; the Chamberlain wills him to promise rather as a false thief; to which Gadshill answers, that though he might have reason to change the word true, he might have spared man, for homo is a name common to all men, and among others to thieves.

JOHNSON.

This is a quotation from the *Accidence*, and I believe is not the only one from that book, which, therefore, Mr. Capell should have added to his *Shaksperiana*. LORT.

See Vol. IV. p. 473, n. 2; p. 497, n. 4. and Vol. VI. p. 419, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *like a gumm'd velvet.*] This allusion we often meet with in the old comedies. So, in *The Malcontent*, 1604: "I'll come among you, like gum into taffata, to fret, fret." STEEVENS.

P. HEN. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill ;  
I'll go seek him. [Pretends to seek POINS.

FAL. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire<sup>6</sup> further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him,<sup>7</sup> I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further.<sup>8</sup> An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to

<sup>6</sup> ——— *four foot by the squire*—] The thought is humorous, and alludes to his bulk: insinuating, that his legs being four foot afunder, when he advanced four foot, this put together made *four feet square*. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether there is so much humour here as is suspected: *Four foot by the squire* is probably no more than *four feet by a rule*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. Bishop Corbet says in one of his poems:

“Some *twelve foot by the square*.” FARMER.

All the old copies read by the *squire*, which points out the etymology—*esquierre*, Fr. The same phrase occurs in *The Winter's Tale*: “—— not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half *by the squire*.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 344, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *medicines to make me love him*,] Alluding to the vulgar notion of *love-powder*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

“——— she is corrupted

“By spells and *medicines* bought of mountebanks.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *rob a foot further*.] This is only a slight error, which

turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! —A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

*P. HEN.* Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

*FAL.* Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt<sup>9</sup> me thus?

*P. HEN.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

*FAL.* I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

*P. HEN.* Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

*FAL.* Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent

yet has run through all the copies. We should read—*rub* a foot. So we now say—*rub* on. JOHNSON.

Why may it not mean—I will not go a foot further to rob?

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —to colt—] Is to fool, to trick; but the prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorse*.

JOHNSON.

In the first of these senses it is used by Nashe, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: "His master fretting and chaffing to be thus *colted* of both of them," &c. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*: "What, are we bobb'd thus still? *colted*, and carted?" From Decker's *Bell-man's Night-Walkes*, &c. 1616, it appears that the technical term for any inn-keeper or hackney-man who had been cheated of horses, was a *colt*. STEEVENS.

garters!<sup>2</sup> If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison:<sup>3</sup> When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

*Enter GADSHILL.*

GADS. Stand.

FAL. So I do, against my will.

POINS. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

BARD. What news?<sup>4</sup>

GADS. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

FAL. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

<sup>2</sup> — *beir-apparent garters!*] "He may hang himself in his own garters" is a proverb in Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison:*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Shall have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,

"And sung by children in succeeding times."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—saucy liſtors

"Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhimers

"Ballad us out of tune." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Bard. *What news?*] In all the copies that I have seen, Poins is made to speak upon the entrance of Gadshill thus:

O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.—Bardolph, *what news?* This is absurd; he knows Gadshill to be the setter, and asks Bardolph *what news?* To countenance this impropriety, the latter editions have made Gadshill and Bardolph enter together, but the old copies bring in Gadshill alone, and we find that Falstaff, who knew their stations, calls to Bardolph among others for his horse, but not to Gadshill, who was posted at a distance. We should therefore read:

Poins. O, 'tis our setter, &c.

Bard. *What news?*

Gads. Case ye, &c. JOHNSON.

GADS. There's enough to make us all.

FAL. To be hang'd.

P. HEN. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

PETO. How many be there of them?

GADS. Some eight, or ten.

FAL. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. HEN. What, a coward, fir John Paunch?

FAL. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. HEN. Well, we leave that to the proof.

POINS. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

FAL. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. HEN. Ned, where are our disguises?

POINS. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.*]

FAL. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,<sup>s</sup> say I; every man to his business.

<sup>s</sup> — *dole*,] The portion of alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*. In Jonson's *Alchemist*, Subtle charges Face with perverting his master's charitable intentions, by selling the *dole* beer to *aqua-vitæ* men. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The Costly Whore*, 1633:

" — we came thinking

" We should have some *dole* at the bishop's funeral."

Again:

" Go to the back gate, and you shall have *dole*."

STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 431, n. 4. MALONE.

*Enter Travellers.*

**TRAV.** Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

**THIEVES.** Stand.

**TRAV.** Jesu blefs us!

**FAL.** Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

**I TRAV.** O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

**FAL.** Hang ye, gorbellied<sup>6</sup> knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs;<sup>7</sup> I would, your store were

<sup>6</sup> — *gorbellied* —] i. e. fat and corpulent. See the Glossary to Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*.

This word is likewise used by Sir Thomas North in his Translation of *Plutarch*.

Nashe, in his *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1596, says:—"O 'tis an unconscionable *gorbellied* volume, bigger bulk'd than a Dutch hoy, and far more boisterous and cumbersome than a payre of Swissers omnipotent galeaze breeches." Again, in *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1600: "What are these thick-skinn'd, heavy-purs'd, *gorbellied* churles mad?" STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *ye fat chuffs*;] This term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people. So, in *The Muses' Looking Glass*, 1638:

" — the *chuff's* crowns,

" Imprison'd in his rusty chest," &c.

The derivation of the word is said to be uncertain. Perhaps it is a corruption of *chough*, a thievish bird that collects his prey on the sea-shore. So, in Chaucer's *Assemble of Foules*:

" The *thief the chough*, and eke the chatt'ring pie."

Sir W. D'Avenant, in his *Just Italian*, 1630, has the same term:

" They're rich *choughs*, they've store

" Of villages and plough'd earth."



here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, &c. driving the Travellers out.*]

*Re-enter Prince HENRY and POINS.*

**P. HEN.** The thieves have bound the true men:<sup>8</sup> Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week,<sup>9</sup> laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

**POINS.** Stand close, I hear them coming.

And Sir Epicure Mammon, in *The Alchemist*, being asked who had robb'd him, answers, "a kind of *cboughs*, fir."

STEEVENS.

The name of the Cornish bird is pronounced by the natives *cbow*. *Chuff* is the same word with *cuff*, both signifying a clown, and being in all probability derived from a Saxon word of the latter sound. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *the true men*:] In the old plays a *true man* is always set in opposition to a *thief*. So, in the ancient Morality called *Hycke Scorne*, bl. l. no date:

"And when me list to hang a *true man*——

"Theves I can help out of pryson."

Again, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615:

"Now, *true man*, try if thou can'st rob a *thief*!"<sup>A</sup>

Again:

"Sweet wench, embrace a *true man*, scorn a *thief*."

See Vol. IV. p. 325, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *argument for a week*,] *Argument* is subject matter for conversation or a drama. So, in the Second Part of this play:

"For all my part has been but as a scene

"Acting that *argument*."

Mr. M. Mason adopts the former of these meanings, and adds, in support of his opinion, a passage from *Much ado about Nothing*, where Don Pedro says to Benedick, [Vol. IV. p. 412.]

"—if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable *argument*." STEEVENS.

*Re-enter Thieves.*

**FAL.** Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

**P. HEN.** Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*

**POINS.** Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving their booty behind them.*]

**P. HEN.** Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear  
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;  
Each takes his fellow for an officer.\*

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,  
And lards the lean earth<sup>9</sup> as he walks along:  
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

**POINS.** How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

\* *Each takes his fellow for an officer.*] The same thought, a little varied, occurs again in *K. Henry VI.* Part III:

"The thief doth fear each bush an officer." **STEEVENS.**

<sup>9</sup> *And lards the lean earth—*] So, in *K. Henry V.*:

"In which array, brave foldier, doth he lie

"Larding the plain." **STEEVENS.**

## S C E N E III.

Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.\**

— But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;—* Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York? commends the plot, and the general course of the action.

\* *Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.*] This letter was from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland.

Mr. EDWARDS'S MS. Notes.

3 — *my lord of York*—] Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York.

STEEVENS.

'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan.<sup>4</sup> Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *I could brain him with his lady's fan.*] Mr. Edwards observes in his *Canons of Criticism*, "that the ladies in our author's time wore fans made of feathers." See Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act II. sc. ii:

"This feather grew in her sweet fan sometimes, tho' now it be my poor fortune to wear it."

So again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, Act III. sc. iv:

"—— for a garter,

"Or the least feather in her bounteous fan."

Again, as Mr. Whalley observes to me, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons*, Act V:

"—— Wer't not better

"Your head were broke with the handle of a fan?"

See the wooden cut in a note on a passage in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. sc. ii. and the figure of *Marguerite de France, Duchesse de Savoie*, in the fifth vol. of Montfaucon's *Monarchie de France*. Plate XI. STEEVENS.

This passage ought to be a memento to all commentators, not to be too positive about the customs of former ages. Mr. Edwards has laughed unmercifully at Dr. Warburton for supposing that Hotspur meant to brain the Earl of March with the *handle* of his lady's fan, instead of the feathers of it. The lines quoted by Mr. Whalley shew that the supposition was not so wild a one as Mr. Edwards supposed. MALONE.

*Enter Lady Percy.*

How now, Kate?<sup>5</sup> I must leave you within these two hours.

*LADY.* O my good lord, why are you thus alone?  
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been  
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?  
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee  
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?<sup>6</sup>  
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;  
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?  
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;

<sup>5</sup> *How now, Kate?*] Shakspeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife, (which was not *Katharine*, but *Elizabeth*), or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the familiar appellation of *Kate*, which he is never weary of repeating, when he has once introduced it; as in this scene, the scene of *Katharine* and Petruchio, and the courtship between King Henry V. and the *French Princess*. The wife of Hotspur was the Lady Elizabeth Mortimer, sister to Roger Earl of March, and aunt to Edmund Earl of March, who is introduced in this play by the name of Lord Mortimer. STEVENS.

The sister of Roger Earl of March, according to Hall, was called *Eleanor*: "This Edmonde was sonne to Erle Roger,—which Edmonde at King Richard's going into Ireland was proclaimed heire apparent to the realme; whose aunt, called *Elinor*, this lord Henry Percy had married." Chron. fol. 20. So also Holinshed. But both these historians were mistaken, for her christian name undoubtedly was *Elizabeth*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *golden sleep?*] So, in Hall's *Chronicle*, Richard III: "— he needed now no more once for that cause eyther to wake, or breake hys *golden sleepe*." HENDERSON.

The various epithets, borrowed from the qualities of metals, which have been bestowed on *sleep*, may serve to show how vaguely words are applied in poetry. In the line before us, *sleep* is called *golden*, and in *K. Richard III.* we have "*leaden slumber*." But in Virgil it is "*ferreus somnus*;" while Homer terms *sleep* *brass*, or more strictly *copper*, χρυσεός υπνος. HOLT WHITE.

And given my treasures,<sup>7</sup> and my rights of thee,  
 To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?  
 In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,  
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars :  
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed ;  
 Cry, *Courage !—to the field !* And thou hast talk'd  
 Of fallies, and retires,<sup>8</sup> of trenches, tents,  
 Of palisadoes, frontiers,<sup>9</sup> parapets ;  
 Of basilisks,<sup>10</sup> of cannon, culverin ;

<sup>7</sup> *And given my treasures,*] So, in *Othello* :

“ To pour our *treasures* into foreign laps.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *and retires,*] *Retires* are *retreats*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 10 : “ — their secret safe *retire*.” Again, in Holinshed, p. 960 : “ — the Frenchmen's flight, (for manie so termed their sudden *retire*,)” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *frontiers,*] For *frontiers*, Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read very plausibly—*fortins*. JOHNSON.

Plausible as this is, it is apparently erroneous, and therefore unnecessary. *Frontiers* formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but also the *forts* built along, or near those limits. In Ives's *Practice of Fortification*, printed in 1589, p. 1, it is said : “ A forte not placed where it were needful, might skantly be accounted for *frontier*.” Again, p. 21 : “ In the *frontiers* made by the late emperor Charles the Fifth, divers of their walles having given way,” &c. P. 34 : “ It shall not be necessary to make the bulwarkes in townes so great as those in royall *frontiers*. P. 40 : “ When as any open towne or other inhabited place is to be fortified, whether the same be to be made a royal *frontier*, or to be meanly defended,” &c. This account of the word will, I hope, be thought sufficient. STEEVENS.

So, in *Notes from Blackfryers*, by H. Fitzgeoffery, 1617 :

“ He'll tell of basilisks, trenches, and retires,

“ Of palisadoes, parapets, *frontiers*.” MALONE.

<sup>10</sup> *Of basilisks,*] A *basilisk* is a cannon of a particular kind. So, in *Ram Alley*, 1611 :

“ My cannons, demi-cannons, *basilisks*,” &c.

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607 :

“ ——— are those two *basilisks*

“ Already mounted on their carriages ?”

Again, in Holinshed, p. 816 : “ — setting his *basilisks* and other cannon in the mouth of the baie.” See likewise Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 198, 199. STEEVENS.

Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,  
And all the 'currents' of a heady fight.  
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,  
That beads of sweat<sup>4</sup> have stood upon thy brow,  
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:  
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
Such as we see when men restrain their breath.  
On some great sudden haste.<sup>5</sup> O, what portents are  
these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

HOT. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet  
gone?

*Enter Servant.*

SERV. He is, my lord, an hour ago.<sup>6</sup>

HOT. Hath Butler brought those horses from the  
sheriff?

SERV. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

HOT. What horse? a roan, a crop-eared, is it not?

<sup>3</sup> *And all the 'currents—*] i. e. the occurrences. In old language  
*occurent* was used instead of *occurrence*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *That beads of sweat—*] So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

" ——— mine eyes,

" Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

" Began to water." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *On some great sudden haste.*] The epithet—*sudden*, which over-  
loads the verse, may be justly suspected as an interpolation.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *He is, my lord, an hour ago.*] I suppose, our author wrote:

*He is, my lord, above an hour ago.*

The verse is otherwise defective: as is the Servant's next reply,  
which originally might have run thus:

" One horse, my lord, he brought ~~but~~ even now."

STEEVENS.

SERV. It is, my lord.

HOT. That roan shall be my throne.  
Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance*!<sup>9</sup>—  
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[Exit Servant.]

LADY. But hear you, my lord.

HOT. What say'st, my lady?<sup>1</sup>

LADY. What is it carries you away?

HOT. My horse,<sup>2</sup>  
My love, my horse.

LADY. Out, you mad-headed ape!  
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,  
As you are tofs'd with. In faith,  
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.  
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir  
About his title; and hath sent for you,  
To line his enterprize:<sup>4</sup> But if you go——

HOT. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

LADY. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me  
Directly to this question that I ask.  
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,<sup>5</sup>  
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

<sup>9</sup> — *esperance*!] This was the motto of the Percy family.  
MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *What say'st, my lady?*] Old copies—*What say'st thou*, my lady? STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *My horse*.] Old copies—*Why*, my horse. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *To line his enterprize*:] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— did *line* the rebel

“ With hidden help and vantage.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *I'll break thy little finger, Harry*.] This token of amorous dalliance appeareth to be of a very ancient date; being mentioned in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579: “Whereupon, I think, no sort of kysles or follyes in love were forgotten, no kynd of crampe, nor *pinching by the little finger*.” AMNER.



*Hot.* Away,  
 Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,<sup>6</sup>  
 I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world,  
 To play with mammets,<sup>7</sup> and to tilt with lips:

See *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“The stroke of death is as a lover’s pinch,  
 “Which hurts, and is desired.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Hot.* Away,  
 Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,] This I think  
 would be better thus:

*Hot.* Away, you trifler!

*Lady.* Love!

*Hot.* I love thee not.

*This is no world, &c.* JOHNSON.

The alteration proposed by Dr. Johnson seems unnecessary. The passage, as now regulated, appears to me perfectly clear.—The first *love* is not a substantive, but a verb:

—*love* [thee?]*—I love thee not.*

Hotspur’s mind being intent on other things, his answers are irregular. He has been musing, and now replies to what lady Percy had said *some time before*:

“Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,

“And I must know it,—*else he loves me not.*”

In a subsequent scene this distinguishing trait of his character is particularly mentioned by the Prince of Wales, in his description of a conversation between Hotspur and lady Percy: “*O my sweet Harry, (says she,) how many hast thou kill’d to-day? Give my roan horse a drench, (says he, and answers,)—some fourteen,—AN HOUR AFTER.* MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —*mammets,*] Puppets. JOHNSON.

So Stubbs, speaking of ladies drest in the fashion, says: “they are not natural, but artificial women, not women of flesh and blood, but rather *puppets* or *mammets*, consisting of ragges and clowts compact together.”

So, in the old comedy of *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: “—I have seen the city of new Nineveh, and Julius Cæsar, acted by *mammets.*” Again, in the ancient romance of *Virgilius*, bl. l. no date: “—he made in that compasse all the goddesses that we call *marwmets* and ydolles.” *Mammet* is perhaps a corruption of *Mabomet*. Throughout the English translation of *Marco Paolo*, 1579, *Mabometans* and other worshippers of idols are always called *Mabometes* and *Mabmets*. Holinshed’s *History of England*, p. 108, speaks “of *marwmets* and idols.” This last conjecture and

We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,<sup>8</sup>  
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—  
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have  
with me?

*LADY.* Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,  
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?  
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

*HOT.* Come, wilt thou see me ride?  
And when I am o'horse-back, I will swear  
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;  
I must not have you henceforth question me  
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:  
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,  
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.  
I know you wise; but yet no further wife,  
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;  
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,  
No lady closer; for I well believe,  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;<sup>9</sup>  
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate?

quotation is from Mr. Tollet. I may add, that Hamlet seems to have the same idea when he tells Ophelia, that "he could interpret between her and her love, if he saw the *puppets dallying*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *crack'd crowns, &c.*] Signifies at once *crack'd money*, and a *broken head*. *Current* will apply to both; as it refers to money, its sense is well known; as it is applied to a broken head, it insinuates that a foldier's wounds entitle him to universal reception.

JOHNSON.

The same quibble occurs in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:

"—— I'll none of your *crack'd French crowns*——"

"*King.* No *crack'd French crowns*! I hope to see more *crack'd French crowns* ere long.

"*Priest.* Thou mean'st of Frenchmen's *crowns*," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know*:] This line is bor-

LADY. How! so far?

HOT. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:  
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;  
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—  
Will this content you, Kate?

LADY.

It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*<sup>2</sup>

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.*

P. HEN. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

rowed from a proverbial sentence: "A woman conceals what she knows not." See Ray's *Proverbs*: STEVENS.

So, in Nashe's *Anatomie of Absurditie*, 1589: "In the same place he [Valerius] saith, *quis muliebri garrulitati aliquid committit, quæ illud solum potest tacere quod nescit?* who will commit any thing to a woman's tatling trust, who conceales nothing but that she knows not?" MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*] In the old anonymous play of *King Henry V.* Eastcheap is the place where Henry and his companions meet: "Henry 5. You know the old tavern in Eastcheap; there is good wine." Shakspeare has hung up a sign for them that he saw daily; for the *Boar's head* tavern was very near Black-friars play-house. See Stowe's *Survey*, 4to. 1618, p. 686. MALONE.

This sign is mentioned in a letter from Henry Wyndesore, 1459, 38 Henry VI. See *Letters of the Paston Family*, Vol. I. p. 175.

The writer of this letter was one of Sir John Fastolf's household.

Sir John Fastolf, (as I learn from Mr. T. Warton,) was in his life-time a considerable benefactor to Magdalen college, Oxford, for which his name is commemorated in an anniversary speech; and though the college cannot give the particulars at large, the *Boar's Head* in Southwark, (which still retains that name, though divided into tenements, yielding 150l. *per ann.*) and Caldecot manor in Suffolk, were part of the lands &c. he bestowed. STEVENS.

POINS. Where haſt been, Hal?

P. HEN. With three or four loggerheads, amongſt three or four ſcore hogheads. I have founded the very baſe ſtring of humility. Sirrah, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of drawers;<sup>3</sup> and can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their ſalvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courteſy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falſtaff; but a Corinthian,<sup>4</sup> a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, ſo they call me; and when I am king of England, I ſhall command all the good lads in Eaſtcheap. They call—drinking deep, dying ſcarlet: and when you breathe in your watering,<sup>5</sup> they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink

<sup>3</sup> — I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of drawers;] Alluding to the *fratres jurati* in the ages of adventure. So, ſays Bardolph, in *King Henry V.* Act II. ſc. i: “——we’ll be all three *ſworn brothers* to France.” See note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — Corinthian,] A wench. JOHNSON.

This cant expreſſion is common in old plays. So Randolph, in *The Jealous Lovers*, 1632:

“——let him *wench*,

“Buy me all *Corinth* for him.”

“Non cuivis homini contingit adire *Corinthus*.”

Again, in the tragedy of *Nero*, 1633:

“Nor us, tho’ Romans, Lais will reſuſe,

“To *Corinth* any man may go.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — and when you breathe &c.] A certain maxim of health attributed to the ſchool of Salerno, may prove the beſt comment on this paſſage. I meet with a ſimilar expreſſion in a MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, which, from the hand-writing, appears to be at leaſt as ancient as the time of Shakspeare:

“——we alſo do enact

“That all hold up their heads, and laugh aloud;

“Drink much at one draught; *breathe not in their drink*;

“That none go out to——.” STEEVENS.

with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar,<sup>6</sup> clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker;<sup>7</sup> one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this thrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou

<sup>6</sup> — *this pennyworth of sugar*,] It appears from the following passage in *Look about you*, 1600, and some others, that the drawers kept sugar folded up in papers, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack:

“ — but do you hear?

“ Bring *sugar in white paper*, not in brown.”

Shakspeare might perhaps allude to a custom mentioned by Decker in *The Gul's Horn Book*, 1609: “ Enquire what gallants sup in the next roome, and if they be any of your acquaintance, do not you (after the *city fashion*) send them in a pottle of wine, and your name *sweetened in two pittiful papers of sugar*, with some filthy apologic cram'd into the mouth of a drawer,” &c. STEEVENS.

See p. 381, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *under-skinker*;] A tapster; an under-drawer. *Skink* is drink, and a *skinker* is one that serves drink at table. JOHNSON.

*Schenken*, Dutch, is to fill a glass or cup; and *schenker* is a cup-bearer, one that waits at table to fill the glasses. An *under-skinker* is therefore, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, an *under-drawer*.

STEEVENS.

Giles Fletcher, in his *Russe Commonwealth*, 1591, p. 13, speaking of a town built on the south side of Moskoa, by Basilus the emperor, for a garrison of soldiers, says: “ — to whom he gave privilege to drinke mead and beer at the drye or prohibited times, when other *Russes* may drinke nothing but water; and for that cause called this new citie by the name of Naloi, that is, *skink* or *pour in*.”

So, in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, Act IV. sc. v:

“ *Alb.* I'll ply the table with nectar, and make 'em friends.

“ *Her.* Heaven is like to have but a lame *skinker*.”

REED.

stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

*POINS.* Francis!

*P. HEN.* Thou art perfect.

*POINS.* Francis! [Exit *POINS.*

*Enter Francis.*<sup>8</sup>

*FRAN.* Anon, anon, fir.—Look down into the Pomegranate,<sup>9</sup> Ralph.

*P. HEN.* Come hither, Francis.

*FRAN.* My lord.

*P. HEN.* How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

*FRAN.* Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

*POINS.* [*Within.*] Francis.

*FRAN.* Anon, anon, fir.

*P. HEN.* Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

*FRAN.* O lord, fir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

*POINS.* [*Within.*] Francis!

<sup>8</sup> *Enter Francis.*] This scene, helped by the distraction of the drawer, and grimaces of the prince, may entertain upon the stage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciously made it short. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Look down into the Pomegranate,*] To have windows or loop-holes looking into the rooms beneath them, was anciently a general custom. See note on *K. Henry VIII.* Act V. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

FRAN. Anon, anon, fir.

P. HEN. How old art thou, Francis?

FRAN. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

POINS. [*Within.*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, fir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. HEN. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the fugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

FRAN. O lord, fir! I would, it had been two.

P. HEN. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

POINS. [*Within.*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, anon.

P. HEN. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

FRAN. My lord?

P. HEN. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin,<sup>9</sup> chrystal-button,<sup>2</sup> nott-pated,<sup>3</sup> agat-ring, puke-stocking,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, &c.*] The prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by many contemptuous distinctions. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *chrystal-button,*] It appears from the following passage in Greene's *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1620, that a *leather jerkin* with *chrystal-buttons* was the habit of a *pawn-broker*: "— a black taffata doublet, and a spruce *leather jerkin* with *chrystal buttons*, &c. I enquired of what occupation: Marry, fir, quoth he, a *broker*." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *nott-pated,*] It should be printed as in the old folios, — *nott-pated*. So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the Yeman is thus described:

"A *nott head* had he with a brown visage."

A person was said to be *nott-pated*, when the hair was cut short and round; Ray says the word is still used in Essex, for *polled* or

caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

*born*. Vide Ray's *Collection*, p. 108. Morell's *Chaucer*, 8vo. p. 11. vide Jun. Etym. ad verb. PERCY.

So, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

" — your *nott-headed* country gentleman."

Again, in Stowe's *Annals for the Year 1535*, 27th of Henry VIII: "He caused his own head to bee polled, and from thenceforth his beard to bee *notted* and no more shaven." In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, to *notte* the hair is the same as to cut it. STEEVENS.

" — *puke-stocking*.] In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, a *puke* colour is explained as being a colour between russet and black, and is rendered in Latin *pullus*.

Again, in Drant's translation of the eighth satire of Horace, 1567:

" — *nigra succinctam vadere palla*."

" — ytuckde in *pukishe* frocke."

In a small book entitled, *The Order of my Lorde Maior, &c. for their Meetings and Wearing of theyr Apparel throughout the Yeere*, printed in 1586: "the maior, &c. are commanded to appeare on Good Fryday in their *perwke* gownes, and without their chaynes and typetes."

Shelton, in his translation of *Don Quixote*, p. 2. says: "the rest and remnant of his estate was spent on a jerkin of fine *puke*." Edit. 1612.

In Salmon's *Chymist's Shop laid open*, there is a receipt to make a *puke* colour. The ingredients are the vegetable gall and a large proportion of water; from which it should appear that the colour was grey.

In the time of Shakspeare the most expensive silk stockings were worn; and in *King Lear*, by way of reproach, an attendant is called a *worsted-stocking* knave. So that, after all, perhaps the word *puke* refers to the quality of the stuff rather than to the colour.

STEEVENS.

Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, 1730, p. 406, speaks of "a gown of black *puke*." The statute 5 and 6 of Edward VI. c. vi. mentions cloth of these colours "*puke*, brown-blue, blacks." Hence *puke* seems not to be a perfect or full black, but it might be a russet blue, or rather, a russet black, as Mr. Steevens intimates from Barrett's *Alvearie*. TOLLET.

If Shelton be accurate, as I think he is, in rendering *velarte* by *puke*; *puke* must signify *russet* wool that has never been dyed.

HENLEY.



FRAN. O lord, fir, who do you mean?

P. HEN. Why then, your brown bastard<sup>6</sup> is your

I have no doubt that the epithet referred to the dark colour. Black stockings are now worn, as they probably were in Shakspeare's time, by persons of inferior condition, on a principle of economy.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *caddis-garter*,] *Caddis* was, I believe, a kind of coarse ferret. The garters of Shakspeare's time were worn in sight, and consequently were expensive. He who would submit to wear a coarser sort, was probably called by this contemptuous distinction, which I meet with again in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

“ ——— doft hear,

“ My honeft *caddis-garters*?”

This is an address to a servant. Again, in *Warres, or the Peace is broken*: “ ——— fine pieced filke stockens on their legs, tyed up smoothly with *caddis garters* ———.” STEEVENS.

“ At this day, [about the year 1625] says the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, men of mean rank weare *garters* and shoe-roses of more than *five pound price*.” In a note on *Twelfth-Night*, Mr. Steevens observes that very rich garters were anciently worn below the knee; and quotes the following lines from Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, Book IX. c. xlvii. which may throw a light on the following passage:

“ Then wore they

“ *Garters of liffes*; but now of filk, some edged deep with gold.”

In a manuscript Account-book kept by Mr. Philip Henflowe, step-father to the wife of Alleyn the player, of which an account is given in Vol. II. is the following article: “ Lent unto Thomas Hewode, [the dramattick writer,] the 1 of september 1602, to bye him a payre of *silver garters*, ijs. vid.”

*Caddis* was worsted galloon. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *brown bastard* —] *Bastard* was a kind of sweet wine. The prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away. JOHNSON.

In an old dramattick piece, entitled, *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco*, the second edition, 1630, Beer says to Wine:

“ Wine well born? Did not every man call you *bastard* but t'other day?”

So again, in *The Honest Whore*, a comedy by Deekar, 1635:

“ ——— What wine sent they for?”

“ Ro. *Bastard wine*; for if it had been truly begotten, it

only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will fully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

FRAN. What, sir?

POINS. [*Witbin.*] Francis!

P. HEN. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

*Enter Vintner.*

VINT. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*]

would not have been aſham'd to come in. Here's fixpence to pay for the nurſing the *baſtard*."

Again, in *The Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1631:

"I'll furniſh you with *baſtard*, white or brown," &c.

In the ancient metrical romance of *The Squir of low Degre*, bl. l. no date, is the following catalogue of wines:

"You ſhall have Rumney and Malmefyue,

"Both Ypocraſſe and Vernage wyne:

"Mountroſe, and wyne of Greke,

"Both Algrade and Reſpice eke,

"Antioche and *Baſtarde*,

"Pymment alſo and Garnarde:

"Wyne of Greke and Muſcadell,

"Both Clare-Pymment and Rochell,

"The rede your ſtomach to deſye,

"And pottes of Oſey ſet you by." STEEVENS.

*Maiſon Ruſſique*, tranſlated by Markham, 1616, p. 635, ſays

"—ſuch wines are called *mungrell*, or *baſtard* wines, which (betwixt the ſweet and aſtringent ones) have neither manifeſt ſweetneſs, nor manifeſt aſtriction, but indeed participate and contain in them both qualities." TOLLET.

Barrett, however, in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, ſays, that "*baſtarde* is muſcadell, ſweet wine." STEEVENS.

So alſo in Stowe's *Annals*, 867, "When an argoſie came with Greek and Spaniſh wines, viz. muſcadell, malmſey, ſack, and *baſtard*," &c. MALONE.

My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

*P. HEN.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

*Re-enter POINS.*

*POINS.* Anon, anon, fir.

*P. HEN.* Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

*POINS.* As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

*P. HEN.* I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter Francis with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

*FRAN.* Anon, anon, fir.

*P. HEN.* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind,<sup>1</sup> the Hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my

<sup>1</sup> — *I am not yet of Percy's mind,*] The drawer's answer had interrupted the prince's train of discourse. He was proceeding thus: *I am now of all humours that have shew'd themselves humours; — I am not yet of Percy's mind;* that is, I am willing to indulge myself in gaiety and frolick, and try all the varieties of human life. *I am not yet of Percy's mind,*—who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal soldier. JOHNSON.

*sweet Harry, says she, how many hast thou kill'd to-day? Give my roan horse a drench,* says he; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pry'thee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo*,<sup>8</sup> says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.*

*POINS.* Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

*FAL.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks,<sup>9</sup> and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

*P. HEN.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the

<sup>8</sup> — *Rivo*,] This was perhaps the cant of the English taverns.  
JOHNSON.

This conjecture Dr. Farmer has supported by a quotation from Marston:

"If thou art sad at others' fate,

"*Rivo*, drink deep, give care the mate."

I find the same word used in the comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

"—Yet to endear ourselves to thy lean acquaintance, cry *rivo* ho! laugh and be fat," &c.

Again, in Marston's *What you will*, 1607:

"—that rubs his guts, claps his paunch, and cries *rivo*," &c.

Again: "*Rivo*, here's good juice, fresh borage, boys." Again:

"Sing, sing, or stay: we'll quaffe, or any thing:

"*Rivo*, Saint Mark!" STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *nether-stocks*,] *Nether-stocks* are stockings. See *King Lear*, Act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

sweet tale of the son!<sup>a</sup> if thou didst, then behold that compound.

<sup>a</sup> *Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-bearded Titan! that melted at the sweet tale of the son!*] The usual reading has hitherto been—the *sweet tale of the sun*. The present change will be accounted for in the course of the following annotations. STEEVENS.

All that wants restoring is a parenthesis, into which (*pitiful-bearded Titan!*) should be put. *Pitiful-bearded* means only *amorous*, which was Titan's character: the pronoun *that* refers to *butter*. The heat of the sun is figuratively represented as a *love-tale*, the poet having before called him *pitiful-bearded*, or *amorous*.

WARBURTON.

The same thought, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, is found among Turberville's *Epitaphs*, p. 142:

"It melts as butter doth against the sunne."

The reader, who inclines to Dr. Warburton's opinion, will please to furnish himself with some proof that *pitiful-bearded* was ever used to signify *amorous*, before he pronounces this learned critick's emendation to be just.

In the oldest copy, the contested part of the passage appears thus:

— *at the sweet tale of the sonnes.*

Our author might have written—*pitiful-bearded Titan, who melted at the sweet tale of his son*, i. e. of Phaëton, who, by a plausible story, won on the easy nature of his father so far, as to obtain from him the guidance of his own chariot for a day.

As gross a mythological corruption, as the foregoing occurs in *Locrine*, 1595:

"The arm-strong offspring of the doubted knight,

"Stout Hercules" &c.

Thus all the copies, ancient and modern. But I should not hesitate to read—*doubled night*, i. e. the night lengthened to twice its usual proportion, while Jupiter possessed himself of Alcmena; a circumstance with which every school-boy is acquainted.

STEEVENS.

I have followed the reading of the original copy in 1598, rejecting only the double genitive, for it reads—*of the son's*. *Sun*, which is the reading of the folio, derives no authority from its being found in that copy; for the change was made arbitrarily in the quarto 1604, and adopted of course in that of 1608 and 1613, from the latter of which the folio was printed; in consequence of which the accumulated errors of the five preceding editions were incorporated in the folio copy of this play.

G g 2

*FAL.* You rogue, here's lime in this sack too:

Mr. Theobald reads—*pitiful-hearted* butter, *that melted at the sweet tale of the sun*;—which is not so absurd as—*pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun*,—but yet very exceptionable; for what is the meaning of butter melting at a *tale*? or what idea does the *tail of the sun* here convey? Dr. Warburton, who, with Mr. Theobald, reads—*sun*, has extracted some sense from the passage by placing the words—“*pitiful-hearted Titan*” in a parenthesis, and referring the word *that* to *butter*; but then, besides that his interpretation *pitiful-hearted*, which he says means *amorous*, is unauthorized and inadmissible, the same objection will lie to the sentence when thus regulated, that has already been made to the reading introduced by Mr. Theobald.

The Prince undoubtedly, as Mr. Theobald observes, by the words “*Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?*” alludes to Falstaff's entering in a great heat, “*his fat dripping with the violence of his motion, as butter does with the heat of the sun.*” Our author here, as in many other places, having started an idea, leaves it, and goes to another that has but a very slight connection with the former. Thus the idea of butter *melted* by *Titan*, or the *Sun*, suggests to him the idea of *Titan's* being *melted* or softened by the tale of his son, Phæton: a tale, which undoubtedly Shakspeare had read in the third book of Golding's Translation of Ovid, having, in his description of Winter, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, imitated a passage this is found in the same page in which the history of Phæton is related. I should add that the explanation now given was suggested by the foregoing note.—I would, however, wish to read—*thy* son. In the old copies, *the*, *thee*, and *thy* are frequently confounded.

I am now [This conclusion of Mr. Malone's note is taken from his Appendix.] persuaded that the original reading—*son's*, however ungrammatical, is right; for such was the phraseology of our poet's age. So again in this play:

“ This absence of your *father's* draws a curtain.”  
not—of your *father*.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*: “ — the letters of Hermione's —.”  
Again, in *K. John*:

“ With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd.”  
Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Nay, but this dotage of our *general's* —.”  
Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ — or could this carl,  
“ A very drudge of *nature's*, —.”

How little attention the reading of the folio, (“ — of the *sun's*,”) is entitled to, may appear from hence. In the quarto copy

There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man:<sup>3</sup> Yet a coward is worse than a cup

of 1613 we find—"Why then 'tis like, if there comes a hot *sun*,"—instead of a hot *June*. There, as in the instance before us, the error is implicitly copied in the folio.—In that copy also, in *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. ult. we find "—'twixt natural *sunne* and fire," instead of "—'twixt natural *sun* and fire." MALONE.

Till the deviation from established grammar, which Mr. Malone has styled "the phraseology of our poet's age," be supported by other examples than such as are drawn from the most incorrect and vitiated of all publications, I must continue to exclude the double genitive, as one of the numerous vulgarisms by which the early printers of Shakspeare have disgraced his compositions.

It must frequently happen, that while we suppose ourselves struggling with the defects and obscurities of our author, we are in reality buffed by omissions, interpolations, and corruptions chargeable only on the ignorance and carelessness of his original transcribers and editors. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man:]* Sir Richard Hawkins, one of Queen Elizabeth's sea-captains, in his *Voyages*, p. 379, says: "Since the Spanish sacks have been common in our taverns, which for conservation are mingled with lime in the making, our nation complains of calentures, of the stone, the dropsey, and infinite other distempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent use. Besides, there is no year that it wasteth not two millions of crowns of our substance, by conveyance into foreign countries." I think Lord Clarendon, in his *Apology*, tells us, "That sweet wines before the Restoration were so much to the English taste, that we engrossed the whole product of the Canaries; and that not a pipe of it was expended in any other country in Europe." But the banished cavaliers brought home with them the goust for French wines, which has continued ever since. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton does not consider that *sack*, in Shakspeare, is most probably thought to mean what we now call *sberry*, which, when it is drank, is still drank with sugar. JOHNSON,

*Rhenish* is drank with sugar, but never *sberry*.

The difference between the true *sack* and *sberry*, is distinctly marked by the following passage in *Fortune by Land and Sea*, by Heywood and Rowley, 1655:

"*Rayn*. Some *sack* boy &c.

"*Drawer*. Good *sberry sack*, sir?

"*Rayn*. I meant *canary*, sir: what, hast no brains?"

STEEVENS.

of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old; God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing:<sup>4</sup> A plague of all cowards, I say still!

Eliot, in his *Orithoeia*, 1593, speaking of *sack* and *rhensib*, says: "The vintners of London put in *lime*, and thence proceed infinite maladies, specially the *gouttes*." FARMER.

From the following passage, in *Greene's Ghost haunting Conie-catchers*, 1604, it seems as though *lime* was mixed with the *sack* for the purpose of giving strength to the liquor: "——a christian exhortation to Mother Bunch would not have done amiss, that she should not mixe *lime* with her ale to make it *mightie*." REED.

Sack, the favourite beverage of Sir John Falstaff, was, according to the information of a very old gentleman, a liquor compounded of *sherry*, *cyder*, and *sugar*. Sometimes it should seem to have been brewed with eggs, i. e. *mulled*. And that the vintners played tricks with it, appears from Falstaff's charge in the text. It does not seem to be at present known; the sweet wine so called, being apparently of a quite different nature. RITSON.

That the sweet wine at present called *sack*, is different from Falstaff's favourite liquor, I am by no means convinced. On the contrary, from the fondness of the English nation for *sugar* at this period, I am rather inclined to Dr. Warburton's opinion on this subject. If the English drank only rough wine with *sugar*, there appears nothing extraordinary, or worthy of particular notice; and that their partiality for *sugar* was very great, will appear from the passage in Hentzner already quoted, p. 381, as well as the passage from Moryson's *Itinerary*, which being adopted by Mr. Malone in his note, *ibid.* need not to be here repeated. The addition of *sugar* even to *sack*, might, *perhaps*, to a taste habituated to sweets, operate only in a manner to improve the flavour of the wine.

REED.

<sup>4</sup> —— *I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms &c.*] In the first edition [the quarto 1598,] the passage is read thus: *I could sing psalms or any thing*. In the first folio thus: *I could sing*



*P. HEN.* How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

*FAL.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,<sup>s</sup> and drive all

*all manner of songs.* Many expressions bordering on indecency or profaneness are found in the first editions, which are afterwards corrected. The reading of the three last editions, *I could sing psalms and all manner of songs*, is made without authority out of different copies. JOHNSON.

The editors of the folio, 1623, to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. c. xxi. changed the text here, as they did in many other places from the same motive. MALONE.

In the persecutions of the Protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. These were Calvinists, who were always distinguished for their love of psalmody.

WARBURTON.

I believe nothing more is here meant than to allude to the practice of weavers, who, having their hands more employed than their minds, amuse themselves frequently with songs at the loom. The knight, being full of vexation, wishes he could sing to divert his thoughts.

*Weavers* are mentioned as lovers of musick in *The Merchant of Venice*. [*Twelfth Night*, Vol. IV. p. 56, n. 3.] Perhaps "to sing like a weaver" might be proverbial. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's observation may be confirmed by the following passage: Ben Jonson, in *The Silent Woman*, makes Cutberd tell Morose, that "the parson caught his cold by sitting up late, and singing catches with *cloth-workers*." STEEVENS.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "—— but one *puritan* among them, and he *sings psalms* to hornpipes." MALONE.

The Protestants who fled from the persecution of the Duke d'Alva were mostly weavers and woollen manufacturers: they settled in Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and other counties, and (as Dr. Warburton observes,) being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody. For many years the inhabitants of these counties have excelled the rest of the kingdom in the skill of vocal harmony. SIR J. HAWKINS.

<sup>s</sup> —— a dagger of lath,] i. e. such a dagger as the *Vice* in the old moralities was arm'd with. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese,  
I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince  
of Wales!

*P. HEN.* Why, you whorefon round man! what's  
the matter?

*FAL.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that;  
and Pains there?

*POINS.* 'Zounds,<sup>6</sup> ye fat paunch, an ye call me  
coward, I'll stab thee.

*FAL.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere  
I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand  
pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are  
straigh enough in the shoulders, you care not who  
fees your back: Call you that, backing of your  
friends? A plague upon such backing! give me  
them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—  
I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

*P. HEN.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since  
thou drunk'st last.

*FAL.* All's one for that. A plague of all cow-  
ards, still say I. [He drinks.]

“ In a trice, like to the old *Vice*,

“ Your need to sustain:

“ Who with *dagger of lath*,

“ In his rage and his wrath,” &c.

Again, in *Like will to Like*, quoth the Devil to the Collier, 1587,  
the *Vice* says:

“ Come no neer me you knaves for your life,

“ Left I stick you both with this *wood knife*.

“ Back, I say, back, you sturdy beggar;

“ Body o'me, they have tane away my *dagger*.”

And in the Second Part of this play, Falstaff calls Shallow a  
“ *Vice's dagger*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Poins. 'Zounds, &c.] Thus the first quarto and the three sub-  
sequent copies. In the quarto of 1613, *Prince* being prefixed to  
this speech by the carelessness of the printer, the error, with many  
others, was adopted in the folio; the quarto of 1613 being evidently  
the copy from which the folio was printed. MALONE.

*P. HEN.* What's the matter?

*FAL.* What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

*P. HEN.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*FAL.* Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

*P. HEN.* What, a hundred, man?

*FAL.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through;<sup>1</sup> my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

*P. HEN.* Speak, firs; How was it?

*GADS.* We four set upon some dozen,—

*FAL.* Sixteen, at least, my lord.

*GADS.* And bound them.

*PETO.* No, no, they were not bound.

<sup>1</sup> — *my buckler cut through and through;*] It appears from the old comedy of *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, that this method of defence and fight was in Shakspeare's time growing out of fashion. The play was published in 1599, and one of the characters in it makes the following observation:

"I see by this dearth of good swords, that sword-and-buckler-fight begins to grow out. I am sorry for it; I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then. Then a tall man, and a good sword-and-buckler-man, will be spitted like a cat, or a coney: then a boy will be as good as a man," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 368, n. 9. MALONE.

*FAL.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.<sup>9</sup>

*GADS.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,——

*FAL.* And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*P. HEN.* What, fought ye with them all?

*FAL.* All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

*POINS.* Pray God, you have not murder'd some of them.

*FAL.* Nay, that's past praying for: I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have pay'd; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

<sup>9</sup> —— *an Ebrew Jew.*] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: “——thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a Christian.”

The natives of Palestine were called *Hebrews*, by way of distinction from the *Stranger Jews* denominated *Greeks*.

STEEVENS.

Jews in Shakspeare's time were supposed to be peculiarly hard-hearted. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: “A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —— *two, I am sure, I have pay'd;*] i. e. drubbed, beaten. So, in Marlowe's translation of Ovid's *Elegies*, printed at Middleburgh, (without date):

“Thou cozenest boys of sleep, and dost betray them  
“To pedants that with cruel lashes pay them.”

MALONE.

*P. HEN.* What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

*FAL.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*POINS.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*FAL.* These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*P. HEN.* Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

*FAL.* In buckram.<sup>3</sup>

*POINS.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.<sup>4</sup>

*FAL.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*P. HEN.* Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*FAL.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*P. HEN.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*FAL.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

*P. HEN.* So, two more already.

<sup>3</sup> *In buckram,*] I believe these words belong to the Prince's speech: "—there were but four even now,—in buckram." Poins concurs with the Prince: "Ay, four, in buckram suits;" and Falstaff perseveres in the number of seven. As the speeches are at present regulated, Falstaff seems to assent to the Prince's assertion, that there were but *four*, if the Prince will but grant they were in *buckram*; and then immediately afterwards asserts that the number of his assailants was seven. The regulation proposed renders the whole consistent. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.*

*Fal. In buckram.*

*Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.*] From the Prince's speech, and Poins's answer, I apprehend that Falstaff's reply should be interrogatively; *In buckram?* WHALLEY.

FAL. Their points being broken,—

POINS. Down fell their hose.<sup>5</sup>

FAL. Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. HEN. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FAL. But, as the devil would have it; three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal<sup>6</sup> green, came at my

<sup>5</sup> Fal. *Their points being broken,—*

POINS. *Down fell their hose.*] To understand Poins's joke, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies *the sharp end of a weapon*, and *the lace of a garment*. The cleanly phrase for letting down the hose, *ad levandum alvum*, was to *un-trust a point*. JOHNSON.

So, in the comedy of *Wily Beguiled*: "I was so near taken, that I was fain to cut all my *points*." Again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

" ——— Help me to trusts my *points*. ———

" I had rather see your hose about your heels, than I would help you to trusts a *point*."

The same jest indeed had already occurred in *Twelfth Night*. See Vol. IV. p. 27, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Kendal* —] *Kendal* in Westmoreland, is a place famous for making cloths, and dying them with several bright colours. To this purpose, Drayton, in the 30th Song of his *Polyolbion*:

" ——— where *Kendal* town doth stand,

" For making of our cloth scarce match'd in all the land."  
*Kendal green* was the livery of Robert Earl of Huntington and his followers, while they remained in a state of outlawry, and their leader assumed the title of *Robin Hood*. The colour is repeatedly mentioned in the old play on this subject, 1601:

" ——— all the woods

" Are full of outlaws, that, in *Kendall green*,

" Follow the out-law'd earl of Huntington."

Again:

" Then Robin will I wear thy *Kendall green*."

Again, in the *Playe of Robyn Hoode* *verye proper to be played in Maye Games*, bl. l. no date:

" Here be a fort of ragged knaves come in,

" Clothed all in *Kendale grene*." STEEVENS.

back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

*P. HEN.* These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,<sup>7</sup>——

*FAL.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

*P. HEN.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; What say'st thou to this?

*POINS.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*FAL.* What, upon compulsion? No; were I at

Again: "*Kendal*, a towne so highly renowned for her commodious cloathing and industrious trading, as her name is become famous in that kind." Camd. in Brit. *Barnabees Journal*.

BOWLE.

See also Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VIII. p. 6. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *tallow-keech*,] The word *tallow-catch* is in all editions, but having no meaning, cannot be understood. In some parts of the kingdom, a *cake* or *mass* of wax or tallow, is called a *keech*, which is doubtless the word intended here, unless we read *tallow-ketch*, that is *tub* of *tallow*. JOHNSON.

The conjectural emendation *ketch*, i. e. *tub*, is very ingenious. But the Prince's allusion is sufficiently striking, if we alter not a letter; and only suppose that by *tallow-catch*, he means a *receptacle* for *tallow*. T. WARTON.

*Tallow-keech* is undoubtedly right, but ill explained. A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. It is the proper word in use now. PERCY.

A *keech* is what is called a *tallow-loaf* in Suffex, and in its form resembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly. COLLINS.

Shakspeare calls the *butcher's wife* goody *Keech*, in the Second Part of this play. STEEVENS.

the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*P. HEN.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

*FAL.* Away, you starveling, you elf-skin,<sup>1</sup> you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

*P. HEN.* Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

*POINS.* Mark, Jack.

*P. HEN.* We two saw you four set on four; you

<sup>1</sup> —you starveling, you elf-skin,] For *elf-skin* Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *eel-skin*. The true reading, I believe, is *elf-kin*, or *little-fairy*: for though the Bastard in *King John*, compares his brother's two legs to two eel-skins stuff'd, yet an eel-skin simply bears no great resemblance to a man.

JOHNSON.

In these comparisons Shakspeare was not drawing the picture of a *little fairy*, but of a man remarkably *tall* and *thin*, to whose shapeless uniformity of length, an "*eel-skin stuff'd*" (for that circumstance is implied) certainly bears a humorous resemblance, as do the *taylor's yard*, the *tuck*, or small sword set upright, &c. The comparisons of the *stock-fish* and dry'd *neat's tongue* allude to the leanness of the prince. The reading—*eel-skin*, is supported likewise by the passage already quoted from *King John*, and by Falstaff's description of the *lean Shallow* in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*

Shakspeare had historical authority for the *leanness* of the Prince of Wales. Stowe speaking of him, says, "he exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and his bones small," &c. STEEVENS.



bound them,\* and were masters of their wealth.—  
Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—  
Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word,  
out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea,  
and can show it you here in the house:—and, Fal-  
staff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with  
as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still  
ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a  
slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done;  
and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what  
device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find  
out, to hide thee from this open and apparent  
shame?

*POINS.* Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast  
thou now?

*FAL.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that  
made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for  
me, to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon  
the true prince? Why, thou know'st, I am as valiant  
as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not  
touch the true prince.<sup>9</sup> Instinct is a great matter;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> —you *bound them*,] The old copies read—and *bound them*.  
Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —the lion will not touch the true prince.] So, in *The Mad  
Lover*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over;  
“If she be sprung from royal blood, the lion  
“Will do her reverence, else he'll tear her,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —Instinct is a great matter;] Diego, the Host, in *Love's  
Pilgrimage*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, excuses a rudeness he  
had been guilty of to one of his guests, in almost the same  
words.

“—should I have been so barbarous as to have parted  
brothers?

“*Philippo.* —You knew it then?

“*Diego.* —I knew 'twas necessary

“You should be both together. *Instinct*, signior,

“*Is a great matter* in an host.” STEEVENS.

I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostefs, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold! All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*P. HEN.* Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

*FAL.* Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

*Enter Hostefs.*

*HOSF.* My lord the prince,——

*P. HEN.* How now, my lady the hostefs? what say'st thou to me?

*HOSF.* Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

*P. HEN.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man,<sup>3</sup> and send him back again to my mother.

<sup>3</sup> —— *there is a nobleman*——*Give him as much as will make him a royal man,*] I believe here is a kind of jest intended. He that received a *noble* was in cant language, called a *nobleman*: in this sense the Prince catches the word, and bids the landlady *give him as much as will make him a royal man*, that is, a *real* or *royal* man, and send him away. JOHNSON.

The same play on the word—*royal*, occurs in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“ This is not noble sport, but *royal* play.

“ It must be so where *royals* walk so fast.” STEEVENS.

*Give him as much as will make him a royal man,*] The *royal* went for 10s.—the noble only for 6s. and 8d. TYRWHITT.

*FAL.* What manner of man is he?

*HOS.* An old man.

*FAL.* What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

*P. HEN.* Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

*FAL.* 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

*P. HEN.* Now, firs; by'r-lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

*BARD.* 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*P. HEN.* Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

*PETO.* Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

*BARD.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grafs,<sup>4</sup> to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men.<sup>5</sup> I did that I did not this seven

This seems to allude to a jest of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower in a sermon before her majesty, first said: "My *royal* Queen," and a little after: "My *noble* Queen." Upon which says the Queen: "What am I *ten groats* worse than I was?" This is to be found in Hearne's *Discourse of some Antiquities between Windsor and Oxford*; and it confirms the remark of the very learned and ingenious Mr. Tyrwhitt. TOLLET.

<sup>4</sup> — *to tickle our noses with spear-grafs, &c.*] So, in the old anonymous play of *The Victories of Henry the Fifth*: "Every day when I went into the field, I would take a *straw*, and thrust it into my nose, and make my nose bleed," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *the blood of true men.*] That is, of the men with whom they fought, of *honest men*, opposed to thieves. JOHNSON.

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H h

year before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

*P. HEN.* O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,<sup>6</sup> and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore :

<sup>6</sup> — *taken with the manner,*] *Taken with the manner* is a law phrase, and then in common use, to signify *taken in the fact*. But the Oxford editor alters it, for better security of the sense, to—*taken in the manor*,—i. e. I suppose, by the lord of it, as a stray. WARBURTON.

The expression—*taken in the manner*, or with *the manner*, is common to many of our old dramattick writers. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*:

“ How like a sheep-biting rogue *taken in the manner*,

“ And ready for a halter, dost thou look now?”

Again, in Heywood's *Bracken Age*, 1613:

“ Take them not *in the manner*, tho' you may.” STEEVENS.

*Manour*, or *Mainour*, or *Maynour*, an old law term, (from the French *mainover* or *manier*, Lat. *manu tractare*.) signifies the thing which a thief takes away or steals: and to be taken with the *manour* or *mainour* is to be taken with the thing stolen about him, or doing an unlawful act, *flagrante delicto*, or, as we say, in the fact. The expression is much used in the forest-laws. See Manwood's edition in quarto, 1665, p. 292, where it is spelt *manner*.

HAWKINS.

Dr. Pettengall in his *Enquiry into the use and practice of Juries among the Greeks and Romans*, 4to. p. 176, observes, that “ in the sense of *being taken in the fact*, the Romans used the expression *manifesto deprehensus*, Cic. *pro Cluentio—et pro Caelio*. The word *manifesto* seems to be formed of *mann*. Hence the Saxons expressed this idea by words of the same import, *band habend*, *having in the band*, or *back berend*, *bearing on the back*. The Welsh laws of Hoel-dda, used in the same sense the words *lledrad un y llaw—latrocinium vel furtum in manu*, *the theft in his band*. The English law calls it *taken with the manner*, instead of the *mainer*, from *main*, the *band*, in the French language in which our statute laws were written from *Westminst. primer* 3 Edward I. to Richard III. In *Westminst. primer*, c. xv. it is called *prise ove le mainer*. In Rot. Parliament. 5 Richard II. Tit. 96. Cotton's Abridgement, and Coke's Institutes, it is corruptly called *taken with the manner*; and the English translators of the Bible following the vulgar jargon of the law, rendered *Numbers* v. 13, relating to a woman taken in the fact of adultery, by *taken with the manner*.”—“ In the Scotch

Thou hadst fire and sword<sup>7</sup> on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

BARD. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. HEN. I do.

BARD. What think you they portend?

P. HEN. Hot livers, and cold purses.<sup>8</sup>

BARD. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. HEN. No, if rightly taken, halter.<sup>9</sup>

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.

law it is called *taken with the fang*. See *Reg. Majest.* Lib. IV. c. xxi. And in cases of murder manifest, the murderer was said to be *taken with the red hand and hot blade*. All which modes of expression in the Western Empire took their origin from the Roman *manifesto deprehensus*." REED.

<sup>7</sup> *Thou hadst fire and sword, &c.*] The fire was in his face. A red face is termed a *fiery face*:

"While I affirm a *fiery face*

"Is to the owner no disgrace." *Legend of Capt. Jones.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Hot livers, and cold purses.*] That is, *drunkenness* and *poverty*. To *drink* was, in the language of those times, to *beat the liver*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. sc. ii. as Charmian replies to the Soothsayer:

"Sooth. You shall be more loving, than lov'd.

"Char. I had rather *beat my liver* with drinking."

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.] The reader who would enter into the spirit of this repartee, must recollect the similarity of sound between *collar* and *choler*.

So, in *King John and Matilda*, 1655:

"O. Bru. Son, you're too full of *choler*.

"Y. Bru. Choler! halter.

"Fitz. By the mass, that's near the *collar*." STEEVENS.

H h 2

How now, my sweet creature of bombast?<sup>1</sup> How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

*FAL.* My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring:<sup>2</sup> A plague of fighting and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,<sup>4</sup>—What, a plague, call you him?—

<sup>1</sup> — bombast? ] Is the stuffing of clothes. JOHNSON.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1595, observes, that in his time "the doublettes were so hard quilted, stuffed, *bombasted*, and sewed, as they could neither worke, nor yet well play in them." And again, in the same chapter, he adds, that they were "stuffed with foure, five, or sixe pounce of *bombast* at least." Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*: "You shall swear not to *bombast* out a new play with the old linings of jests." *Bombast* is cotton. Gerard calls the cotton plant "the *bombast* tree." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring*:] Aristophanes has the same thought:

Διὸς δακτύλιον μὲν εἴ τι ἐμὲ γ' αἰ διαλεύσσαι. *Plutus*, v. 1037.

Sir W. RAWLINSON.

An alderman's *thumb-ring* is mentioned by Brome in *The Anti-podes*, 1640: "—Item, a distich graven in his *thumb-ring*." Again, in *The Northern Lassi*, 1632: "A good man in the city &c. wears nothing rich about him, but the gout, or a *thumb-ring*." Again, in *Wit in a Constable*, 1640: "—no more wit than the rest of the bench; what lies in his *thumb-ring*." The custom of wearing a ring on the thumb, is very ancient. In Chaucer's *Squier's Tale*, it is said of the rider of the brazen horse who advanced into the hall of Cambuscan, that

"—upon his *thombe* he had of gold a ring."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — upon the cross of a Welsh hook,] A *Welsh hook* appears to have been some instrument of the offensive kind. It is mentioned in the play of *Sir John Oldcastle*:

POINS. O, Glendower.

FAL. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o’horse-back up a hill perpendicular.

P. HEN. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

“ — that no man presume to wear any weapons, especially *welsh-books* and forest-bills.”

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607:

“ — it will be as good as a *Welsh-book* for you, to keep out the other at staves-end.”

Again, in *The Insatiate Countess*, by Marston, 1613:

“ The ancient *books* of great Cadwallader.”

“ The Welsh Glaive,” (which I take to be the same weapon under another name,) says Captain Grose in his *Treatise on ancient Armour*, “ is a kind of bill, sometimes reckoned among the pole-axes;” a variety perhaps of the *securis falcata*, or probably resembling the *Lochaber axe*, which was used in the late rebellion. Colonel Gardner was attacked with such a one at the battle of Prestonpans. See the representation of an ancient watchman, with a *bill* on his shoulder, Vol. IV. p. 478. STEEVENS.

The *Welsh book*, I believe, was pointed, like a spear, to push or thrust with; and below had a hook to seize on the enemy if he should attempt to escape by flight. I take my ideas from a passage in *Butler’s Character of a Justice of the Peace*, whom the witty author thus describes: “ His whole authority is like a *Welsh book*; for his warrant is a *puller to her*, and his mittimus a *thrust* from her.” *Remains*, Vol. II. p. 192. WHALLEY.

Minshew in his Dict. 1617, explains a *Welsh book* thus: “ *Armorum genus est ære in falcis modum incurvato, perticæ longissimæ præfixo.*” Cotgrave calls it “ a long hedging-bill, about the length of a partizan.” See also Florio’s Italian Dict. 1598:

“ Falcione. A bending *forrest bill*, or *Welsh book*.—

“ Pennati. Hedge-bills, forest bills, *Welsh books*, or weeding hooks.” MALONE.

5 — *pistol* —] Shakspeare never has any care to preserve the manners of the time. *Pistols* were not known in the age of Henry. *Pistols* were, I believe, about our author’s time, eminently used by the Scots. Sir Henry Wotton somewhere makes mention of a *Scottish pistol*. JOHNSON.

*FAL.* You have hit it.

*P. HEN.* So did he never the sparrow.

*FAL.* Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

*P. HEN.* Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

*FAL.* O'horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

*P. HEN.* Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

*FAL.* I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps<sup>6</sup> more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news;<sup>7</sup> you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.<sup>8</sup>

Beaumont and Fletcher are still more inexcusable. In *The Humorous Lieutenant*, they have equipped one of the immediate successors of Alexander the Great, with the same weapon.

*STEEVENS.*  
<sup>6</sup> — *blue-caps*—] A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their *blue-bonnets*. JOHNSON.

There is an old ballad called *Blew Cap for me*, or

“ A Scottish lass her resolute chusing;

“ Shee'll have bonny *blew cap* all other refusing.”

*STEEVENS.*  
<sup>7</sup> — *thy father's beard is turned white with the news*;] I think Montaigne mentions a person condemned to death, whose hair turned grey in one night. TOLLET.

Nashe, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596, says: “ — looke and you shall find a *grey haire* for everie line I have writ against him; and you shall have *all his beard white* too, by the time he hath read over this book.” The reader may find more examples of the same phenomenon in Grimeston's translation of Goulart's *Memorable Histories*. *STEEVENS.*

<sup>8</sup> — *you may buy land*, &c.] In former times the prosperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of stocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it safe to serve the King regnant, it was the practice at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiscate the estates of those that opposed, and perhaps of those who did not assist him. Those, therefore, that foresaw the change



*P. HEN.* Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

*FAL.* By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*P. HEN.* Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

*FAL.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

*P. HEN.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.<sup>9</sup>

*FAL.* Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state,<sup>2</sup> this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.<sup>3</sup>

of government, and thought their estates in danger, were desirous to sell them in haste for something that might be carried away.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.*] In the old anonymous play of *Henry V.* the same strain of humour is discoverable:

“Thou shalt be my lord chief justice, and shall sit in the chair, and I'll be the young prince and hit thee a box on the ear,” &c.

STREVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *This chair shall be my state,*] A *state* is a chair with a canopy over it. So, in *Macbeth*:

“Our hostess keeps her *state*.”

See also Vol. IV. p. 84, n. 7.

This, as well as a following passage, was perhaps designed to ridicule the mock majesty of *Cambyfes*, the hero of a play which appears from Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, to have been exhibited with some degree of theatrical pomp. Decker is ridiculing

H h 4

P. HEN. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!<sup>4</sup>

FAL. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyfes' vein.

P. HEN. Well, here is my leg.<sup>6</sup>

FAL. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

the impertinence of young gallants who sat or stood on the stage; "on the very rushes where the comedy is to daunce, yea and under the *state of Cambyses himselfe*." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *this cushion my crown*.] Dr. Letherland, in a MS. note, observes that the country people in Warwickshire use a *cushion* for a *crown*, at their harvest-home diversions; and in the play of *King Edward IV.* P. 2. 1619, is the following passage:

"Then comes a slave, one of those drunken fots,

"In with a tavern reck'ning for a supplication.

"Disguised with a *cushion* on his head." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Thy state &c.*] This answer might, I think, have better been omitted: it contains only a repetition of Falstaff's mock-royalty.

JOHNSON.

This is an *apostrophe* of the Prince to his absent father, not an answer to Falstaff. FARMER.

Rather a ludicrous description of Falstaff's mock *regalia*.

RITSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *king Cambyfes'* —] The banter is here upon a play called, *A lamentable tragedie, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the life of Cambyses king of Persia*. By Thomas Preston. [1570.]

THEOBALD.

I question if Shakspeare had ever seen this tragedy; for there is a remarkable peculiarity of measure, which, when he professed to speak in *king Cambyfes' vein*, he would hardly have missed, if he had known it. JOHNSON.

There is a marginal direction in the old play of *King Cambyses*: "At this tale tolde, let the queen weep;" which I fancy is alluded to, though the measure is not preserved. FARMER.

<sup>6</sup> — *my leg*.] That is, my obeisance to my father. JOHNSON.

*Hosr.* This is excellent sport, i'faith.

*FAL.* Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

*Hosr.* O the father, how he holds his countenance!

*FAL.* For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,<sup>7</sup>

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.<sup>8</sup>

*Hosr.* O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players,<sup>9</sup> as I ever see.

*FAL.* Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.<sup>1</sup>—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile,<sup>3</sup> the more it

<sup>7</sup> —my tristful queen,] Old copies—*trustful*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The word *tristful* is again used in *Hamlet*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —the flood-gates of her eyes.] This passage is probably a burlesque on the following in *Preston's Cambyfes*:

"Queen. These words to hear makes filling teares issue from chryftall eyes."

Perhaps, says Dr. Farmer, we should read—*do ope the flood-gates, &c.* STEEVENS.

The allusion may be to the following passage in *Soliman and Perseda*:

"How can mine eyes dart forth a pleasant look,

"When they are stop'd with floods of flowing tears?" RITSON.

<sup>9</sup> —harlotry players,] This word is used in *The Plowman's Tale*: "Soche barlotre men," &c. Again, in *P. P.* fol. 27: "I had lever hear an *barlotry*, or a fomer's game." Junius explains the word by "*inbonesta paupertinæ fortis fœditas*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —tickle-brain.] This appears to have been the nick name of some strong liquor. So, in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

"A cup of Nipfitate brisk and neat,

"The drawers call it tickle-brain."

In *The Antipodes*, 1640, *fettle-brain* is mentioned as another potation. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —though the camomile, &c.] This whole speech is supremely comic. The simile of camomile used to illustrate a contrary effect,

is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed fun of heaven<sup>3</sup> prove a micher,<sup>4</sup> and eat black-

brings to my remembrance an observation of a late writer of some merit, whom the desire of being witty has betrayed into a like thought. Meaning to enforce with great vehemence the mad temerity of young soldiers, he remarks, that "though Bedlam be in the road to Hogsdon, it is out of the way to promotion."

JOHNSON.

In *The More the Merrier*, a collection of epigrams, 1608, is the following passage:

"The *camomile* shall teach thee patience,

"Which thriveth best when trodden most upon."

Again, in *Parasitaster, or the Fawne*, a comedy by Marston, 1606:

"For indeed, sir, a repress'd fame mounts like *camomile*, the more trod down, the more it grows." STEVENS.

The style immediately ridiculed, is that of Lyly, in his *Euphues*: "Though the *camomile* the more it is trodden and pressed downe, the more it spreadeth; yet the *violet* the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth," &c. FARMER.

<sup>3</sup> *Shall the blessed fun of heaven*—] Thus the first quarto. In the second quarto, 1599, the word *fun* was changed to *son*, which consequently is the reading of the subsequent quartos and the folio: and so I suspect the author wrote. The orthography of these two words was formerly so unsettled, that it is often from the context alone one can determine which is meant. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *a micher*,] i. e. truant; to *mich* is to lurk out of sight, a hedge-creeper. WARBURTON.

The allusion is to a truant boy, who unwilling to go to school, and afraid to go home, lurks in the fields, and picks wild fruits.

JOHNSON.

In *A Comment on the Ten Commandments*, printed at London in 1493, by Richard Pynson, I find the word thus used:

"They make Goddes house a den of theyves; for commonly in such feyrs and markets, wherefoever it be holden, ther ben many theyves, *michers*, and cutpurse."

berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile;<sup>5</sup> so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*P. HEN.* What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

*FAL.* A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for,

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"Pox on him, *micher*, I'll make him pay for it."

Again, in *Lyly's Mother Bombye*, 1594:

"How like a *micher* he stands, as though he had truanted from honesty."

Again, in the old Morality of *Hycke Scorne*:

"Wanton wenches and also *michers*." STEEVENS.

A *micher*, I believe, means only a lurking thief distinguished from one more daring. *Lambard* in his *Eirenarcha*, 1610, p. 186. speaking of the powers which may be exercised by one justice, says, he may charge the constables to arrest such as shall be suspected to be "draw-latches, waitors, or robertsmen, that is to say, either *miching* or mightie theeves, for the meaning must remaine howsoever the word be gone out of use." REED.

<sup>5</sup> — *this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile;*] Alluding to an ancient ballad beginning:

"Who toucheth *pitch* must be *defil'd*." STEEVENS.

Or perhaps to *Lyly's Euphues*:

"He that toucheth *pitch* shall be *defiled*." HOLT WHITE.

Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree<sup>6</sup> may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

*P. HEN.* Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

*FAL.* Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker,<sup>7</sup> or a poulterer's hare.

*P. HEN.* Well, here I am set.

*FAL.* And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

*P. HEN.* Now, Harry? whence come you?

*FAL.* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

<sup>6</sup> — [*If then the tree &c.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, &c.* and his emendation has been adopted in the late editions. The old reading is, I think, well supported by Mr. Heath, who observes, that “Virtue is considered as the fruit, the man as the tree; consequently the old reading must be right. If then the *tree* may be known by the *fruit*, as the *fruit* by the *tree*,—that is, If I can judge of the man by the virtue I see in his looks, he must be a virtuous man.” MALONE.

I am afraid here is a profane allusion to the 33d verse of the 12th chapter of St. Matthew. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — [*rabbit-sucker, &c.*] Is, I suppose, a *sucking rabbit*. The jest is in comparing himself to something thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare*; a hare hung up by the hind legs without a skin, is long and slender. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right: for in the account of the serjeant's feast, by Dugdale, in his *Orig. Juridiciales*, one article is a dozen of *rabbit-suckers*.

Again, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591: “I prefer an old coney before a *rabbit-sucker*,” Again, in *The Tryal of Chivalry*, 1599: “—a bountiful benefactor for sending thither such *rabbit-suckers*.”

*P. HEN.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*FAL.* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

*P. HEN.* Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man<sup>\*</sup> is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch<sup>9</sup> of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropfies, that huge bombard of sack,<sup>2</sup> that stuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox<sup>3</sup> with the pudding in his

A *poulterer* was formerly written—a *poulter*, and so the old copies of this play. Thus, in *Pierce Penniless's his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "We must have our tables furnisht like *poulters'* stalles." STEEVENS.

<sup>\*</sup> — a tun of man —] Dryden has transplanted this image into his *Mac Flecknoe*:

"A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,

"Yet sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — bolting-hutch —] Is the wooden receptacle into which the meal is bolted. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — that huge bombard of sack,] A bombard is a barrel. So, in *The Tempest*: "—— like a fowl bombard that would shed his liquor." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — Manningtree ox —] *Manningtree* in Essex, and the neighbourhood of it, are famous for richness of pasture. The farms thereabouts are chiefly tenanted by graziers. Some ox of an unusual size was, I suppose, roasted there on an occasion of public festivity, or exposed for money to publick show.

This place likewise appears to have been noted for the intemperance of its inhabitants. So, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, by Tho. Decker, 1606: "—— you shall have a slave eat more at a meale than ten of the guard; and drink more in two days, than all *Manningtree* does at a Whitsun-ale."

STEEVENS.

It appears from Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612, that *Manningtree* formerly enjoyed the privilege of fairs, by exhibiting a

belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years?<sup>2</sup> Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning,<sup>3</sup> but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

FAL. I would, your grace would take me with you;<sup>4</sup> Whom means your grace?

P. HEN. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

FAL. My lord, the man I know.

P. HEN. I know, thou dost.

certain number of stage-plays yearly. See also *The choosing of Valentines*, a poem by Thomas Nashe, MS. in the Library of the Inner Temple, No. 538, Vol. XLIII:

“ — or see a play of strange moralitie,

“ Shewen by bachelrie of *Manning-tree*,

“ Whereto the countrie franklins flock-meale swarme.”

Again, in Decker's *Seven deadly Sinnes of London*, 1607: “ Cruelty has got another part to play; it is acted like the old *morals* at *Manning-tree*.” In this season of festivity, we may presume it was customary to roast an ox whole. “ Huge volumes, (says Osborne in his *Advice to his Son*,) like the *ox roasted whole* at *Bartolomew Fair*, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford less of what is delicate, savoury, and well concocted, than smaller pieces.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, — that vanity in years?*] *The Vice, Iniquity, and Vanity*, were personages exhibited in the old moralities. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *cunning*,] *Cunning* was not yet debased to a bad meaning; it signified *knowing*, or *skilful*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *take me with you*;] That is, go no faster than I can follow you. Let me know your meaning. JOHNSON.

Lyly, in his *Endymion*, says: “ Tush, tush, neighbours, *take me with you*.” FARMER.

The expression is so common in the old plays, that it is unnecessary to introduce any more quotations in support of it.

STEEVENS.



**FAL.** But to say, I know more harm of him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault,<sup>5</sup> God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poin; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, ba-

<sup>5</sup> *If sack and sugar be a fault,]* *Sack with sugar* was a favourite liquor in Shakspere's time. In a letter describing Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth castle, 1575, by R. L. [Langham] bl. l. 12mo. the writer says, (p. 86,) "sift I no more *sack and sugar* than I do malmzey, I should not blush so much a dayz az I doo." And in another place, describing a minstrel, who, being somewhat irascible, had been offended at the company, he adds: "at last, by sum entreaty, and many fair woords, with *sack and sugar*, we sweeten him again." P. 52.

In an old MS. book of the chamberlain's account belonging to the city of Worcester, I also find the following article, which points out the origin of our word *sack*, [Fr. *sec.*] viz. "— Anno Eliz. xxxiiij. [1592] Item, For a gallon of clarett wyne, and *seck*, and a pound of *sugar*, geven to sir John Russell, iiij. s."—"This Sir John Russell, I believe, was their representative in parliament, or at least had prosecuted some suit for them at the court.—In the same book is another article, which illustrates the history of the stage at that time, viz. "A. Eliz. xxxiiij. Item, Bestowed upon the queen's trumpeters and players, iiij. lb."

PERCY.

This liquor is likewise mentioned in *Monsieur Thomas*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1639, and in *The Wild Goose Chase* of the same authors:

"— You shall find us at the tavern,

"Lamenting in *sack and sugar* for your losses."

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607:

"I use not to be drunk with *sack and sugar*." STEEVENS.

banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. HEN. I do, I will. *[A knocking heard.]*  
*[Exeunt Hostefs, Francis, and BARDOLPH.]*

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.*

BARD. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

FAL. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter Hostefs, hastily.*

HOSF. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

FAL. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick:<sup>6</sup> What's the matter?

HOSF. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

FAL. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad,<sup>7</sup> without seeming so.

<sup>6</sup> — *a fiddle-stick:*] I suppose this phrase is proverbial. It occurs in *The Humorous Lieutenant* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ——— for certain, gentlemen,

“ *The fiend rides on a fiddle-stick.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *mad,*] Old copies—*made.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. I am not sure that I understand this speech. Perhaps Falstaff means to say,—We must now look to ourselves; never call that which is real danger, fictitious or imaginary. If you do, you are a madman, though you are not reckoned one. Should you admit the sheriff to enter here, you will deserve that appellation.—The first words, however, “Never call,” &c. may allude, not to real and imaginary danger, but to the subsequent words only, *essential* and *seeming* madness. MALONE.

*P. HEN.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

*FAL.* I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so;<sup>8</sup> if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

*P. HEN.* Go, hide thee behind the arras;<sup>9</sup>—the

<sup>8</sup> *I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so;*] Falstaff clearly intends a quibble between the principal officer of a corporation, now called a *mayor*, to whom the *sheriff* is generally next in rank, and one of the parts of a logical proposition. RITSON.

To render this supposition probable, it should be proved that the *mayor* of a corporation was called in Shakspeare's time *ma-jor*. That he was not called so at an earlier period, appears from several old books, among others from *The History of Edward V.* annexed to Hardyng's *Chronicle*, 1543, where we find the old spelling was *maire*:—"he beeyng at the haveryng at the bower, sent for the *maire* and aldermen of London." Fol. 307, b.—If it shall be objected, that afterwards the pronunciation was changed to *ma-jor*, the following couplet in Jordan's *Poems* (no date, but printed about 1661,) may serve to show that it is very unlikely that should have been the case, the pronunciation being at the Restoration the same as it is now:

"——— and the *major*

"Shall jufle zealous Ifaac from the *chaire*." MALONE.

*Major* is the Latin word, and occurs, with the requisite pronunciation, as a disyllable, in *King Henry VI.* Part I. (folio edition):

"*Major*, farewell; thou dost but what thou may'st."

RITSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *bide thee behind the arras;*] The bulk of Falstaff made him not the fittest to be concealed behind the hangings, but every poet sacrifices something to the scenery. If Falstaff had not been hidden, he could not have been found asleep, nor had his pockets searched. JOHNSON.

When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the bare walls of houses and castles. But this practice was soon discontinued; for after the damp of the stone or brickwork had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed

rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

*FAL.* Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and POINS.*]

*P. HEN.* Call in the sheriff.—

*Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.*

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

*SHER.* First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry  
Hath follow'd certain men into this house.

*P. HEN.* What men?

*SHER.* One of them is well known, my gracious lord;<sup>2</sup>

on frames of wood at such a distance from the wall, as prevented the latter from being injurious to the former. In old houses therefore, long before the time of Shakspeare, there were large spaces left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Such are those which Fantome mentions in *The Drummer*. Again, in *The Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

“Does not the *arras* laugh at me? it shakes methinks.

“*Kat.* It cannot choose, there's one *behind* doth tickle it.”

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: “— but softly as a gentleman courts a wench *behind the arras*.” Again, in *King John*, Act IV. sc. i:

“Heat me these irons hot, and look thou stand

“*Within the arras*.”

In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Borachio says, “I whipp'd me behind the *arras*.” Polonius is killed behind the arras. See likewise Holinshed, Vol. III. p. 594. See also my note on the second scene of the first Act of *King Richard II.* p. 204.

STEEVEN.

So, in Brathwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: “Pyrrhus, to terrifie Fabius, commanded his guard to place an elephant *behind the arras*.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — my gracious lord;] We have here, I believe, another

A grofs fat man.

CAR. As fat as butter.<sup>3</sup>

P. HEN. The man, I do assure you, is not here;<sup>4</sup>  
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.  
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,  
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,  
Send him to answer thee, or any man,  
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:  
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

SHER. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen  
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. HEN. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,  
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

SHER. Good night, my noble lord.

P. HEN. I think, it is good morrow; Is it not?

SHER. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. HEN. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

playhouse intrusion. Strike out the word *gracious*, and the metre becomes perfect;

P. Hen. *What men?*

Sher.

*One of them is well known, my lord.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *As fat as butter.*] I suppose our author, to complete the verse, originally wrote—

A man as fat as butter. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *The man, I do assure you, is not here;*] Every reader must regret that Shakspeare would not give himself the trouble to furnish prince Henry with some more pardonable excuse; without obliging him to have recourse to an absolute falsehood, and that too uttered under the sanction of so strong an assurance. STEEVENS.

*POINS.* Falstaff! —fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

*P. HEN.* Hark how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets. [*POINS searches.*] What hast thou found?

*POINS.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*P. HEN.* Let's see what they be: read them.

*POINS.* Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Poins. Falstaff! &c.*] This speech, in the old copies, is given to *Peto*. It has been transferred to *Poins* on the suggestion of Dr. Johnson. *Peto* is again printed elsewhere for *Poins* in this play, probably from a P. only being used in the MS. "What had *Peto* done, (Dr. Johnson observes,) to be trusted with the plot against Falstaff? *Poins* has the Prince's confidence, and is a man of courage. This alteration clears the whole difficulty; they all retired but *Poins*, who, with the Prince, having only robbed the robbers, had no need to conceal himself from the travellers." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.*] It appears from Peacham's *Worth of a Penny*, that sack was not many years after Shakspeare's death, about two shillings a quart. If therefore our author had followed his usual practice of attributing to former ages the modes of his own, the charge would have been here 16s. Perhaps he set down the price at random. He has, however, as a learned friend observes to me, fallen into an anachronism, in furnishing his tavern in Eastcheap with sack in the time of King Henry IV. "The *vintners* sold no other sacks, muscadels, malmies, bastards, alicants, nor any other wines but white and claret, till the 33d year of King Henry VIII. 1543, and then was old Parr 60 years of age. All those sweet wines were sold till that time at the apothecary's, for no other use but for medicines." Taylor's *Life of Thomas Parr*, 4to. Lond. 1635. "If therefore Falstaff got drunk with sack 140 years before the above date, it could not have been at Mrs. Quickly's."

For this information I am indebted to the Reverend Dr. Stock, the accurate and learned editor of Demosthenes.

Since this note was written, I have learnt from a passage in Florio's *First Fruites*, 1578, with which I was furnished by the late

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.  
Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. HEN. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score.<sup>s</sup> The money shall

Reverend Mr. Bowle, that *sack* was at that time but sixpence a quart. "Claret wine, red and white, is sold for five pence the quart, and *sack* for sixpence: muscadell and malmsey for eight." Twenty years afterwards sack had probably risen to eight pence or eight pence halfpenny a quart, so that our author's computation is very exact. MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> ——— *I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score.*] i. e. It will kill him to march so far as twelve-score yards. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson uses the same expression in his *Sejanus*:

"That look'd for salutations *twelve-score* off."

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1606:

"I'll get me *twelve-score* off, and give aim."

Again, in an ancient MS. play, entitled, *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*:

"———— not one word near it;

"There was no syllable but was *twelve-score* off."

STEEVENS.

That is, twelve score *feet*; the Prince quibbles on the word *foot*, which signifies a *measure*, and the *infantry* of an army. I cannot conceive why Johnson supposes that he means twelve score *yards*; he might as well extend it to twelve score *miles*. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson supposed that "twelve score" meant twelve score *yards*, because that was the common phraseology of the time. When archers talked of sending a shaft *fourteen score*, they meant fourteen score *yards*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "This boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easily as a cannon will shoot point-blank *twelve score*." See also *King Henry IV.* P. II. I have therefore great doubts whether the equivoque pointed out by Mr. Mason was intended. If not, Mr. Pope's interpretation [twelve-score *foot*] is wrong, and Dr. Johnson's right. MALONE.

be paid back again with advantage. Be with me  
betimes in the morning; and so good morrow,  
Poins.

POINS. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III. SCENE I.

Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and  
GLENOWER.

MORT. These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
And our induction<sup>6</sup> full of prosperous hope.

HOT. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—  
Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it?  
I have forgot the map.

GLEND. No, here it is.  
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:  
For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with  
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Twelve-score always means so many yards and not feet. There  
is not the smallest reason to suppose that Shakspeare meant any  
quibble. DOUCE.

<sup>6</sup> — induction —] That is, entrance; beginning.

JOHNSON.

An *induction* was anciently something introductory to a play.  
Such is the business of the Tinker previous to the performance of  
*The Taming of a Shrew*. Shakspeare often uses the word, which  
his attendance on the theatres might have familiarized to his con-  
ception. Thus, in *King Richard III*:

“Plots have I laid, *inductions* dangerous.” STEEVENS.



**HOT.** And you in hell, as often as he hears  
Owen Glendower spoke of.

**GLEND.** I cannot blame him: at my nativity,<sup>1</sup>  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapcs,  
Of burning creffets;<sup>2</sup> and, at my birth,  
The frame and the foundation of the earth  
Shak'd like a coward.

**HOT.** Why, so it would have done  
At the same season, if your mother's cat had  
But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

**GLEND.** I say, the earth did shake when I was  
born.

<sup>1</sup> — at my nativity, &c.] Most of these prodigies appear to have been invented by Shakspeare. Holinshed says only: "Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man; for the same night he was born, all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies." STREVEVS.

In the year 1402, a blazing star appeared, which the Welsh bards represented as portending good fortune to Owen Glendower. Shakspeare had probably read an account of this star in some chronicle, and transferred its appearance to the time of Owen's nativity.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Of burning creffets;] A *creffet* was a great light set upon a beacon, light-house, or watch tower: from the French word *croissette*, a little cross, because the beacons had anciently crosses on the top of them. HANMER.

The same word occurs in *Histrionastix, or the Player whoipt*, 1610:

"Come Cressida, my *creffet*-light,

"Thy face doth shine both day and night."

In the reign of Elizabeth, Holinshed says: "The countie Palatine of Rhene was conveyed by *creffet*-light, and torch-light, to Sir T. Gresham's house in Bishopsgate-street." Again, in *The stately Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1590:

"Watches in armour, triumphs, *creffet*-lights."

The *creffet*-lights were lights fixed on a moveable frame or cross, like a turnstile, and were carried on poles, in processions. I have seen them represented in an ancient print from Van Velde. See also a wooden cut in Vol. VII. p. 146. STREVEVS.

*HOT.* And I say, the earth was not of my mind,  
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

*GLEND.* The heavens were all on fire, the earth  
did tremble.

*HOT.* O, then the earth shook to see the heavens  
on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.  
Diseased nature<sup>9</sup> oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old beldame earth,<sup>2</sup> and topples down

<sup>9</sup> *Diseased nature*—] The poet has here taken, from the perverseness and contrariousness of Hotspur's temper, an opportunity of raising his character, by a very rational and philosophical confutation of superstitious error. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *oft the teeming earth*

*Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd*

*By the imprisoning of unruly wind*

*Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,*

*Shakes the old beldame earth,]* So, in our author's *Venus and*

*Adonis:*

“As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,

“Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,

“Which with cold terrours doth men's minds confound.”

The same thought is found in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. ix:

“———like as a boy's'rous wind,

“Which in th' earth's hollow caves hath long been hid,

“And, shut up fast within her prisons blind,

“Makes the huge element against her kind

“To move, and tremble, as it were aghast,

“Untill that it an issue forth may find;

“Then forth it breakes; and with his furious blast

“Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth overcast.”

So also in Drayton's *Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, 1594:

“As when within the soft and spongie foyle

“The wind doth pierce the entrails of the earth,

“Where hurlyburly with a restless coyle

“Shakes all the centre, wanting issue forth,” &c.

MALONE.

Steeple, and moss-grown towers.<sup>3</sup> At your birth,  
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,  
In passion shook.

GLEND. Cousin, of many men  
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave  
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.<sup>4</sup>

*Beldame* is not used here as a term of contempt, but in the sense of *ancient mother*. *Belle age*, Fr. Drayton, in the 8th song of his *Polyolbion*, uses *bel-fire* in the same sense:

“As his great *bel-fire* Brute from Albion’s heirs it won.”  
Again, in the 14th song:

“When he his long descent shall from his *bel-fires* bring.”  
*Beau pere* is French for *father-in-law*, but the word employed by Drayton seems to have no such meaning. Perhaps *beldame* originally meant a grandmother. So, in Shakspeare’s *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

“To show the *beldame* daughters of her daughter.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— and topples down  
[*Steeple, and moss-grown towers.*] To *topple* is to *tumble* So, in *Macbeth*:

“Though castles *topple* on their warders’ heads.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.*] Shakspeare appears to have been as well acquainted with the rarer phenomena, as with the ordinary appearances of nature. A writer in *The Philosophical Transactions*, No. 207, describing an earthquake in Catania, near Mount Ætna, by which eighteen thousand persons were destroyed, mentions one of the circumstances that are here said to have marked the birth of Glendower: “There was a blow, as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; the sea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about astonished; *the cattle in the fields ran crying.*” MALONE.

——— to *the frightened fields.*] We should read—in the frightened fields. M. MASON.

In the very next scene, *so* is used where we should at present use—in:

“He hath more worthy interest *so* the state—.” STEEVENS.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;  
 And all the courses of my life do show,  
 I am not in the roll of common men.  
 Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea  
 That chides the banks of England, Scotland,  
                   Wales,——

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?  
 And bring him out, that is but woman's son,  
 Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
 Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

*HOT.* I think, there is no man speaks better  
                   Welsh:——

I will to dinner.

*MORT.* Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him  
                   mad.

*GLEND.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*HOT.* Why, so can I; or so can any man:  
 But will they come, when you do call for them?

*GLEND.* Why, I can teach you, cousin, to com-  
                   mand

The devil.

*HOT.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the  
                   devil,<sup>s</sup>

By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—  
 If thou have power to raise him, bring him hi-  
                   ther,

And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.  
 O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

*MORT.* Come, come,  
 No more of this unprofitable chat.

*GLEND.* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke  
                   made head

<sup>s</sup> —— to shame the devil,] “Speak the truth, and shame the devil,” was proverbial. See *Ray's Proverbs*, 163. REED.

Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,  
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,  
Bootless<sup>6</sup> home, and weather-beaten back.

*HOT.* Home without boots, and in foul weather  
too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

*GLEND.* Come, here's the map; Shall we divide  
our right,

According to our threefold order ta'en?

*MORT.* The archdeacon hath divided it<sup>7</sup>  
Into three limits, very equally:  
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,<sup>8</sup>  
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:  
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you  
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent,  
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
(A business that this night may execute,)  
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,  
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,  
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,

<sup>6</sup> *Bootless*—] Unless we read *bootless* as a trisyllable, the metre will be defective. In *As you like it*—*wrestler* is apparently to be thus pronounced:

“The parts and graces of the *wrestler*.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope transferred the word *him* from the former line to this: and perhaps he was right. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *The archdeacon hath divided it*—] The metre is here deficient. I suppose the line originally ran thus:

*The archdeacon hath divided it already.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,*] i. e. to this spot (pointing to the map). MALONE.

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—  
 Within that space, [*To GLEND.*] you may have  
 drawn together  
 Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentle-  
 men.

*GLEND.* A shorter time shall send me to you,  
 lords,  
 And in my conduct shall your ladies come:  
 From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;  
 For there will be a world of water shed,  
 Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*HOT.* Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton  
 here,<sup>9</sup>  
 In quantity equals not one of yours:  
 See, how this river comes me cranking in,<sup>2</sup>  
 And cuts me, from the best of all my land,  
 A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,*] The division is here into three parts.—A *moiety* was frequently used by the writers of Shakspeare's age, as a portion of any thing, though not divided into two equal parts. See a note on *King Lear*, Act I. sc. iv. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — cranking in,] Perhaps we should read—*crankling*. So, Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, song 7, speaking of a river, says that Meander—

“Hath not so many turns, nor *crankling* nooks as she.”

STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope reads—*crankling*. *Cranking*, however, is 'right. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“He *cranks* and crosses with a thousand doubles.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — cantle out.] A *cantle* is a corner, or piece of any thing, in the same sense that Horace uses *angulus*:

“O si *angulus* ille

“Proximus aridet!”

*Canton*, Fr. *canto*, Ital. signify a corner. To *cantle* is a verb used in Decker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607:

“That this vast globe terrestrial should be *cantled*.”

I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;  
 And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,  
 In a new channel, fair and evenly:  
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
 To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLEND. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see, it doth.

MORT. Yea,  
 But mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up  
 With like advantage on the other side;  
 Gelding the opposed continent as much,  
 As on the other side it takes from you.

WOR. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
 And on this north side win this cape of land;  
 And then he runs straight and even.

HOT. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

GLEND. I will not have it alter'd.

HOT. Will not you?

GLEND. No, nor you shall not.

HOT. Who shall say me nay?

GLEND. Why, that will I.

HOT. Let me not understand you then,<sup>a</sup>  
 Speak it in Welsh.

GLEND. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;

The substantive occurs in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 1:

"Rude Neptune cutting in a *cantle* forth doth take."

Again, in a *New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

"Not so much as a *cantell* of cheese or crust of bread."

STEEVENS.

*Canton* in heraldry is a corner of the shield. *Cant* of cheese is now used in Pembrokehire. LORT.

<sup>a</sup> Let me not understand you then,] *You*, an apparent interpolation, destructive to the metre, should, I think, be omitted.

STEEVENS.

For I was train'd up in the English court :<sup>5</sup>  
 Where, being but young, I framed to the harp  
 Many an English ditty, lovely well,  
 And gave the tongue<sup>6</sup> a helpful ornament ;  
 A virtue that was never seen in you.

*Hos.* Marry, and I'm glad of't with all my heart ;  
 I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,  
 Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers :  
 I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *For I was train'd up in the English court :*] The real name of Owen Glendower was *Vaughan*, and he was originally a barrister of the Middle Temple. STEEVENS.

Owen Glendower, whose real name was Owen ap-Gryffyth Vaughan, took the name of *Glyndour* or *Glendowr* from the lordship of Glyndourdw, of which he was owner. He was particularly adverse to the Mortimers, because Lady Percy's nephew, Edmund earl of Mortimer, was rightfully entitled to the principality of Wales, (as well as the crown of England,) being lineally descended from Gladys the daughter of Llewelyn and sister of David Prince of Wales, the latter of whom died in the year 1246. Owen Glendower himself claimed the principality of Wales.

He afterwards became esquire of the body to King Richard II. with whom he was in attendance at Flint castle, when Richard was taken prisoner by Henry of Bolingbroke, afterwards King Henry IV. Owen Glendower was crowned Prince of Wales in the year 1402, and for near twelve years was a very formidable enemy to the English. He died in great distress in 1415. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *the tongue* —] The English language. JOHNSON.

Glendower means, that he graced his own tongue with the art of singing. RITSON.

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation the true one. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *a brazen canstick turn'd,*] The word *candlestick*, which destroys the harmony of the line, is written *canstick* in the quartos, 1598, 1599, and 1608; and so it might have been pronounced. Heywood, and several of the old writers, constantly spell it in this manner. *Kit* with the *canstick* is one of the spirits mentioned by *Reginald Scott*, 1584. Again, in *The Famous History of Thomas Stukely*, 1605, bl. 1: "If he have so much as a *canstick*, I am a traitor." The noise to which Hotspur alludes, is likewise mentioned in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:



Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;  
 And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry;  
 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

GLEND. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

HOT. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land  
 To any well-deserving friend;  
 But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.  
 Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

GLEND. The moon shines fair, you may away by  
 night:

I'll haste the writer,<sup>6</sup> and, withal,

"As if you were to lodge in Lothbury,

"Where they turn brazen candlesticks."

And again, in Ben Jonson's masque of *Witches Metamorphosed*:

"From the candlesticks of Lothbury,

"And the loud pure wives of Banbury." STEEVENS.

\* *I'll haste the writer,*] He means the writer of the articles.

POPE.

I suppose, to complete the measure, we should read:

*I'll in and haste the writer;*

for he goes out immediately.

So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

"But *I will in*, to be reveng'd for this villainy."

Again:

"My cake is dough: But *I'll in*, among the rest."

STEEVENS.

We should undoubtedly read—

*I'll in, and haste the writer, and withal—*

The two supplemental words which were suggested by Mr. Steevens, complete both the sense and metre, and were certainly omitted in the first copy by the negligence of the transcriber or printer. Such omissions more frequently happen than almost any other error of the press. The present restoration is supported by various other passages. So, in *Timon of Athens*, Act I, sc. i:

"1 Lord. Shall we *in*?"

"2 Lord. I'll keep you company."

Again, *ibidem*, Act V. sc. iii:

"*In*, and prepare."

Again, more appositely, in *K. Richard III*:

"*I'll in*, to urge his hatred more to Clarence." MALONE.

Break with your wives of your departure hence:  
 I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,  
 So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

MORT. Fie, cousin Percy! how you crofs my father!

HOT. I cannot choofe: fometimes he angers me,  
 With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,<sup>7</sup>  
 Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;  
 And of a dragon, and a finlefs fifh,  
 A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,  
 A couching lion, and a ramping cat,  
 And fuch a deal of skimble-skamble ftuff<sup>8</sup>  
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—

<sup>7</sup> ——— of the moldwarp and the ant,] This alludes to an old prophecy, which is faid to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms againft King Henry. See Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 20. POPE.

So, in *The Mirror for Magiftrates*, 1559, Owen Glendower is introduced fpeaking of himfelf:

“ And for to fet us hereon more agog,  
 “ A prophet came (a vengeance take them all!)  
 “ Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,  
 “ Whom Merlyn doth a *mouldwarp* ever call,  
 “ Accurs'd of God, that muft be brought in thrall,  
 “ By a wulf, a dragon, and a lyon ftrong,  
 “ Which fhould deuide his kingdome them among.”

The *mould-warp* is the *mole*, fo called becaufe it renders the furface of the earth unlevel by the hillocks which it raifes.

Anglo-Saxon *molde*, and *wæorpan*. STEEVENS.

So Holinshed, for he was Shakspeare's authority: “ This [the divifion of the realm between Mortimer, Glendower, and Percy,] was done (as fome have fayde) through a foolifh credite given to a vaine prophecie, as though king Henry was the *moldewarpe*, curfed of God's owne mouth, and they three were the *dragon*, the *lion*, and the *wolfe*, which fhould divide this realm between them.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *skimble-skamble ftuff*—] This cant word, formed by reduplication from *scamble*, occurs likewise in Taylor the water-poet's *Description of a Wanton*:

“ Here's a fweet deal of *scimble-scamble ftuff*.”

STEEVENS.

He held me, but last night, at least nine hours,<sup>9</sup>  
 In reckoning up the several devils' names,<sup>2</sup>  
 That were his lackeys: I cried, humph,—and well,  
 —go to,<sup>3</sup>—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious  
 As is a tired horse, a railing wife;  
 Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live  
 With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,  
 Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,  
 In any summerhouse in Christendom.

MORT. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;  
 Exceedingly well read, and profited  
 In strange concealments;<sup>4</sup> valiant as a lion,  
 And wond'rous affable; and as bountiful  
 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?  
 He holds your temper in a high respect,  
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope,  
 When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:  
 I warrant you, that man is not alive,  
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
 Without the taste of danger and reproof;  
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

<sup>9</sup> *He held me, but last night, at least nine hours,*] I have inserted the conjunction—*but*, which is wanting in the ancient copies. Without some such assistance the metre would be defective.

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *In reckoning up the several devils' names,*] See Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, Book XV. ch. ii. p. 377, where the reader may find his patience as severely exercised as that of Hotspur, and on the same occasion. Shakspeare must certainly have seen this book. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —*go to,*] These two senseless monosyllables seem to have been added by some foolish player, purposely to destroy the measure.

RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> ————*profited*

*In strange concealments;*] Skilled in wonderful secrets.

JOHNSON.

WOR. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;<sup>5</sup>

And since your coming hither, have done enough  
To put him quite beside his patience.

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:  
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,  
blood,

(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, haughtiness, opinion,<sup>6</sup> and disdain:  
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,  
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

HOT. Well, I am school'd; Good manners be your  
speed!

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

*Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.*

MORT. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—  
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

<sup>5</sup> — *too wilful-blame*;] This is a mode of speech with which I am not acquainted. Perhaps it might be read—*too wilful-blunt*, or *too wilful-bent*; or thus:

*Indeed, my lord, you are to blame, too wilful.* JOHNSON.

I suspect that our author wrote—

— *to wilful-blame*:

i. e. you are *wilfully to blame*; the offence you give is meditated, designed.

Shakspeare has several compounds in which the first adjective has the power of an adverb. Thus, (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed,) in *King Richard III.* we meet with *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate*, and *mortal-flaring*. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *opinion*,] means here *self-opinion*, or conceit. M. MASON.

GLEND. My daughter weeps; she will not part  
with you,  
She'll be a foldier too, she'll to the wars.

MORT. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my  
aunt Percy,  
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

GLENDOWER *speaks to his daughter in Welsh,*  
*and she answers him in the same.*

GLEND. She's desperate here; a peevish self-  
will'd harlotry,<sup>7</sup>  
One no persuasion<sup>8</sup> can do good upon.

[*Lady M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*

MORT. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh  
Which thou pourest down from these swelling  
heavens,<sup>9</sup>

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,  
In such a parley would I answer thee.

[*Lady M. speaks.*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
And that's a feeling disputation:<sup>2</sup>  
But I will never be a truant, love,  
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue  
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

<sup>7</sup> — a peevish self-will'd harlotry,] Capulet, in *Romeo and Juliet*, reproaches his daughter in the same terms:

“ A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.” RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> One no persuasion &c.] A common ellipsis for—One that no persuasion &c. and so the ancient copies redundantly read.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,] The defect of harmony in this line, induces me to suppose (with Sir T. Hanmer) that our author originally wrote—

Which thou pour'st down from these two swelling heavens,  
meaning her two prominent lips. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — a feeling disputation:] i. e. a contest of sensibility, a reciprocation in which we engage on equal terms. STEEVENS.

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,<sup>3</sup>  
With ravishing division, to her lute.<sup>4</sup>

GLEND. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.<sup>5</sup>

[*Lady M. speaks again.*

MORT. O, I am ignorance itself in this.<sup>6</sup>

GLEND. She bids you  
Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Sung by a fair queen &c.*] Our author perhaps here intended a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who was a performer on the lute and the virginals. See Sir James Melvil's curious account. *Memoirs*, folio, p. 50. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *With ravishing division, to her lute.*] This verse may serve for a translation of a line in Horace :

“ — grataque foeminis

“ Imbelli cithara carmina dividet.”

It is to no purpose that you (*Paris*) please the women by singing “with ravishing division,” to the harp. See the Commentators, and Vossius on Catullus, p. 239. S. W.

*Divisions* were very uncommon in vocal musick during the time of Shakspeare. BURNEY.

<sup>5</sup> *Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.*] We might read, to complete the verse :

*Nay, if you melt, why then will she run mad.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *O, I am ignorance itself in this.*] Massinger uses the same expression in *The Unnatural Combat*, 1639 :

“ — in this you speak, fir,

“ *I am ignorance itself.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *She bids you*

*Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,*] It was the custom in this country, for many ages, to strew the floors with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. JOHNSON.

It should have been observed in a note, that the old copies read *on*, not *upon*. This slight emendation was made by Mr. Steevens.

I am now, however, inclined to adhere to the original reading, and would print the line as it stands in the old copy :

*She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down.*

We have some other lines in these plays as irregular as this.

MALONE.

We have ; but there is the strongest reason for supposing such irregularities arose from the badness of the playhouse copies, or the carelessness of printers. STEEVENS.

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
 And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,<sup>8</sup>  
 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;  
 Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,<sup>9</sup>  
 As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
 The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team  
 Begins his golden progress in the east,

MORT. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:  
 By that time will our book,<sup>2</sup> I think, be drawn.

<sup>8</sup> *And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,*] The expression is fine; intimating, that the god of sleep should not only *fit* on his eyelids, but that he should *fit crown'd*, that is, pleased and delighted.

WARBURTON.

The same image (whatever idea it was meant to convey) occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*:

" — who shall take up his lute,

" And touch it till he *crown a silent sleep*

" *Upon my eyelid.*" STEEVENS.

The image is certainly a strange one; but I do not suspect any corruption of the text. The god of sleep is not only to fit on Mortimer's eyelids, but to fit *crowned*, that is, with sovereign dominion. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

" Where he *sits crowned* in his master's spite,"

Again, in our poet's 114th Sonnet:

" Or whether doth my mind, being *crown'd* with you,

" Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,

" For 'tis a throne, where honour may be *crown'd*

" Sole monarch of the universal earth."

Again, in *King Henry V*:

" As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,

" *Crowned* with faith and constant loyalty." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,*] She will lull you by her song into soft tranquillity, in which you shall be so near to sleep as to be free from perturbation, and so much awake as to be sensible of pleasure; a state partaking of sleep and wakefulness, as the twilight of night and day. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — our book,] Our paper of conditions. JOHNSON.

GLEND. Do so;  
And those musicians that shall play to you,  
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;  
Yet straight they shall be here:<sup>3</sup> fit, and attend.

HOT. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:  
Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in  
thy lap.

LADY P. Go, ye giddy goose.

GLENDOWER *speaks some Welsh words,  
and then the musick plays.*

HOT. Now I perceive, the devil understands  
Welsh;  
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.  
By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

LADY P. Then should you be nothing but musical;  
for you are altogether govern'd by humours.  
Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

HOT. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in  
Irish.

LADY P. Would'st thou have thy head broken?

HOT. No.

<sup>3</sup> *And those musicians that shall play to you,  
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;  
Yet straight they shall be here:]* The old copies—*And—*

STEVENS.

Glendower had before boasted that he could call spirits from the  
vasty deep; he now pretends to equal power over the spirits of the  
air. Sit, says he to Mortimer, and, by my power, you shall have  
heavenly musick. The musicians that shall play to you, now hang  
in the air a thousand miles from the earth: I will summon them,  
and they shall straight be here. "*And straight*" is the reading of  
the most authentick copies, the quarto 1598, and the folio 1623,  
and indeed of all the other ancient editions. Mr. Rowe first introduced  
the reading—*Yet straight*, which all the subsequent editors  
have adopted; but the change does not seem absolutely necessary.

MALONE.



LADY P. Then be still.

HOT. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.<sup>4</sup>

LADY P. Now God help thee!

HOT. To the Welsh lady's bed.

LADY P. What's that?

HOT. Peace! she sings,

*A Welsh Song sung by Lady M.*

HOT. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

LADY P. Not mine, in good sooth.

HOT. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day:  
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,  
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.*] I do not plainly see what is a woman's fault. JOHNSON.

*It is a woman's fault,* is spoken ironically. FARMER.

This is a proverbial expression. I find it in *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

"*'Tis a woman's fault: p—— of this bashfulness.*"

Again:

"*A woman's fault,* we are subject to it, sir."

Again, in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585: "*—— a woman's faulte,* to thrust away that with her little finger, whiche they pull to them with both their hands."

I believe the meaning is this: Hotspur having declared his resolution neither to have his head broken, nor to sit still, flily adds, that such is the usual fault of women; i. e. never to do what they are bid or desired to do. STEEVENS.

The whole tenor of Hotspur's conversation in this scene shows, that the stillness which he here imputes to women as a fault, was something very different from silence; and that an idea was couched under these words, which may be better understood than explained.—He is still in the Welsh lady's bedchamber. WHITE.

<sup>5</sup> *As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.*] Open walks

K k 4

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,  
 A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,  
 And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,<sup>6</sup>  
 To velvet-guards,<sup>7</sup> and funday-citizens.  
 Come, sing.

and fields near Chifwell-street, London Wall, by Moorgate; the common resort of the citizens, as appears from many of our ancient comedies. I suppose the verse originally (but elliptically) ran thus:

*As thou ne'er walk'st further than Finsbury.*

i. e. as if thou ne'er &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — [*such protest of pepper-gingerbread,*] i. e. protestations as common as the letters which children learn from an alphabet of ginger-bread. What we now call *spice ginger-bread* was then called *pepper ginger-bread*. STEEVENS.

Such protestations as are uttered by *the makers* of gingerbread.

MALONE.

Hotspur had just told his wife that she "*smore* like a *comfit-maker's* wife;" such *protests* therefore of *pepper ginger-bread*, as "*in sooth*," &c. were to be left to persons of that class.

HENLEY.

<sup>7</sup> — [*velvet-guards,*] To such as have their clothes adorned with shreds of velvet, which was, I suppose, the finery of cockneys. JOHNSON.

"The cloaks, doublets, &c. (says Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*) were guarded with *velvet guards*, or else laced with costly lace." Speaking of women's gowns, he adds: "they must be guarded with great *guards of velvet*, every guard four or six fingers broad at the least."

So, in *The Malcontent*, 1606:

"You are in good case since you came to court; *garded, garded*:

"Yes faith, even footmen and bawls wear *velvet*."

*Velvet guards* appear, however, to have been a *city fashion*. So, in *Histrionastix*, 1610:

"Nay, I myself will wear the *courtly* grace:

"Out on these *velvet guards*, and black-lac'd sleeves,

"These simp'ring fashions simply followed!"

Again:

"I like this jewel; I'll have his fellow.—

"How?—you?—what fellow it?—gip, *velvet-guards*!"

STEEVENS.

LADY P. I will not sing.

HOT. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher.\* An the indentures be drawn, I'll

To *velvet guards* means, I believe, to the higher rank of female citizens, the wives of either merchants or wealthy shopkeepers. It appears from the following passage in *The London Prodigal*, 1605, that a *guarded gown* was the best dress of a city lady in the time of our author:

"Frances. But Tom, must I go as I do now, when I am married?

"Civet. No, Franke, [i. e. Frances,] I'll have thee go like a citizen, in a *garded gown*, and a French hood."

Fynes Morison is still more express to the same point, and furnishes us with the best comment on the words before us. Describing the dress of the various orders of the people of England, he says, "At public meetings the aldermen of London weare skarlet gownes, and their wives a close gown of skarlet, with *gardes* of black velvet." ITIN. fol. 1617, P. III. p. 179. See Vol. IV. p. 282, n. 2. MALONE.

\* 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, &c.] I suppose Percy means, that singing is a mean quality, and therefore he excuses his lady.

JOHNSON.

The next way—is the nearest way. So, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607: "The quadrature of a circle; the philosopher's stone; and the next way to the Indies." Tailors seem to have been as remarkable for singing, as weavers, of whose musical turn Shakspeare has more than once made mention. Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, speak of this quality in the former: "Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work; his mind is on nothing but filching."

The honourable Daines Barrington observes, that "a *gold-finch* still continues to be called a *proud tailor*, in some parts of England; (particularly Warwickshire, Shakspeare's native country) which renders this passage intelligible, that otherwise seems to have no meaning whatsoever." Perhaps this bird is called a *proud tailor*, because his plumage is varied like a suit of clothes made out of remnants of different colours, such as a *tailor* might be supposed to wear. The sense then will be this:—The next thing to singing oneself, is to teach birds to sing, the goldfinch and the robin. I hope the poet meant to inculcate, that singing is a quality destructive to its possessor; and that after a person has ruined himself by it, he may be reduced to the necessity of instructing birds in an art which can render birds alone more valuable.

STEEVENS.

away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [Exit.

GLEND. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,

As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book 's drawn; ' we'll but seal, and then To horse immediately.

MORT.

With all my heart.

[Exeunt.

One instance may suffice, to shew that *next* has been rightly interpreted: "——and when mattens was done, the erles and the lordes went the *next* way to the deane's place to breckfast." Ives's *Select Papers*, 4to. 1773, p. 165.

This passage has been interpreted as if the latter member of the sentence were explanatory of the former; but surely they are entirely distinct. The plain meaning is, that he who makes a common practice of singing, reduces himself to the condition *either* of a tailor, or a teacher of musick to birds. That *tailors* were remarkable for *singing* in our author's time, he has himself informed us elsewhere. "Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, (says Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*,) that ye squeak out your *coxwains' catches*, without any mitigation or remorse of voice?"

MALONE.

9 — our book 's drawn;] i. e. our articles. Every composition, whether play, ballad, or history, was called a *book*, on the registers of ancient publication. STEVENS.

## SCENE II.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, Prince of Wales, and Lords.*

K. HEN. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I,  
Must have some conference: But be near at hand,<sup>3</sup>  
For we shall presently have need of you.—

[*Exeunt Lords.*

I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service<sup>4</sup> I have done,  
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;  
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,<sup>5</sup>  
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,  
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,  
Could such inordinate, and low desires,  
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean at-  
tempts,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Must have some conference: But be near at hand,*] The old copies redundantly read—some *private* conference; but, as the lords were dismissed on this occasion, they would naturally infer that *privacy* was the King's object. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *For some displeasing service—*] *Service for action*, simply.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *—in thy passages of life,*] i. e. in the passages of thy life.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *—such lewd, such mean attempts,*] *Mean attempts*, are *mean, unworthy undertakings*. *Lewd* does not in this place barely signify *wanton*, but *licentious*. So, B. Jonson, in his *Poetaster*:

“ ————— great actions may be su'd

“ ‘Gainst such as wrong men's fames with verses lewd.”

Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

*P. HEN.* So please your majesty, I would, I could  
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,  
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge  
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,<sup>7</sup>  
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,<sup>8</sup>—  
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—  
By smiling pick-thanks<sup>9</sup> and base newsmongers,  
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission.

*K. HEN.* God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder,  
Harry,  
At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,<sup>2</sup>

And again, in *Volpone*:

“ ——— they are most *lewd* impostors,

“ Made all of terms and shreds.” STEEVENS.

The word is thus used in many of our ancient statutes.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Yet such extenuation let me beg, &c.*] The construction is somewhat obscure. Let me beg so much extenuation, that, upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true. I should read *on reproof*, instead of *in reproof*; but concerning Shakspeare's particles there is no certainty. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *As in reproof of many tales devis'd,*] *Reproof* here means *disproof*. M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *pick-thanks*—] i. e. officious parasites. So, in the tragedy of *Mariam*, 1613:

“ Base *pick-thank* devil ———.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Euphues*, 1587: “ I should seeme either to *picke a thanke* with men, or a quarrel with women.” HENDERSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,*] The Prince was re-

Which by thy younger brother is supplied;  
 And art almost an alien to the hearts  
 Of all the court and princes of my blood :  
 The hope and expectation of thy time  
 Is ruin'd ; and the soul of every man  
 Prophetically does forethink thy fall.  
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company ;  
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
 Had still kept loyal to possession ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And left me in reputeless banishment,  
 A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.  
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,  
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :  
 That men would tell their children, *This is he* ;  
 Others would say, — *Where ? which is Bolingbroke ?*  
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,<sup>4</sup>

moved from being president of the council, immediately after he struck the judge. STEVENS.

Our author has, I believe, here been guilty of an anachronism. The prince's removal from council in consequence of his striking the Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne, was some years after the battle of Shrewsbury (1403). His brother, Thomas Duke of Clarence, was appointed President of the Council in his room, and he was not created a duke till the 13th year of K. Henry IV. (1411).

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *loyal to possession* ;] True to him that had then possession of the crown. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *And then I stole all courtesy from heaven*,] This is an allusion to the story of Prometheus's theft, who stole *fire* from thence ; and as with *this* he made a man, so with *that* Bolingbroke made a king. As the gods were supposed jealous in appropriating *reason* to themselves, the getting *fire* from thence, which lighted it up in the mind, was called a theft ; and as power is their prerogative, the getting *courtesy* from thence, by which power is best procured, is called a theft. The thought is exquisitely great and beautiful.

WARBURTON.

Massinger has adopted this expression in *The great Duke of Florence* :

And drefs'd myself in fuch humility,  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,<sup>5</sup>  
Loud shouts and falutations from their mouths,  
Even in the prefence of the crowned king.  
Thus did I keep my perfon fresh, and new ;

" ——— Giovanni,  
" A prince in expectation, when he liv'd here,  
" *Stole courtesy from heaven* ; and would not to  
" The meanest fervant in my father's houfe  
" Have kept fuch diftance." STEVENS.

Dr. Warburton's explanation of this paffage appears to me very questionable. The poet had not, I believe, a thought of Prometheus or the heathen gods, nor indeed was *courtesy* (even underftanding it to fignify *affability*) the charaeteriftick attribute of thofe deities.—The meaning, I apprehend, is,—*I was fo affable and popular, that I engrossed the devotion and reverence of all men to myfelf, and thus defrauded Heaven of its worfhippers.*

*Courtesy* may be here ufed for the refpect and obeifance paid by an inferior to a fuperior. So, in this play :

" To dog his heels and *court'fy* at his frowns."

In Act V. it is ufed for a refpectful falute, in which fenfe it was applied formerly to *men* as well as *women* :

" I will embrace him with a foldier's arm,

" That he fhall shrink under my *courtesy*."

Again, in the History of Edward IV. annexed to Hardyng's *Chronicle*, 1543 :—" which thyng if I could have forfene,—I would never have wonne the *courtifies* of men's knees with the lofs of fo many heades."

This interpretation is ftrengthened by the two fubfequent lines, which contain a kindred thought :

" And drefs'd myself in fuch humility,

" That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts."

Henry, I think, means to fay, that he robbed *heaven* of its *worship*, and the *king* of the *allegiance* of his fubjects. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,*] Apparently copied from Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, written before 1593 :

" The pope fhall fend his bulls through all thy realm,

" And pull obedience from thy fubjects' hearts."

In another place in the fame play, we meet with the phrafe ufed here :

" ——— Then here upon my knees

" I pluck allegiance from her." MALONE.



My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
 Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at:<sup>6</sup> and so my state,  
 Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;  
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.  
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,<sup>7</sup>  
 Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: carded his state;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *My presence, like a robe pontifical,*

*Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at:]* So, in our author's 52d Sonnet:

"Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,

"To make some special instant special-blest,

"By new unfolding his imprison'd pride." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *rash bavin wits,]* *Rash*, is heady, thoughtless: *bavin* is brushwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is soon out.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "*Bavins* will have their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one as soon quenched as the other burnt." Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1606: "Love is like a *bavin*, but a blaze." STEEVENS.

*Rash* is, I believe, *ferce, violent*. So, in *King Richard II*:

"His *rash* fierce blaze of riot cannot last."

In Shakspeare's time *bavin* was used for *kindling* fires. See Florio's *Second Frutes*, 4to. 1591, ch. i: "There is no fire.—Make a little blaze with a *bavin*." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *carded his state;]* Dr. Warburton supposes that *carded* or '*scarded*, (for so he would read,) means *discarded*, threw it off.

MALONE.

The metaphor seems to be taken from mingling *coarse* wool with *fine*, and *carding* them together, whereby the value of the latter is diminished. The King means, that Richard mingled and *carded* together his royal state with capering fools, &c. A subsequent part of the speech gives a sanction to this explanation:

"For thou hast lost thy princely privilege

"With *wile participation*."

To *card* is used by other writers for, to mix. So, in *The Tamer Tamed*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"But mine is such a drench of balderdash,

"Such a strange *carded* cunningness."

Again, in Greene's *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1620: "—you *card* your beer, (if you see your guests begin to get drunk,) half small, half strong," &c. Again, in Nashe's *Have with you to*

Mingled his royalty with capering fools;<sup>9</sup>  
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;

*Saffron Walden, &c.* 1596: "—— he being constrained to betake himself to carded ale." Shakspeare has a similar thought in *All's well that ends well*: "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together." The original hint for this note I received from Mr. Tollet. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens very rightly supports the old reading. The word is used by Shelton in his translation of Don Quixote. The Tinker in the introduction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, was by education a cardmaker. FARMER.

To *card* does not mean to mix coarse wool with fine, as Mr. Mafon has justly observed, but simply to work wool with a card or teazel, so as to prepare it for spinning. MALONE.

By *carding his state*, the King means that his predecessor set his consequence to hazard, played it away (as a man loses his fortune) at cards. RITSON.

<sup>9</sup> —— capering fools;] Thus the quarto, 1598, and rightly, I believe, because such a reading requires no explanation. The other copies, however, have—*carping*. STEEVENS.

*Carping* is jesting, prating, &c. This word had not yet acquired the sense which it bears in modern speech. Chaucer says of his *Wife of Bath*, Prol. 470:

"In felawship wele could she laugh and *carpe*."

T. WARTON.

The verb, to *carp*, is whimsically used by Phaer in his version of the first book of the *Æneid*:

——— *cithara crinitus Iopas*

Personat *aurata*.

"——— and on his golden harp

"Iopas with his bushie locks in sweete song gan to *carpe*."

STEEVENS.

In the second quarto, printed in 1599, *capering* was changed into *carping*, and that word was transmitted through all the subsequent quartos. Hence, it is also the reading of the folio, which appears to have been printed from the quarto of 1613. Had all the quartos read *capering*, and the folio *carping*, the latter reading might derive some strength from the authority of that copy; but the change having been made arbitrarily, or by chance, in 1599, it has no pretensions of that kind.

It may be further observed, that "*capering* fools" were very proper companions for a "*skipping* king;" and that Falstaff in the second part of this play, boasts of his being able to *caper*, as a

And gave his countenance, against his name,<sup>2</sup>  
To laugh at gibing boys,<sup>3</sup> and stand the push

proof of his youth. "To approve my *youth* further I will not; the truth is, I am old in judgement and understanding; and he that will *carper* with me for a thousand marks," &c.

*Carping* undoubtedly might also have been used with propriety; having had in our author's time the same signification as at present; though it has been doubted. Minshew explains it in his *Dict.* 1617, thus, "To taunt, to find fault with, or bite with words."

It is observable that in the original copy the word *carping* is exhibited without an apostrophe, according to the usual practice of that time. So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598:

"Whereat the saphir-vifag'd god grew proud,

"And made his *carping* Triton sound aloud."

The original reading is also strongly confirmed by Henry's description of the *capering fools*, who, he supposes, will immediately after his death flock round his son:

"Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum;

"Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, *dance*,

"Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit

"The oldest sins the newest kind of way," &c.

A *carper* did not mean (as has been supposed) a *prating jester*, but a *cynical fellow*. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"—— Shame not these woods

"By putting on the cunning of a *carper*."

It cannot be supposed that the King meant to reproach the luxurious Richard with keeping company with four morose cynicks.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *And gave his countenance, against his name,*] Made his presence injurious to his reputation. JOHNSON.

I doubt the propriety of Johnson's explanation of this passage; and should rather suppose the meaning of it to be, "that he favoured and encouraged things that were contrary to his dignity and reputation." To *countenance*, or to *give countenance to*, are common expressions, and mean, 'to *patronize* or *encourage*."

M. MASON.

Against his name, is, I think, parenthetical. He gave his countenance, (to the diminution of his *name* or character,) to laugh, &c. In plain English, he honoured gibing boys with his company, and dishonoured himself by joining in their mirth.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *To laugh at gibing boys,*] i. e. at the jests of gibing boys.

MALONE.

Of every beardless vain comparative :<sup>8</sup>  
 Grew a companion to the common streets,  
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :<sup>9</sup>  
 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,<sup>2</sup>  
 They surfeited with honey ; and began

<sup>8</sup> *Of every beardless vain comparative :*] Of every boy whose vanity incited him to try his wit against the King's.

When Lewis XIV. was asked, why, with so much wit, he never attempted railery, he answered, that he who practised sailery ought to bear it in his turn, and that to stand the butt of railery was not suitable to the dignity of a king. *Scudery's Conversation.*

JOHNSON.

*Comparative*, I believe, is equal, or rival in any thing ; and may therefore signify, in this place,—every one who thought himself on a level with the Prince. So, in the second of *The Four Plays in One*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ——— Gerrard ever was

“ His full *comparative*.——” STEEVENS.

I believe *comparative* means here, one who affects wit, *a dealer in comparisons* : what Shakspeare calls, somewhere else, if I remember right, *a simile-monger*. “ The most *comparative* prince ” has already occurred in the play before us ; and the following passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, is yet more apposite in support of this interpretation :

“ ——— The world's large tongue

“ Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,

“ Full of *comparisons*, and wounding flouts.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :*] To *enfeoff* is a law term, signifying to invest with possession. So, in the old comedy of *Wily Beguiled* : “ I protested to *enfeoff* her in forty pounds a year.”

STEEVENS.

*Gave himself up absolutely and entirely* to popularity. *A feofment* was the ancient mode of conveyance, by which all lands in England were granted in fee-simple for several ages, till the conveyance of Lease and Release was invented by Serjeant Moor, about the year 1630. Every deed of feofment was accompanied with *livery of seisin*, that is, with the delivery of corporal possession of the land or tenement granted in fee. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,*] Nearly the same expression occurs in *A Warning for faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599:

“ The people's eyes have *fed* them with my sight.”

MALONE.

To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
 More than a little is by much too much.  
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
 Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,  
 As, sick and blunted with community,  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:  
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids down,  
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect  
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries;<sup>3</sup>  
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
 And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:<sup>4</sup>  
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,  
 With vile participation; not an eye  
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;  
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,  
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. HEN. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious  
 lord,  
 Be more myself.

K. HEN. For all the world,<sup>5</sup>  
 As thou art to this hour, was Richard then  
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;

<sup>3</sup> *As cloudy men use to their adversaries;*] Strada, in his imitation of Statius, describing the look thrown by the German on his Portuguese antagonist, has the same expression:

*Lusitadumque tuens, et amaro nubilus ore*— STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:]* So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“In this predicament, I say, thou stand'st.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *For all the world,]* Sir T. Hanmer, to complete the verse, reads—

Harry, for all the world,—— STEEVENS.

And even as I was then, is Percy now.  
 Now by my scepter, and my soul to boot,  
 He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
 Than thou, the shadow of succession:<sup>3</sup>  
 For, of no right, nor colour like to right,  
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;  
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;  
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,  
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.  
 What never-dying honour hath he got  
 Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,  
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
 And military title capital,  
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?  
 Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,  
 This infant warrior, in his enterprizes

<sup>3</sup> *He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
 Than thou, the shadow of succession:*] This is obscure. I  
 believe the meaning is—Hotspur hath a right to the kingdom more  
 worthy than thou, who hath only the *shadowy right of lineal suc-  
 cession*, while he has real and solid power. JOHNSON.

Rather,—He better deserves to inherit the kingdom than thyself,  
 who art intitled by birth to that succession of which thy vices ren-  
 der thee unworthy. RITSON.

To have an interest to any thing, is not English. If we read,  
*He hath more worthy interest in the state,*  
 the sense would be clear, and agreeable to the tenor of the rest of  
 the King's speech. M. MASON.

I believe the meaning is only, he hath more popularity in the  
 realm, more weight with the people, than thou the heir apparent  
 to the throne.—

“ From thy *succession* bar me, father; I

“ Am heir to my affection—”

says Florizel, in *The Winter's Tale*.

We should now write—in the state, but there is no corruption in  
 the text. So, in *The Winter's Tale*: “ — he is less frequent to  
 his princely exercises than formerly.” MALONE.

Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,  
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
 And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
 The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
 Capitulate<sup>4</sup> against us, and are up.  
 But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?  
 Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
 Which art my near'st and dearest<sup>5</sup> enemy?  
 Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,  
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—  
 To fight against me under Percy's pay,  
 To dog his heels, and court'fy at his frowns,  
 To show how much degenerate thou art.

P. HEN. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:  
 And God forgive them, that so much have sway'd  
 Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!  
 I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;  
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Capitulate*—] i. e. make head. So, to *articulate*, in a subsequent scene, is to form articles. STEEVENS.

Rather, *combine*, *confederate*, *indent*. To *capitulate* is to *draw up any thing in heads or articles*. Johnson's *Dictionary*. RITSON.

To *capitulate*, Minshew explains thus: "— *per capita seu articulos pacisci*;" and nearly in this sense, I believe, it is used here. The Percies, we are told by Walsingham, sent about letters containing three *articles*, or principal grievances, on which their rising was founded: and to this perhaps our author alludes.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *dearest*—] *Dearest* is most fatal, most mischievous.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *And stain my favours in a bloody mask,*] We should read—*favour*, i. e. countenance. WARBURTON.

Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.  
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,  
 That this same child of honour and renown,  
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,  
 And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:  
 For every honour sitting on his helm,  
 'Would they were multitudes; and on my head  
 My shames redoubled! for the time will come,  
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;  
 And I will call him to so strict account,  
 That he shall render every glory up,  
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
 This, in the name of God, I promise here:  
 The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,  
 I do beseech your majesty, may save  
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:  
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands;<sup>6</sup>

*Favours are features.* JOHNSON.

I am not certain that *favours*, in this place, means *features*, or that the plural number of *favour* in that sense is ever used. I believe *favours* mean only some decoration usually worn by knights in their helmets, as a present from a mistress, or a trophy from an enemy. So, afterwards in this play:

"Then let my *favours* hide thy mangled face:"  
 where the Prince must have meant his scarf.

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"Arms, these crimson *favours*, for thy sake,  
 "I'll wear upon my forehead mask'd with blood."

STEEVENS.

Steevens's explanation of this passage appears to be right. The word *garments*, in the preceding line, seems to confirm it.

M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — *cancels all bands*;] i. e. *bonds*, for thus the word was anciently spelt. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"My master is arrested on a *band*."



And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*K. HEN.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—  
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

*Enter BLUNT.*

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

*BLUNT.* So hath the business that I come to speak of.<sup>7</sup>

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,<sup>8</sup>—  
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,  
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:  
A mighty and a fearful head they are,

Shakspeare has the same allusion in *Macbeth*:

“Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,” &c.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“And cancel these cold bonds.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> So hath the business that I come to speak of.] So also the business that I come to speak of, hath speed; i. e. requires immediate attention and dispatch. Mr. Pope changed *bath* to *is*, and the alteration has been adopted, in my opinion unnecessarily, by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Lord Mortimer of Scotland *bath* sent word,] There was no such person as *lord Mortimer of Scotland*; but there was a *lord March of Scotland*, (George Dunbar,) who having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the English, and did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the Parliament petitioned the King to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life at the battle of Shrewsbury, as is related by Holinshed. This, no doubt, was the lord whom Shakspeare designed to represent in the act of sending friendly intelligence to the King.—Our author had a recollection that there was in these wars a Scottish lord on the King's side, who bore the same title with the English family, on the rebel side, (one being the Earl of March in England, the other Earl of March in Scotland,) but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to both. He took it to be *Mortimer*, instead of *March*.

STEEVENS.

If promises be kept on every hand,  
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

*K. HEN.* The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;

With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;  
For this advertisement is five days old:—  
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set  
Forward; on Thursday, we ourselves will march:  
Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you  
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,  
Our business valued, some twelve days hence  
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.  
Our hands are full of business: let's away;  
Advantage feeds him fat,<sup>9</sup> while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*FAL.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown;<sup>2</sup> I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well,

<sup>9</sup> *Advantage feeds him fat,*] i. e. feeds himself. MALONE.

So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

“Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed him

“No better than a poor and a loathsome beggar.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown;*] Pope has in the *Dunciad* availed himself of this idea:

“In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin.”

MALONE.

I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking;<sup>3</sup> I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse:<sup>4</sup> the inside of a church:<sup>5</sup> Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

**BARD.** Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

**FAL.** Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; went

<sup>3</sup> ——— *while I am in some liking;*] While I have some flesh, some substance. We have had *well-liking* in the same sense in a former play. MALONE.

So, in the book of *Job*, xxxix. 4: “—— their young ones are in good *liking*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *a brewer's horse:*] I suppose a *brewer's horse* was apt to be lean with hard work. JOHNSON.

A *brewer's horse* does not, perhaps, mean a *dray-horse*, but the cross-beam on which beer-barrels, are carried into cellars, &c. The allusion may be to the taper form of this machine.

A *brewer's horse*, however, is mentioned in *Aristippus*, or *The Jovial Philosopher*, 1630: “—— to think Helicon a barrel of beer, is as great a sin as to call Pegasus a *brewer's horse*.”

STEEVENS.

The commentators seem not to be aware, that, in assertions of this sort, Falstaff does not mean to point out any *similitude* to his own condition, but on the contrary, some striking *dissimilitude*. He says here, *I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse*; just as in Act II. sc. iv. he asserts the truth of several parts of his narrative, on pain of being considered as a *rogue*—a *Jew*—an *Ebrew Jew*—a *hunch of raddish*—a *horse*. TYRWHITT.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *the inside of a church:*] The latter words (*the inside of a church*) were, I suspect, repeated by the mistake of the compositor. Or Falstaff may be here only repeating his former words—*The inside of a church!*—without any connection with the words immediately preceding. My first conjecture appears to me the most probable. MALONE.

to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

*BARD.* Why, you are so fat, fir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, fir John.

*FAL.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral,<sup>5</sup> thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.<sup>6</sup>

*BARD.* Why, fir John, my face does you no harm.

*FAL.* No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think up—

<sup>5</sup> — *Thou art our admiral, &c.*] Decker, in his *Wonderful Yeare*, 1603, has the same thought. He is describing the Host of a country inn: "An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his nose.—The Hamburgers offered I know not how many dollars for his companie in an East-Indian voyage, to have stoode a nightes in the Poope of their Admirall, onely to save the charges of candles." STEEVENS.

This appears to have been a very old joke. So, in *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull, &c.* by Wm. Bulleynne, 1564: "Marie, this friar, though he did rise to the quere by darcke night, he needed no candell, his nose was so redd and brighte; and although he had but little money in store in his purse, yet his nose and cheeks were well set with curral and rubies." MAELONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *the knight of the burning lamp.*] This is a natural picture. Every man who feels in himself the pain of deformity, however, like this merry knight, he may affect to make sport with it among those whom it is his interest to please, is ready to revenge any hint of contempt upon one whom he can use with freedom.

JOHNSON.

The *knight of the burning lamp*, and the *knight of the burning pestle*, are both names invented with a design to ridicule the titles of heroes in ancient romances. STEEVENS.

on hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire:<sup>7</sup> but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph,<sup>8</sup> an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *By this fire:*] Here the quartos 1599, and 1608, very profanely add:—*that's God's angel*. This passage is perhaps alluded to in *Histrionastrix*, 1610, where Asinius says: "By this candle (which is none of *God's angels*) I remember you started back at sprite and flame." Mr. Henley, however, observes, that "by the extrusion of the words now omitted, the intended antithesis is lost."

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *thou art a perpetual triumph,*] So, in *King Henry VI.* Part III:

"And what now rests but that we spend the time

"With stately *triumphs*, mirthful comic shows,

"Such as besit the pleasures of the court."

A *Triumph* was a general term for any public exhibition, such as a royal marriage, a grand procession, &c. &c. which commonly being at night, were attended by multitudes of torch-bearers.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *Thou hast saved me a thousand marks &c.*] This passage stands in need of no explanation; but I cannot help seizing the opportunity to mention that in Shakspeare's time, (long before the streets were illuminated with lamps,) *candles and lanthorns* to let, were cried about London. So, in Decker's *Satirastrix*: "—dost roar? thou hast a good rouncival voice to cry *lantern and candle ligbr*." Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, among the *Cries of London*:

"*Lanthorn and candlelight* here,

"Maid ha' light here.

"Thus go the cries," &c.

Again, in *K. Edward IV.* 1626:

"No more calling of *lanthorn and candlelight*."

walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap,<sup>2</sup> at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

*BARD.* 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

*FAL.* God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

*Enter Hostefs.*

How now, dame Partlet<sup>3</sup> the hen? have you inquired yet, who pick'd my pocket?

Again, in *Pierce Pennyles's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "It is said that you went up and down London, crying like a lantern and candle man." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ———good cheap,] Cheap is market, and good cheap therefore is a bon marché. JOHNSON.

So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1599:

"If this weather hold, we shall have hay good cheap."

Again, in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V*:

"Perhaps thou may'st agree better cheap now."

And again, in these two proverbs:

"They buy good cheap that bring nothing home."

"He'll ne'er have thing good cheap that's afraid to ask the price."

*Cheap* (as Dr. Johnson has observed) is undoubtedly an old word for *market*. So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Sir Beuys of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

"Tyll he came to the chepe

"There he founde many men of a hepe."

From this word, *East-cheap*, *Chep-stow*, *Cheap-side*, &c. are derived; indeed a passage that follows in *Syr Beuys* may seem to fix the derivation of the latter:

"So many men was dead,

"The Chepe fyde was of blode red." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ———dame Partlet—] Dame Partlet is the name of the hen

*HosT.* Why, fir John! what do you think, fir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*FAL.* You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaven, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

*HosT.* Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

*FAL.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*HosT.* No, fir John; you do not know me, fir John: I know you, fir John: you owe me money, fir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*FAL.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

*HosT.* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, fir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

*FAL.* He had his part of it; let him pay.

*HosT.* He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

*FAL.* How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich?<sup>4</sup> let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will

in the old story-book of *Reynard the Fox*: and in Chaucer's tale of *The Cock and the Fox*, the favourite hen is called dame *Pertelote*.

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *What call you rich?*] A face set with carbuncles is called a rich face. *Legend of Capt. Jones.* JOHNSON.

you make a younker of me?<sup>4</sup> shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd?<sup>5</sup> I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *a younker of me?*] A *younker* is a novice, a young inexperienced man easily gull'd. So, in Gascoigne's *Glas for Gouvernment*, 1575:

"These *younkers* shall pay for the roft."

See Spenser's *Eclouge on May*, and Sir Tho. Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, Book I. ch. xxiii.

This contemptuous distinction is likewise very common in the old plays. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

"I fear he'll make an ass of me, a *younker*."

I learn, however, from Smith's *Sea-Grammar*, 1627, (there was an earlier edition,) that one of the senses of the term—*younker*, was "the young men" employed "to take in the top-failes." They are mentioned as distinct characters from the sailors, who "are the ancient men for hoisting the failes," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd?*] There is a peculiar force in these words. *To take mine ease in mine inne*, was an ancient proverb, not very different in its application from that maxim, "Every man's house is his castle;" for *inne* originally signified a *house* or *habitation*. [Sax. *inne*, *domus*, *domicilium*.] When the word *inne* began to change its meaning, and to be used to signify a *house of entertainment*, the proverb, still continuing in force, was applied in the latter sense, as it is here used by Shakspeare: or perhaps Falstaff here humorously puns upon the word *inne*, in order to represent the wrong done him more strongly.

In John Heywood's *Works* imprinted at London, 1598, quarto, bl. l. is "a dialogue wherein are pleasantly contrived the number of all the effectual proverbs in our English tongue, &c. together with three hundred epigrams on three hundred proverbs." In ch. vi. is the following:

"Resty welth willeth me the widow to winne,

"To let the world wag, and *take mine ease in mine inne*."

And among the epigrams is: [26. *Of Ease in an Inne*.]

"Thou takest thine ease in thine *inne* so nye thee,

"That no man in his *inne* can take ease by thee."

Otherwise:

"Thou takest thine ease in thine *inne*, but I see,

"Thine *inne* taketh neither ease nor profit by thee."

Now in the first of these distichs the word *inne* is used in its ancient meaning, being spoken by a person who is about to marry



*Hosr.* O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

*FAL.* How! the prince is a Jack,<sup>1</sup> a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.*

*FAL.* How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

a widow for the sake of a home, &c. In the two last places, *inne* seems to be used in the sense it bears at present. PERCY.

Gabriel Harvey, in a MS. note to Speght's *Chaucer*, says, "Some of Heywood's epigrams are supposed to be the conceits and devices of pleasant fir Thomas More."

*Inne* for a habitation, or a recess, is frequently used by Spenser and other ancient writers. So, in *A World to'st'd at Tennis*, 1620: "These great rich men must take their ease in their *Inn*." Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "The beggar *Inns* that haunted the palace of Penelope, would take his ease in his *inne*, as well as the peeres of Ithaca." STEEVENS.

I believe *inns* differed from *castles*, in not being of so much consequence and extent, and more particularly in not being fortified.—So *Inns* of court, and in the universities, before the endowment of colleges. Thus, Trinity college, Cambridge, was made out of and built on the site of several *inns*. LORT.

<sup>6</sup> — a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.] This seems to have been the usual price of such a ring about Falstaff's time. In the printed *Rolls of Parliament*, Vol. VI. p. 140, we meet with "A signet of gold, to the value of XL marcs."

RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> — the prince is a Jack,] This term of contempt occurs frequently in our author. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, Katharine calls her musick-master, in derision, a twangling Jack. MALONE.

This term is likewise met with in *Coriolanus*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Cymbeline*, &c. &c. but is still so much in use, as scarcely to need exemplification. STEEVENS.

*BARD.* Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.<sup>7</sup>

*HOST.* My lord, I pray you, hear me.

*P. HEN.* What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

*HOST.* Good my lord, hear me.

*FAL.* Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

*P. HEN.* What say'st thou, Jack?

*FAL.* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

*P. HEN.* What didst thou lose, Jack?

*FAL.* Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

*P. HEN.* A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

*HOST.* So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

*P. HEN.* What! he did not?

*HOST.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*FAL.* There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune;<sup>8</sup> nor no more truth in thee, than in

<sup>7</sup> ——— *Newgate-fashion.*] As prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together. JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1601: "Why then, come; we'll walk arm in arm, as though we were leading one another to *Newgate.*" REED.

<sup>8</sup> *There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; &c.*] The propriety of these similes I am not sure that I fully understand. A *stew'd prune* has the appearance of a prune, but has no taste. A *drawn fox*, that is, an *exenterated fox*, has the form of a fox

a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian

without his powers. I think Dr. Warburton's explication wrong, which makes a *drawn fox* to mean, a fox *often hunted*; though to *draw* is a hunter's term for pursuit by the track. My interpretation makes the *fox* suit better to the *prune*. These are very slender disquisitions, but such is the task of a commentator.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Lodge, in his pamphlet called *Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madnesse*, 1596, describes a bawd thus: "This is shee that laies wait at all the carriers for wenches new come up to London; and you shall know her dwelling by a *dish of stew'd prunes* in the window; and two or three fleering wenches sit knitting or sewing in her shop."

In *Measure for Measure*, Act II. the male bawd excuses himself for having admitted Elbow's wife into his house, by saying, "that she came in great with child, and longing for *stew'd prunes*, which stood in a dish," &c.

Slender, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, who apparently wishes to recommend himself to his mistress by a seeming propensity to love as well as war, talks of having measured weapons with a fencing-master for a *dish of stew'd prunes*.

In another old dramatic piece entitled, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612, a bravo enters with money, and says, "This is the pension of the stewes, you need not untie it; 'tis stew-money, fir, *stew'd prune cash*, fir."

Among the other sins laid to the charge of the once celebrated Gabriel Harvey, by his antagonist Nash, "to be drunk with the firrop or liquor of *stew'd prunes*," is not the least insisted on.

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. II. 1630: "Peace! two dishes of *stew'd prunes*, a bawd and a pander!" Again, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, a bawd says, "I will have but six *stewed prunes* in a dish, and some of mother Wall's cakes; for my best customers are tailors." Again, in *The Noble Stranger*, 1640: "—— to be drunk with cream and *stewed prunes*! — Pox on't, bawdy-house fare." Again, in Decker's *Seven deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606: "Nay, the sober Perpetuana-suited Puritane, that dares not (so much as by moone-light) come neare the suburb shadow of a house where they set *stewed prunes* before you, raps as boldly at the hatch, when he knows Candlelight is within, as if he were a new chosen constable."

The passages already quoted are sufficient to show that a *dish of stew'd prunes* was not only the ancient designation of a brothel, but the constant appendage to it.

From *A Treatise on the Lues Venerea*, written by W. Clowes, one of her majesty's surgeons, 1596, and other books of the same

may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee.\* Go, you thing, go.

kind, it appears that *prunes* were directed to be boiled in broth for those persons already infected; and that both *stew'd prunes* and roasted apples were commonly, though unsuccessfully, taken by way of prevention. So much for the infidelity of *stew'd prunes*.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has so fully discussed the subject of *stewed prunes*, that one can add nothing but the *price*. In a piece called *Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance*, 1595, we have "A stock of wenchies, set up with their *stew'd prunes*, nine for a tester." FARMER.

" — a *drawn fox*;] A *drawn fox* may be a fox drawn over the ground, to exercise the hounds. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Tamer Tamed*:

" — that *drawn fox* Moroso."

Mr. Heath observes, that "a *fox drawn* over the ground to leave a scent, and exercise the hounds, may be said to have no truth in it, because it deceives the hounds, who run with the same eagerness as if they were in pursuit of a real fox."

I am not, however, confident that this explanation is right. It was formerly supposed that a *fox*, when *drawn* out of his hole, had the sagacity to *counterfeit death*, that he might thereby obtain an opportunity to escape. For this information I am indebted to Mr. Tollet, who quotes *Olaus Magnus*, Lib. XVIII. cap. xxxix: "Insuper fingit se mortuam," &c. This particular and many others relative to the subtilty of the fox, have been translated by several ancient English writers. STEEVENS.

\* — maid Marian may be &c.] *Maid Marian* is a man dressed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris.

JOHNSON.

In the ancient *Songs of Robin Hood* frequent mention is made of *maid Marian*, who appears to have been his concubine. I could quote many passages in my old MS. to this purpose, but shall produce only one:

" Good Robin Hood was living then,

" Which now is quite forgot,

" And so was fayre *maid Marian*," &c. PERCY.

It appears from the old play of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, that *maid Marian* was originally a name assumed by *Matilda* the daughter of *Robert Lord Fitzwater*, while *Robin Hood* remained in a state of outlawry:

" Next 'tis agreed (if therto shee agree)

" That faire *Matilda* henceforth change her name;

*Hosr.* Say, what thing? what thing?

*FAL.* What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

*Hosr.* I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

*FAL.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Hosr.* Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

*FAL.* What beast? why, an otter.

*P. HEN.* An otter, fir John! why an otter?

*FAL.* Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh;<sup>3</sup> a man knows not where to have her.

" And while it is the chance of *Robin Hood*

" To live in Sherewodde a poor outlawes life,

" She by *maide Marian's* name be only call'd.

" *Mat.* I am contented; reade on, little John:

" Henceforth let me be nam'd *maide Marian.*"

This lady was afterwards poisoned by King John at Duamow Priory, after he had made several fruitless attempts on her chastity. Drayton has written her legend.

Shakspeare speaks of *maid Marian* in her degraded state, when she was represented by a strumpet or a clown.

See Figure 2. in the plate at the end of this play, with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEVENS.

*Maid Marian* seems to have been the lady of a *Whitsun-ale*, or *morris-dance*. The widow in Sir William D'Avenant's *Love and Honour*, (p. 247,) says: "I have been *Mistress Marian* in a *Maurice* ere now." *Morris* is, indeed, there spelt wrong; the dance was not so called from prince *Maurice*, but from the Spanish *morisco*, a dancer of the *morris* or *moorish* dance. HAWKINS.

There is an old piece entitled, *Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Mayd-Marian, and Hereford Town for a Morris-dance: or 12 Morris-dancers in Herefordshire, of 1200 Years old*. Lond. 1609, quarto. It is dedicated to one Hall, a celebrated Tabourer in that country. T. WARTON.

<sup>3</sup> — *neither fish, nor flesh*;] So, the proverb: "*Neither fish nor flesh*, nor good red herring." STEEVENS.

M m 2

*Hosr.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

*P. HEN.* Thou say'st true, hostess; and he flanders thee most grossly.

*Hosr.* So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

*P. HEN.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*FAL.* A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

*Hosr.* Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

*FAL.* Did I, Bardolph?

*BARD.* Indeed, sir John, you said so.

*FAL.* Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

*P. HEN.* I say, 'tis copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*FAL.* Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

*P. HEN.* And why not, as the lion?

*FAL.* The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!

\* — *I pray God, my girdle break!*] Alluding to the old adage—"ungirt, unblest." Thus, in the *Phantastick Age*, bl. l. an ancient ballad:

"*Ungirt, unblest*, the proverbe sayes,

" And they, to prove it right,

" Have got a fashion now adayes

" That's odious to the fight;

" Like Frenchmen, all on points they stand,

" No *girdles* now they wear," &c.

Perhaps this ludicrous imprecation is proverbial. So, in *'Tis merry when Gossips meet*, a poem, 4to. 1609:

*P. HEN.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, emboss'd rascal,<sup>5</sup> if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain.<sup>6</sup> And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong:<sup>7</sup> Art thou not ashamed?

*FAL.* Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

*P. HEN.* It appears so by the story.

“How say'st thou, Bessie? shall it be so, girl? speake:

“If I make one, *pray God my girdle break!*” STEEVENS.

This wish had more force formerly than at present, it being once the custom to wear the purse hanging by the girdle; so that its breaking, if not observed by the wearer, was a serious matter.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *impudent, emboss'd rascal,*] *Emboss'd* is swollen, puffy.

JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear*:

“A plague-sore, or *embossed carbuncle.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, &c.*] As the *pocketing of injuries* was a common phrase, I suppose, the Prince calls the contents of Falstaff's pocket—*injuries.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *you will not pocket up wrong:*] Some part of this merry dialogue seems to have been lost. I suppose Falstaff in pressing the robbery upon his hostess, had declared his resolution *not to pocket up wrongs or injuries*, to which the Prince alludes. JOHNSON.

*FAL.* Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answer'd?

*P. HEN.* O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

*FAL.* O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

*P. HEN.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*FAL.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.\*

*BARD.* Do, my lord.

*P. HEN.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

*FAL.* I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

*P. HEN.* Bardolph,——

*BARD.* My lord.

\* ——— do it with unwash'd hands too.] i. e. Do it immediately, or the first thing in the morning, even without staying to wash your hands.

So, in *The More the Merrier*, a collection of Epigrams, 1608:

“ ——— as a school-boy dares

“ Fall to ere wasb'd his hands, or said his prayers.”

Perhaps, however, Falstaff alludes to the ancient adage:—*Illotis manibus trahere sacra*. I find the same expression in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: “Why be these holy thynges to be medled with with unwashed hands?” STEEVENS.



*P. HEN.* Go bear this letter to lord John of  
Lancaster,  
My brother John; this to my lord of Westmore-  
land.—

Go, Poins, to horse,<sup>9</sup> to horse; for thou, and I,  
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.—

Jack,

Meet me to-morrow i' the Temple-hall

At two o'clock i' the afternoon;

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there re-  
ceive

Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, POINS, and BARDOLPH.*]

*FAL.* Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my  
breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*]

<sup>9</sup> — Poins, *to horse,*] I cannot but think that *Peto* is again put for Poins. I suppose the old copy had only a *P*—. We have *Peto* afterwards, not riding with the Prince, but lieutenant to Falstaff. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation. STEEVENS.

The old copies read—Go, *Peto*, to horse. In further support of Dr. Johnson's emendation, it may be observed, that Poins suits the metre of the line, which would be destroyed by a word of two syllables. MALONE.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.**Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

HOT. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking  
truth,

In this fine age, were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas<sup>2</sup> have,  
'As not a foldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general current through the world.  
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy  
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place  
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:  
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

DOUG. Thou art the king of honour:  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,  
But I will beard him.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *the Douglas*—] This expression is frequent in Holinshed, and is always applied by way of pre-eminence to the head of the Douglas family. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *But I will beard him.*] To *beard* is to *oppose face to face* in a hostile or daring manner. So, in Drayton's *Quest of Cynthia*:

“That it with woodbine durst compare

“And *beard* the eglantine.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“—met them dareful, *beard* to *beard*.”

This phrase, which soon lost its original signification, appears to have been adopted from romance. In ancient language, to *beard* a man, was to *cut off his beard*, and to *beard* him, signified to *cut off his beard*; a punishment which was frequently inflicted by giants on such unfortunate princes as fell into their hands. So, Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, Song 4:

“And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,

“Made of the *beards* of kings.” STEEVENS.

Hot.

Do so, and 'tis well :—

*Enter a Messenger, with Letters.*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

MESS. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

MESS. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,

In such a juggling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

MESS. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Mess. *His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.*] The old copies—not I *my mind*, and—not I *his mind*. STEEVENS.

The line should be read and divided thus :

Mess. *His letters bear his mind, not I.*

Hot. *His mind!*

Hotspur had asked, *who leads his powers?* The Messenger answers, *His letters bear his mind.* The other replies, *His mind!* As much as to say, I enquire not about his mind, I want to know where his powers are. This is natural, and perfectly in character.

WARBURTON.

The earliest quarto, 1598, reads—*not I my mind*;—the compositor having inadvertently repeated the word *mind*, which had occurred immediately before; an error which often happens at the press. The printer of the third quarto, in 1604, not seeing how the mistake had arisen, in order to obtain some sense, changed *my* to *his*, reading, “not I *his mind*,” which was followed in all the subsequent ancient editions. The present correction, which is certainly right, was made by Mr. Capell. In two of the other speeches spoken by the messenger, he uses the same language, nor is it likely that he should address Hotspur, without this mark of respect. In his *first* speech the messenger is interrupted by the impetuosity of the person whom he addresses, to whom, it may be supposed, he would otherwise have there also given his title.

MALONE.

*Wor.* I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;  
And at the time of my departure thence,  
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

*Wor.* I would, the state of time had first been whole,  
Ere he by sickness had been visited;  
His health was never better worth than now.

*Hot.* Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth  
infect  
The very life-blood of our enterprize;  
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—  
He writes me here,—that inward sickness<sup>4</sup>—  
And that his friends by deputation could not  
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,  
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust  
On any soul remov'd,<sup>5</sup> but on his own.  
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—  
That with our small conjunction, we should on,  
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:  
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;<sup>6</sup>

I have followed Mr. Malone in printing this *first* speech with a break after—*father*,——. At the same time I suspect that the word—*come*, which deprives the sentence of all pretensions to harmony, was a playhouse interpolation, and that the passage originally ran as follows:

*These letters from your father*——. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *that inward sickness*—] A line, probably, has here been lost. MALONE.

I suspect no omission. Hotspur is abruptly enumerating the principal topics of the letter he has before him. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *On any soul remov'd,*] On any less near to himself; on any whose interest is remote. JOHNSON.

So, in *As you Like it*: "Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *no quailing now*;] To *quail* is to languish, to sink into dejection. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits  
"Quail to remember,——." STEEVENS.

Because the king is certainly possess'd  
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hor. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—  
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want  
Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good,  
To set the exact wealth of all our states  
All at one cast? to set so rich a main  
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?  
It were not good: for therein should we read  
The very bottom and the soul of hope;  
The very list, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ——— for therein should we read

*The very bottom and the soul of hope;*

*The very list, the very utmost bound*

*Of all our fortunes.*] To read *the bottom and the soul of hope,*  
and *the bound of fortune*, though all the copies, and all the editors  
have received it, surely cannot be right. I can think on no other  
word than *risque*:

—— therein should we *risque*

*The very bottom &c.*

The *list* is the *selvage*; figuratively, the utmost line of circum-  
ference, the utmost extent. If we should with less change read  
*read*, it will only suit with *list*, not with *soul* or *bottom*.

JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. So, in *King*  
*Henry VI.* Part II:

“ ——— we then should *see the bottom*

“ Of all our fortunes.” STEEVENS.

I once wished to read—*tread*, instead of *read*; but I now think,  
there is no need of alteration. To *read a bound* is certainly a very  
harsh phrase, but not more so than many others of Shakspeare. At  
the same time that *the bottom* of their fortunes should be displayed,  
its *circumference* or boundary would be necessarily exposed to view.  
*Sight* being necessary to reading, *to read* is here used, in Shakspeare's  
licentious language, for *to see*.

The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *K. Henry VI.* strongly  
confirms this interpretation. To it may be added this in *Romeo*  
and *Juliet*:

*DOUG.* 'Faith, and so we should;  
Where now remains<sup>1</sup> a sweet reversion:  
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what  
Is to come in:<sup>2</sup>  
A comfort of retirement<sup>3</sup> lives in this.

*HOR.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
If that the devil and mischance look big  
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

*WOR.* But yet, I would your father had been here.  
The quality and hair of our attempt<sup>4</sup>

"Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
Which sees into the bottom of my grief?"

And this in *Measure for Measure*:

"—— and it concerns me

"To look into the bottom of my place."

One of the phrases in the text is found in *Twelfth Night*: "She is the *lift* of my voyage." The other [the *soul* of hope] occurs frequently in our author's plays, as well as in those of his contemporaries. Thus, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, we find—"the *soul* of counsel;" and in *Troilus and Cressida*—"the *soul* of love." So also, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:

"—— Your desperate arm

"Hath almost thrust quite through the heart of hope."

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Where now remains—] *Where* is, I think, used here for *whereas*. It is often used with that signification by our author and his contemporaries. MALONE.

So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act I. sc. i:

"Where now you are both a father and a son."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> We may boldly spend upon the hope of what  
Is to come in:] Read:

We now may boldly spend, upon the hope  
Of what is to come in. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> A comfort of retirement—] A support to which we may have recourse. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> The quality and hair of our attempt—] The *hair* seems to be the *complexion*, the *character*. The metaphor appears harsh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our author's time. We still say

Brooks no division: It will be thought  
 By some, that know not why he is away,  
 That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike  
 Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;  
 And think, how such an apprehension  
 May turn the tide of fearful faction,  
 And breed a kind of question in our cause:  
 For, well you know, we of the offering side'

something is *against the hair*, as *against the grain*, that is, against the natural tendency. JOHNSON.

In an old comedy called *The Family of Love*, I meet with an expression which very well supports Dr. Johnson's explanation:

" — They say I am of the right *hair*, and indeed they may stand to't."

Again, in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" — since he will be

" An ass against the *hair*." STEEVENS.

This word is used in the same sense in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:

" But I bridled a colt of a contrarie *baire*." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *we of the offering side* —] All the latter editions read *offending*, but all the older copies which I have seen, from the first quarto to the edition of Rowe, read — *we of the off'ring side*. Of this reading the sense is obscure, and therefore the change has been made; but since neither *offering* nor *offending* are words likely to be mistaken, I cannot but suspect that *offering* is right, especially as it is read in the copy of 1599, which is more correctly printed than any single edition, that I have yet seen, of a play written by Shakspeare.

The *offering side* may signify that party, which, acting in opposition to the law, strengthens itself only by *offers*; increases its numbers only by *promises*. The king can raise an army, and continue it by threats of punishment; but those, whom no man is under any obligation to obey, can gather forces only by *offers* of advantage: and it is truly remarked, that they, whose influence arises from *offers*, must keep danger out of sight.

The *offering side* may mean simply the *assailant*, in opposition to the *defendant*; and it is likewise true of him that *off's* war, or makes an invasion, that his cause ought to be kept clear from all objections. JOHNSON.

Johnson's last explanation of the word *offering*, appears to be right. His first is far-fetched and unnatural. M. MASON.

Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;  
 And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence  
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us:  
 This absence of your father's draws a curtain,  
 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear<sup>4</sup>  
 Before not dreamt of.

*HOT.* You strain too far.  
 I, rather, of his absence make this use;—  
 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,  
 A larger dare to our great enterprize,  
 Than if the earl were here: for men must think,  
 If we, without his help, can make a head  
 To push against the kingdom; with his help,  
 We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—  
 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

*DOUG.* As heart can think: there is not such a  
 word  
 Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.<sup>5</sup>

*Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.*

*HOT.* My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

*VER.* Pray God, my news be worth a welcome,  
 lord.

The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
 Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

*HOT.* No harm: What more?

<sup>4</sup> *This absence of your father's draws a curtain,  
 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear &c.] To draw a curtain*  
 had anciently the same meaning, as to *undraw* one has at present.  
 So, (says Mr. Malone,) in a stage direction in *King Henry VI. P. II.*  
 (quarto, 1600,) "Then the *curtain* being *drawne*, Duke Hum-  
 phrey is *discovered* in his bed."

*Fear*, in the present instance, signifies a terriffick object.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — term of fear.] Folio—*dream of fear.* MALONE.



*VER.* And further, I have learn'd,—  
The king himself in person is set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mighty preparation.

*HOT.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,<sup>6</sup>  
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,  
And bid it pass?

*VER.* All furnish'd, all in arms,  
All plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind;  
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,*] Shakspeare rarely bestows his epithets at random. Stowe says of the Prince: "He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild buck, or doe, in a large park." STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *All furnish'd, all in arms,  
All plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind;  
Bated like eagles &c.]* The old copies—that *with the wind*.  
For the sake of affording the reader a text easily intelligible, I have followed the example of Mr. Malone, by adopting Dr. Johnson's emendation.

See the following notes. STEVENS.

What is the meaning of *estridges, that bated with the wind like eagles*? for the relative *that*, in the usual construction, must relate to *estridges*.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

*All plum'd like estridges, and with the wind  
Bating like eagles.*

By which he has escaped part of the difficulty, but has yet left impropriety sufficient to make his reading questionable.

I read:

*All furnish'd, all in arms,  
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind  
Bated like eagles.*

This gives a strong image. They were not only plumed like estridges, but their plumes fluttered like those of an estridge beating the wind with his wings. A more lively representation of young men ardent for enterprise, perhaps no writer has ever given.

JOHNSON.

Glittering in golden coats, like images;  
As full of spirit as the month of May,

I believe *esfridges* never mount at all, but only run before the wind, opening their wings to receive its assistance in urging them forward. They are generally hunted on horseback, and the art of the hunter is to turn them from the gale, by the help of which they are too fleet for the swiftest horse to keep up with them. I should have suspected a line to have been omitted, had not all the copies concurred in the same reading.

In the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* is the same thought:

" Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been :

" The Mountfords *all in plumes, like esfridges, were seen.*"

STEEVENS.

I have little doubt that instead of *with*, some verb ought to be substituted here. Perhaps it should be *whisk*. The word is used by a writer of Shakspeare's age. *England's Helicon*, sign. Q:

" This said, he *whisk'd* his particoloured wings." TY & WHITT.

This is one of those passages, in which, in my apprehension, there can be no doubt that there is some corruption, either by the omission of an entire line, or by one word being printed instead of another. The first quarto, which is followed by all the other ancient copies, reads:

*All plum'd like esfridges, that with the wind,*

*Bated like eagles having lately bath'd.*

From the context it appears to me evident that two distinct comparisons were here intended, that two objects were mentioned, to each of which the Prince's troops were compared; and that our author could never mean to compare *esfridges* to *eagles*, a construction which the word *with* forces us to. In each of the subsequent lines a distinct image is given.—Besides, as Dr. Johnson has remarked, " What is the meaning of *esfridges that bated with the wind like eagles?* for the relative *that* in the usual construction must relate to *esfridges*."

Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with me in thinking the old text corrupt. I have therefore adopted the slight alteration proposed by Dr. Johnson—that *wing* the wind; which gives an easy sense.—The *spirit* and *ardour* of the troops are marked by their being compared to eagles in the next line; but the *esfridges* appear to be introduced here, as in the passage quoted above from Drayton, by Mr. Steevens, solely on account of the soldiers' *plumes*; and the manner in which those birds are said to move, sufficiently explains the meaning of the words—that *wing* the wind. If this emendation be not just, and *with* be the true reading, a line must have been lost, in which the particular movement of the *esfridge* was described. The concurrence of the copies (mentioned by Mr. Steevens in a foregoing

And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;

note) militates but little in my mind against the probability of such an omission; for in general, I have observed, that whenever there is a corruption in one copy, it is continued in every subsequent one. Omission is one of the most frequent errors of the press, and we have undoubted proofs that some lines were omitted in the early editions of these plays. See Vol. IV. p. 181, n. 4; Vol. VIII. p. 243, n. 4; and *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. sc. iv. See also *King Henry VI.* Part II. Act III. sc. iv. where the following line is omitted in the folio, 1623:

“Jove sometimes went disguis’d, and why not I?”

There is still another objection to the old reading, that I had nearly forgotten. Supposing the expression—“that *with* the wind bated like eagles”—was defensible, and that these ostridges were intended to be compared to eagles, why should the comparison be in the *past* time? Would it not be more natural to say,—The troops were all plumed like ostridges, that, like eagles, *bate* with the wind, &c.

On the whole, I think it most probable that a line in which the motion of ostridges was described, was inadvertently passed over by the transcriber or compositor, when the earliest copy was printed; an error which has indisputably happened in other places in these plays. It is observable, that in this passage, as it stands in the old copy, there is no verb: nothing is predicated concerning the troops. In the lost line it was very probably said, that they were then *advancing*. Rather, however, than print the passage with asterisks as imperfect, I have, as the lesser evil, adopted Dr. Johnson’s emendation. Mr. Steevens’s notes perfectly explain the text as now regulated.

I have said that nothing is predicated of these *plumed troops*, and this is a very strong circumstance to show that a line was omitted, in which they probably were at once described as in motion, and compared (for the sake of their plumage) to ostridges. The omitted line might have been of this import:

*All furnish’d, all in arms,*

*All plum’d like ostridges, that with the wind*

*Run on, in gallant trim they now advance:*

*Bated like eagles having lately bath’d;*

*Glittering in golden coats like images,*

*As full of spirits as the month of May,*

*And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;*

*Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.* MALONE.

*All plum’d like ostridges,]* All dressed like the Prince himself, the ostrich-feather being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales. GREY.

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Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,\*

Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;] To *bate* is, in the style of falconry, to *beat the wing*, from the French, *battre*, that is, to flutter in preparation for flight. JOHNSON.

The following passage from *David and Bethsabe*, 1599, will confirm Dr. Johnson's assertion:

"Where all delights sat *bating*, wing'd with thoughts,  
"Ready to nestle in her naked breast."

Again, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—— made her check at the prey, *bate* at the lure," &c.

Writers on falconry also often mention the *bathing* of hawks and eagles, as highly necessary for their health and spirits.—All birds, after *bathing*, (which almost all birds are fond of,) spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This, in the falconer's language, is called *bating*, and by Shakspeare, *bating with the wind*.—It may be observed that birds never appear so lively and full of spirits, as immediately after *bathing*. STEEVENS.

This appears to be justly explained by Steevens. When birds have bathed, they cannot fly until their feathers be disentangled, by *bating* with the wind. M. MASON.

*Bated*, is, I believe, here used for *bating*, the passive for the active participle; a licence which our author often takes. So, in *Otello*:

"If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack."

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"And careful hours with time's *deformed* hand."

To *bate*, as appears from Mintheu's *DiA*, 1617, was originally applied to birds of prey, when they swoop upon their quarry. *S'abbatre, se devaller*, Fr. Hence it signifies, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, to flutter, "à Gal. *batre*, (says Mintheu,) i. e. to beat, because she [the hawk] beats herself with unquiet fluttering."

MALONE.

\* *Glittering in golden coats like images*;] This alludes to the manner of dressing up images in the Romish churches on holy-days; when they are bedecked in robes very richly laced and embroidered. So, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, Book I. ch. iii:

"He was to weet a stout and sturdie thiefe

"Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments, &c.

"The *holy saints* of their *rich vestiments*

"He did disrobe," &c. STEEVENS.

\* *I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,*] We should read—*beaver* up. It is an impropriety to say *on*: for the beaver is only

His cuisses on his thighs,<sup>2</sup> gallantly arm'd,—  
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
 And vaulted<sup>3</sup> with such ease into his seat,  
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,<sup>4</sup>

the visiere of the helmet, which let down, covers the face. When the soldier was not upon action he wore it *up*, so that his face might be seen, (hence Vernon says he *saw young Harry &c.*) But when upon action, it was let down to cover and secure the face. Hence in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* it is said:

“ Their armed staves in charge, their *beavers* down.”

WARBURTON.

There is no need of all this note; for *beaver* may be a *helmet*; or the Prince, trying his armour, might wear his beaver down. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton seems not to have observed, that Vernon only says, he saw “ young Harry,” not that he saw his *face*. MALONE.

*Beaver* and *visiere* were two different parts of the helmet. The former part let down to enable the wearer to *drink*, the latter was raised up to enable him to see. LORT.

Shakspeare however confounded them; for, in *Hamlet*, Horatio says, that he saw the old king's face, because “ he wore his *beaver up*.” Nor is our poet singular in the use of this word. This was the common signification of the word, for Bullokar in his *English Exposition*, 1616, defines *beaver* thus: “ In armour it signifies that part of the helmet which may be *lifted up*, to take breath the more freely.” MALONE.

The poet is certainly not guilty of the confusion laid to his charge with respect to the passage in *Hamlet*; for the beaver was as often made to *lift up* as to *let down*. DOUCE.

<sup>2</sup> *His cuisses on his thighs,*] *Cuisses*, French. Armour for the thighs. POPE.

The reason why his *cuisses* are so particularly mentioned, I conceive to be, that his horsemanship is here praised, and the *cuisses* are that part of armour which most hinders a horseman's activity. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *And vaulted*—] The context requires *vault*, but a word of one syllable will not suit the metre. Perhaps our author wrote *vaults it*, a mode of phraseology of which there are some examples in these plays. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,*] This idea occurs in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up, &c.* 1596: “ —her hottest fury may be resembled to the passing of a brave carriere by a *Pegasus*.” STEVENS.

And witch the world<sup>s</sup> with noble horfemanship.

*HOT.* No more, no more; worfe than the fun in March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,  
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,  
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,  
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,  
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,  
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:  
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—  
O, that Glendower were come!

*VER.*

There is more news:

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

*DOUG.* That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

*WOR.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

*HOT.* What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

*VER.* To thirty thousand.

*HOT.*

Forty let it be;

My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of us may serve so great a day.  
Come, let us take a muster speedily:  
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

*DOUG.* Talk not of dying; I am out of fear  
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>s</sup> *And witch the world—*] For bewitch, charm. *POPE.*

So, in *King Henry VI.* Part II:

“To fit and *witch* me, as Ascanius did.” *STEEVENS.*

SCENE II.

*A publick Road near Coventry.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

**FAL.** Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

**BARD.** Will you give me money, captain?

**FAL.** Lay out, lay out.

**BARD.** This bottle makes an angel.

**FAL.** An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto<sup>6</sup> meet me at the town's end.

**BARD.** I will, captain: farewell. *[Exit.]*

**FAL.** If I be not ashamed of my foldiers, I am a souced gurnet.<sup>7</sup> I have misused the king's prefs

<sup>6</sup> — *lieutenant Peto*—] This passage proves that Peto did not go with the Prince. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *souced gurnet*.] This is a dish mentioned in that very laughable poem called *The Counter-scuffle*, 1658:

“ Stuck thick with cloves upon the back,

“ Well stuff'd with sage, and for the smack,

“ Daintily strew'd with pepper black,

“ *Souc'd gurnet.*”

*Souced gurnet* is an appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

“ Punck! you *souc'd gurnet*!”

Again, in the Prologue to *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

“ Out you *souced gurnet*, you wool-fitt!”

Among the Cotton MSS. is a part of an old household book for the year 1594. See *Vesp. F.* xvi:

“ Supper. Paid for a *gurnard*, viii. d.” STEEVENS.

A *gurnet* is a fish very nearly resembling a piper.

damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I pres me none but good householders,<sup>8</sup> yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worfe than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck.<sup>9</sup> I

It should seem from one of Taylor's pieces, entitled *A bawd*, 12mo. 1635, that a *fourced gurnet* was sometimes used in the same metaphorical sense in which we now frequently use the word *gudgeon*: "Though she [a bawd] live after the flesh, all is fish that comes to the net with her;—She hath baytes for all kinde of frye: a great lord is her Greenland whale; a countrey gentleman is her cods-head; a rich citizen's son is her *four'd gurnet*, or her *gudgeon*." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — [*I pres me none but good householders, &c.*] This practice is complained of in Barnabie Riche's *Souldier's Wife to Briton's welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, 1604, p. 62: "Sir, I perceive by the found of your words you are a favourite to Capitaines, and I thinke you could be contented, that to serve the expedition of these times, we should take up honest *householders*, men that are of wealth and abilitie to live at home, such as your capitaines might chop and chaunge, and make marchandise of," &c.

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — [*worfe than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck.*] The repetition of the same image disposed Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, to read, in opposition to all the copies, a *struck deer*, which is indeed a proper expression, but not likely to have been corrupted. Shakspere, perhaps, wrote a *struck sorrel*, which, being negligently read by a man not skilled in hunter's language, was easily changed to *struck fowl*. *Sorrel* is used in *Love's Labour's Lost* for a young deer; and the terms of the chase were, in our author's time, familiar to the ears of every gentleman. JOHNSON.

— [*fowl*,] Thus the first quarto, 1598. In a subsequent copy (1608) the word *fowl* being erroneously printed *fool*, that error was adopted in the quarto 1613, and consequently in the folio, which was printed from it. MALONE.

*Fowl*, seems to have been the word designed by the poet, who might have thought an opposition between *fowl*, i. e. domestick birds, and *wild-fowl*, sufficient on this occasion. He has almost the same expression in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Alas poor *hurt fowl*! now will he creep into sedges." STEVENS.



prefs'd me none but such toasts and butter,<sup>2</sup> with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers,<sup>3</sup> revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace;<sup>4</sup> ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient:<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> —[*such toasts and butter,*] This term of contempt is used in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

"They love young *toasts and butter*, Bow-bell suckers."

STEEVENS.

"Londiners, and all within the sound of Bow-bell, are in reproch called cocknies, and eaters of *buttered tostes*." Moryson's *Itin.* 1617. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —[*younger sons to younger brothers, &c.*] Raleigh, in his *Discourse on War*, uses this very expression for men of desperate fortune and wild adventure. Which borrowed it from the other, I know not, but I think the play was printed before the *Discourse*.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps Oliver Cromwell was indebted to this speech, for the sarcasm which he threw out on the soldiers commanded by Hampden: "Your troops are most of them *old decayed serving men and tapsters,*" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —[*cankers of a calm world, and a long peace;*] So, in *The Puritan*: "—hatch'd and nourished in the idle *calmness* of peace." Again, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592: "—all the *canker-wormes that breed on the rust of peace.*"

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —[*ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient:*] Shakspeare uses this word so promiscuously to signify an ensign or standard-bearer, and also the colours or standard borne, that I cannot be at a certainty for his allusion here. If the text be genuine, I think the meaning must be, as dishonourably ragged as one that has been an ensign all his days; that has let age creep

and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think,

upon him, and never had merit enough to gain preferment. Dr. Warburton, who understands it in the second construction, has suspected the text, and given the following ingenious emendation: "How is an old-fac'd *ancient* or *ensign*, dishonourably ragged? on the contrary, nothing is esteemed more honourable than a ragged pair of colours. A very little alteration will restore it to its original sense, which contains a touch of the strongest and most fine-turn'd satire in the world: — *ten times more dishonourably ragged than an old feast ancient*; i. e. the *colours* used by the city-companies in their feasts and processions; for each company had one with its peculiar device, which was usually displayed and borne about on such occasions. Now nothing could be more witty or sarcastical than this comparison: for as Falstaff's ragga-muffins were reduced to their tatter'd condition through their riotous excesses; so this old *feast ancient* became torn and shatter'd, not in any manly exercise of arms, but amidst the revels of drunken bacchanals." THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is very acute and judicious; but I know not whether the licentiousness of our author's diction may not allow us to suppose that he meant to represent his soldiers, as *more ragged*, though less honourably ragged, *than an old ancient*.

JOHNSON.

*An old fac'd ancient*, is an old standard mended with a different colour. It should not be written in one word, as *old* and *fac'd* are distinct epithets. To *face* a gown is to *trim* it; an expression at present in use. In our author's time the *facings* of gowns were always of a colour different from the stuff itself. So, in this play:

"To *face* the garment of rebellion

"With some fine colour."

Again, in *Ram-alley or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Your tawny coats with greasy *facings* here." STEEVENS.

So, in *The Puritan*, a comedy, 1607: "— full of *boles*, like a shot *ancient*." The modern editors, instead of *dishonourable* read *dishonourably*; but the change is unnecessary, for our author frequently uses adjectives adverbially. So again in this play:

"And since this business so *fair* is done."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII*: "He is *equal* ravenous as he is subtle." Again, in *Hamlet*: "I am myself *indifferent* honest." Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"Her only fault—

"Is that she is *intolerable* curst."

See also Vol. VI. p. 318, n. 9. MALONE.

that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on;<sup>6</sup> for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half<sup>7</sup> in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry.<sup>8</sup> But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter Prince HENRY and WESTMORELAND.*

*P. HEN.* How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

*FAL.* What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

*WEST.* 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are

<sup>6</sup> — gyves on;] i. e. shackles. POPE.

So, in the old Morality of *Hycke Scorne*:

" And I will go fetch a pair of gyves."

Again:

" They be yeomen of the wrethe, that be shackled in gyves."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *There's but a shirt and a half*—] The old copies read—*There's not a shirt &c.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. In *The Merchant of Venice*, printed by J. Roberts, 4to. 1600, *but* has taken the place of *not*:

" Repent *but* you that you shall lose your friend." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *of Daintry.*] i. e. Daventry. STEEVENS.

there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.'

*FAL.* Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as a cat to steal cream.

*P. HEN.* I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whose fellows are these that come after?

*FAL.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*P. HEN.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*FAL.* Tut, tut; good enough to tofs;\* food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

*WEST.* Ay, but, sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

*FAL.* 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learn'd that of me.

*P. HEN.* No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, firrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

*FAL.* What, is the king encamp'd?

*WEST.* He is, sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

*FAL.* Well,  
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a  
feast,  
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *we must away all night.*] Read,—*we must away all to-night.* M. MASON.

Perhaps Westmoreland means—" *we must travel all night.*"

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *good enough to tofs;*] That is, to tofs upon a pike.

JOHNSON.

## S C E N E III.

*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and  
VERNON.

HOT. We'll fight with him to-night.

WOR. It may not be.

DOUG. You give him then advantage.

VER. Not a whit.

HOT. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

VER. So do we.

HOT. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

WOR. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

VER. Do not, my lord.

DOUG. You do not counsel well;  
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

VER. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,  
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)  
If well-respected honour bid me on,  
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,  
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:<sup>9</sup>—  
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,  
Which of us fears.

DOUG. Yea, or to-night.

VER. Content.

HOT. To-night, say I.

VER. Come, come, it may not be.

<sup>9</sup> *As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:]* The old copies,  
— *that this day lives:* STEVENS.

We should omit the words, *this day*, which weaken the sense and  
destroy the measure. M. MASON.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading,<sup>2</sup>  
 That you foresee not what impediments  
 Drag back our expedition: Certain horse  
 Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:  
 Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;  
 And now their pride and mettle is asleep,  
 Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
 That not a horse is half the half himself.<sup>3</sup>

*HOR.* So are the horses of the enemy  
 In general, journey-bated, and brought low;  
 The better part of ours are full of rest.

*WOR.* The number of the king exceedeth ours:  
 For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpets sound a parley.*

*Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.*

*BLUNT.* I come with gracious offers from the king,  
 If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

*HOR.* Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; And 'would  
 to God,  
 You were of our determination!  
 Some of us love you well: and even those some  
 Envy your great deservings, and good name;  
 Because you are not of our quality,<sup>4</sup>  
 But stand against us like an enemy.

<sup>2</sup> — *such great leading.*] Such conduct, such experience in martial business. JOHNSON.

The old copies,

— *such great leading as you are,*  
 By the advice of Mr. Ritson I have omitted the words—*as you are,*  
 which only serve to destroy the metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *half himself.*] Old copies—*half of himself.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *of our quality.*] *Quality* in our author's time was frequently used in the sense of *fellowship* or *occupation*. So, in *The Tempest*: "Talk Ariel and all his *quality*," i. e. all those who were employed with Ariel in similar services or occupations; his

*BLUNT.* And God defend, but still I should stand so,  
 So long as, out of limit, and true rule,  
 You stand against anointed majesty!  
 But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know  
 The nature of your griefs;<sup>5</sup> and whereupon  
 You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
 Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land  
 Audacious cruelty: If that the king  
 Have any way your good deserts forgot,—  
 Which he confesseth to be manifold,—  
 He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,  
 You shall have your desires, with interest;  
 And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,  
 Herein misled by your suggestion.

*HOT.* The king is kind; and, well we know, the  
 king  
 Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.  
 My father, and my uncle, and myself,  
 Did give him that same royalty he wears:“

fellows. Again, in *Hamlet*: “——give me a taste of your quality.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——of your griefs;] That is, *grievances*. So, in *A Declaration of the Treasons of the late Earle of Essex, &c.* 1601: “The Lord Keeper required the Earle of Essex, that if he would not declare his *griefs* openly, yet that then he would impart them privately.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *My father, and my uncle, and myself,*

*Did give him that same royalty he wears:]* The Percies were in the highest favour with King Henry the Fourth for some time after his accession. Thomas Earl of Worcester was appointed Governour to the Prince of Wales, and was honoured with the custody of Isabel, widow of King Richard the Second, when she was sent back to France after that king's deposition. Hotspur, who accompanied him on that occasion, in the presence of the Ambassadors of both nations, who met between Calais and Boulogne, protested “upon his soul” that she was a virgin, “sound and entire even as she was delivered to King Richard, and if any would say to the contrary, he was ready to prove it against him by combat.” *Speed*, p. 753. MALONE.

And,—when he was not fix and twenty strong,  
 Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
 A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—  
 My father gave him welcome to the shore:  
 And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,  
 He came but to be duke of Lancaster,  
 To sue his livery,<sup>6</sup> and beg his peace;  
 With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—  
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,  
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
 Now, when the lords and barons of the realm  
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,  
 The more and less<sup>7</sup> came in with cap and knee;

<sup>6</sup> *To sue his livery,*] This is a law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures; meaning, to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands from those persons who on the death of any of the tenants of the crown, seized their lands, till the heir *sued out his livery*.

STEEVENS.

Before the 32d year of *King Henry the Eighth*, wardships were usually granted as court favours, to those who made suit for, and had interest enough to obtain them. RITSON.

During the existence of the feudal tenures, on the death of any of the King's tenants, an inquest of office, called *inquisitio post mortem*, was held, to inquire of what lands he died seized, who was his heir, of what age he was, &c. and in those cases where the heir was a minor, he became the ward of the crown; the land was seized by its officers, and continued in its possession, or that of the person to whom the crown granted it, till the heir came of age, and *sued out his livery*, or *ousterlemaine*, that is, the delivery of the land out of his guardian's hands. To regulate these inquiries, which were greatly abused, many persons being compelled to sue out livery from the crown, who were by no means tenants thereunto, the *Court of Wards and Liveries* was erected by Stat. 32 Hen. VIII. c. 46. See Blackstone's *Comm.* II. 61. III. 258.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *The more and less*—] i. e. the greater and the less.

STEEVENS.

Steevens has given the words, *the more and less*, the only explanation they can bear; but I have little doubt that we ought to read—

They, *more and less*, came in &c. M. MASON.



Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;  
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
 Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,<sup>8</sup>  
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.  
 He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—  
 Steps me a little higher than his vow  
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;<sup>9</sup>  
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,  
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:  
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
 Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,  
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.  
 Proceeded further; cut me off the heads  
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king  
 In deputation left behind him here,  
 When he was personal in the Irish war,

BLUNT. Tut, I came not to hear this.

HOT. Then, to the point.——

In short time after, he depos'd the king;  
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;  
 And, in the neck of that,<sup>2</sup> task'd the whole state:<sup>3</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,*] Perhaps we ought to point differently:

*Gave him their heirs as pages; follow'd him, &c.* MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Upon the naked shore &c.*] In this whole speech he alludes again to some passages in *Richard the Second*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *And, in the neck of that,*] So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, 1566: "Great mischiefs succedying one in another's necke."

HENDERSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *task'd the whole state:*] I suppose it should be *tax'd* the whole state. JOHNSON.

*Task'd* is here used for *taxed*; it was once common to employ these words indiscriminately. *Memoirs of P. de Cambrines*, by

To make that worfe, suffer'd his kinsman March  
 (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,  
 Indeed his king,) to be incag'd in Wales;<sup>3</sup>  
 There without ranfom to lie forfeited:  
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;  
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence;  
 Rated my uncle from the council-board;  
 In rage difmifs'd my father from the court;  
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:  
 And, in conclufion, drove us to feek out  
 This head of fafety;<sup>4</sup> and, withal, to pry  
 Into his title, the which we find  
 Too indirec't for long continuance.

BLUNT. Shall I return this anfwer to the king?

HOT. Not fo, fir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.  
 Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd  
 Some furety for a fafe return again,  
 And in the morning early fhall mine uncle  
 Bring him our purpofes: and fo farewell.

BLUNT. I would, you would accept of grace and  
 love.

HOT. And, may be, fo we fhall.

BLUNT. 'Pray heaven, you do!  
 [Exit.]

Danert, folio, 4th edit. 1674, p. 136: "Duke Philip, by the  
 fpace of many years levied neither fubfidies nor *tafks*." Again,  
 in Stephen Goffon's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "—— like a greedy  
 furveieur being fent into Fraunce to govern the countrie, robbed  
 them and fpoyled them of all their treasure with unreafonable *tafkes*."

Again, in Holinshed, p. 422: "There was a new and ftrange  
 fubfidie or *tafke* granted to be levied for the king's ufe." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —— incag'd in *Wales*.] The old copies have *engag'd*. Cor-  
 rected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

No change was neceffary. *Engag'd* fignifies *delivered as a boftage*;  
 and is again ufed in that fense. See p. 572, n. 9. DOUCE.

<sup>4</sup> *This head of fafety*.] This army, from which I hope for pro-  
 tection. JOHNSON.

SCENE IV.

York, *A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.*

ARCH. Hie, good fir Michael; bear this sealed  
brief,<sup>5</sup>

With winged haste, to the lord marshal;<sup>6</sup>  
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest  
To whom they are directed: if you knew  
How much they do import, you would make haste.

GENT. My good lord,  
I guess their tenor.

ARCH. Like enough, you do.<sup>7</sup>  
To-morrow, good fir Michael, is a day,  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must 'bide the touch: For, fir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truly given to understand,  
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,  
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, fir Michael,—  
What with the sickness of Northumberland,  
(Whose power was in the first proportion,)<sup>8</sup>  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,

<sup>5</sup> —sealed brief,] A *brief* is simply a letter. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —to the lord marshal;] Thomas Lord Mowbray.  
MALONE,

<sup>7</sup> Gent. *My good lord,*  
*I guess their tenor.*

Arch. Like enough, you do.] Read:

Gent. *My lord, I guess their tenor.*

Arch.

Like enough. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> —in the first proportion,] Whose quota was larger than  
that of any other man in the confederacy. JOHNSON.



ACT V.<sup>9</sup> SCENE I.

*The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.*<sup>2</sup>

*K. HEN.* How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
Above yon busky hill!<sup>3</sup> the day looks pale  
At his distemperature.

*P. HEN.* The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;<sup>4</sup>  
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,  
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

*K. HEN.* Then with the losers let it sympathize;  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

*Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,

<sup>9</sup> *AA V.*] It seems proper to be remarked, that in the editions printed while the author lived, this play is not broken into Acts. The division which was made by the players in the first folio, seems commodious enough; but, being without authority, may be changed by any editor who thinks himself able to make a better.

*JOHNSON.*  
<sup>2</sup> In the old and modern editions the Earl of Westmoreland is made to enter here with the King; but, it appears from a passage in the next scene that he was left as a hostage in Hotspur's camp, till Worcester should return from treating with Henry. See p. 571, n. 6. *MALONE.*

<sup>3</sup> — busky hill!]  
*Busky* is woody. (*Bosquet*, Fr.) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly, *bosky*. *STEEVENS.*

<sup>4</sup> — to his purposes;] That is, to the sun's, to that which the sun portends by his unusual appearance. *JOHNSON.*

That you and I should meet upon such terms  
 As now we meet : You have deceiv'd our trust ;  
 And made us doff our easy robes<sup>3</sup> of peace,  
 To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel :<sup>4</sup>  
 This is not well, my lord, this is not well.  
 What say you to't? will you again unknit  
 This churlish knot of all-aborred war?  
 And move in that obedient orb again,  
 Where you did give a fair and natural light;  
 And be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
 A prodigy of fear, and a portent  
 Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

*WOR.* Hear me, my liege :  
 For mine own part, I could be well content  
 To entertain the lag-end of my life  
 With quiet hours; for, I do protest,  
 I have not fought the day of this dislike.

*K. HEN.* You have not fought it! how comes it then?

*FAL.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*P. HEN.* Peace, chewet, peace.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— doff *our easy robes*——] i. e. *do them off*, put them off.  
 So, in *King John*:

“ Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame——.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel*:] Shakspeare must have been aware that the King was not at this time more than *four years* older than he was at the deposition of King Richard. And indeed in the next play, he makes him expressly tell us, that it was then

“ ——— but *eight years* since

“ Northumberland, even to the eyes of Richard

“ Gave him defiance.”

But it is altogether fruitless to attempt the reconciliation of our author's chronology. RITSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Peace, chewet, peace.*] A *chewet*, or *chuet*, is a noisy chattering bird, a pie. This carries a proper reproach to Falstaff for his ill-timed and impertinent jest. THEOBALD.

*WOR.* It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks  
 Of favour, from myself, and all our house;  
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,  
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
 For you, my staff of office<sup>6</sup> did I break  
 In Richard's time; and posted day and night  
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
 When yet you were in place and in account  
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
 It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
 That brought you home, and boldly did outdare  
 The dangers of the time: You swore to us,—  
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—  
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;  
 Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
 The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:  
 To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,  
 It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;  
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—

In an old book of cookery, printed in 1596, I find a receipt to make *chewets*, which, from their ingredients, seem to have been fat greasy puddings; and to these it is highly probable that the Prince alludes. Both the quartos and folio spell the word as it now stands in the text, and as I found it in the book already mentioned. So, in Bacon's *Natural History*: "As for *chuwets*, which are likewise minced meat, instead of butter and fat, it were good to moisten them partly with cream, or almond and pistachio milk," &c. It appears from a receipt in *The Forme of Cury*, a *Roll of ancient English Cookery*, compiled about A. D. 1390, by the *Master Cook of King Richard II.* and published by Mr. Pegge, 8vo. 1780, that these *chewets* were fried in oil. See p. 83, of that work. Cotgrave's *Dictionary* explains the French word *goubelet*, to be a kind of round pie resembling our *chuet*. STEEVENS.

See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "Frilingotti. A kinde of daintie *chewet* or minced pie." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — my staff of office—] See *Richard the Second*.

JOHNSON,

What with our help; what with the absent king;  
 What with the injuries of a wanton time;<sup>7</sup>  
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne;  
 And the contrarious winds, that held the king  
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars,  
 That all in England did repute him dead,—  
 And, from this swarm of fair advantages,  
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
 To gripe the general sway into your hand:  
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;  
 And, being fed by us, you us'd us so  
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,<sup>8</sup>  
 Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;  
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,  
 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing  
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly  
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head:  
 Whereby we stand opposed<sup>9</sup> by such means  
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;  
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
 And violation of all faith and troth  
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. HEN. These things, indeed, you have articulated,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *the injuries of a wanton time;*] i. e. the injuries done by King Richard in the wantonness of prosperity. MUSGRAVE.

<sup>8</sup> *As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,*] The cuckoo's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckoo's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *we stand opposed &c.*] We stand in opposition to you.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *articulated,*] i. e. exhibited in articles. So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. Book V:

“How to articulate with yielding wights.”



Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches ;  
 To face the garment of rebellion  
 With some fine colour,<sup>3</sup> that may please the eye  
 Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,<sup>4</sup>  
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news  
 Of hurlyburly innovation :  
 And never yet did insurrection want  
 Such water-colours, to impaint his cause ;  
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time<sup>5</sup>  
 Of pellmell havock and confusion.

*P. HEN.* In both our armies, there is many a soul  
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
 The prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
 In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,—  
 This present enterprize set off his head,<sup>6</sup>—

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy* :

“ To end those things articulated here.”

Again, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615 :

“ Drums, beat aloud!—I'll not articulate.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> To face the garment of rebellion

With some fine colour,] This is an allusion to our ancient fantastick habits, which were usually faced or turned up with a colour different from that of which they were made. So, in the old *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date :

“ His hosen shall be freshly garded

“ Wyth colours two or thre.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — poor discontents,] Poor *discontents* are poor *discontented* people, as we now say—*malcontents*. So, in Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604 :

“ What, play I well the free-breath'd discontent?”

MALONE,

<sup>5</sup> — starving for a time—] i. e. impatiently expecting a time, &c. So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ And now again clean starved for a look.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — set off his head,] i. e. taken from his account.

MUSGRAVE.

I do not think, a braver gentleman,  
 More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,<sup>7</sup>  
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,  
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
 I have a truant been to chivalry;  
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too:  
 Yet this before my father's majesty,——  
 I am content, that he shall take the odds  
 Of his great name and estimation;  
 And will, to save the blood on either side,  
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. HEN. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,  
 Albeit, considerations infinite  
 Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,  
 We love our people well;<sup>8</sup> even those we love,  
 That are misled upon your cousin's part:  
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man  
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:  
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
 What he will do:—But if he will not yield,

<sup>7</sup> *More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,* for Thomas Munmer reads—*more valued young*. I think the phrase gingle has more of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

The same kind of gingle is in Sidney's *Archipel and Stella*:

“——young-wife, wife-valiant.” STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——No, good Worcester, no,  
*We love our people well;*] As there appears to be no reason for introducing the negative into this sentence, I should suppose it an error of the press, and that we ought to read,

——Know, good Worcester, know, &c.

There is sufficient reason to believe that many parts of these plays were dictated to the transcribers, and the words, *know* and *no*, are precisely the same in sound. M. MASON.

Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;  
We will not now be troubled with reply:  
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON.*]

P. HEN. It will not be accepted, on my life:  
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. HEN. Hence, therefore, every leader to his  
charge;  
For, on their answer, we will set on them:  
And God besfriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt King, BLUNT, and Prince JOHN.*]

FAL. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and  
bestride me,<sup>9</sup> so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. HEN. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that  
friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

FAL. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. HEN. Why, thou owest God a death.

[*Exit.*<sup>2</sup>]

FAL. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay  
him before his day. What need I be so forward with  
him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter;  
Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour  
prick me off when I come on? how then? Can  
honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or  
take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour

<sup>9</sup> — and *bestride me*,] In the battle of Agincourt, Henry, when king, did this act of friendship for his brother the Duke of Gloucester. STEEVENS.

So again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“When I *bestrid thee in the wars*, and took

“Deep scars, to save thy life.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Exit.*] This *exit* is remarked by Mr. Upton. JOHNSON.

hath no skill in furgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon,<sup>3</sup> and so ends my catechism. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

### *The Rebel Camp.*

*Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

WOR. O, no, my nephew must not know, fir Richard,  
The liberal kind offer of the king.

VER. 'Twere best, he did.

WOR. Then are we all undone.  
It is not possible, it cannot be,  
The king should keep his word in loving us;  
He will suspect us still, and find a time  
To punish this offence in other faults:  
Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes:<sup>4</sup>  
For treason is but trusted like the fox;

<sup>3</sup> — *Honour is a mere scutcheon,*] This is very fine. The reward of brave actions formerly was only some honourable bearing in the shields of arms bestowed upon deservers. But Falstaff having said that *honour* often came not till after death, he calls it very wittily a *scutcheon*, which is the painted heraldry borne in funeral processions: and by *mere scutcheon* is insinuated, that whether alive or dead, honour was but a name. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes:*] The same image of *suspicion* is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana*, written about the same time by Dr. William Alabaster. JOHNSON.

Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,  
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
 Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,  
 Interpretation will misquote our looks;  
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.  
 My nephew's trespasss may be well forgot,  
 It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;  
 And an adopted name of privilege,—  
 A hare-brain'd Hotspur,<sup>5</sup> govern'd by a spleen:  
 All his offences live upon my head,  
 And on his father's;—we did train him on;  
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,  
 In any case, the offer of the king.

*VER.* Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.  
 Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; and Officers and  
 Soldiers, behind.*

*HOT.* My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up  
 My lord of Westmoreland.<sup>6</sup>—Uncle, what news?

Dr. Farmer, with great propriety, would reform the line as I have printed it. In all former editions, without regard to measure, it stood thus:

Suspicion, *all our lives*, shall be stuck full of eyes.  
 All the old copies read—*supposition*. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *an adopted name of privilege*,—

*A hare-brain'd Hotspur,*] The name of *Hotspur* will privilege him from censure. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Deliver up*

*My lord of Westmoreland.*] He was “impawned as a surety for the safe return” of Worcester. See Act IV. sc. iii.

MALONE.

WOR. The king will bid you battle presently.

DOUG. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.<sup>7</sup>

HOT. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.<sup>8</sup>

DOUG. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[Exit.]

WOR. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

HOT. Did you beg any? God forbid!

WOR. I told him gently of our grievances,  
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—  
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:  
He calls us, rebels, traitors; and will scourge  
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

*Re-enter DOUGLAS.*

DOUG. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have  
thrown

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,  
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd,<sup>9</sup> did bear it;  
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

WOR. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before  
the king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

HOT. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;  
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,

<sup>7</sup> Doug. *Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.*] This line, as well as the next, (as has been observed by one of the modern editors,) properly belongs to Hotspur, whose impatience would scarcely suffer any one to anticipate him on such an occasion.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Lord Douglas, go you &c.*] *Douglas* is here used as a trisyllable.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *And Westmoreland, that was engag'd,*] *Engag'd* is delivered as an hostage. A few lines before, upon the return of Worcester, he orders Westmoreland to be dismissed. JOHNSON.

But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,  
How show'd his tasking?<sup>2</sup> seem'd it in contempt?

*VER.* No, by my soul; I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man;  
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;  
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;  
Making you ever better than his praise,  
By still dispraising praise, valued with you:<sup>3</sup>  
And, which became him like a prince indeed,  
He made a blushing cital of himself;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *How show'd his tasking?*] Thus the quarto, 1598. The others, with the folio, read—*tasking*. STEEVENS.

I know not whether *tasking* is not here used for *taxing*; i. e. his satirical representation. So, in *As you like it*:

“—my *taxing*, like a wild goose, flies.”

See p. 559, n. 3. *Tasking*, however, is sufficiently intelligible in its more usual acceptation. We yet say, “he took him to *task*.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *By still dispraising praise, valued with you:*] This foolish line is indeed in the folio of 1623, but it is evidently the player's nonsense. Warburton.

This line is not only in the first folio, but in all the editions before it, that I have seen. Why it should be censured as nonsense I know not. To vilify praise, compared or *valued* with merit superior to praise, is no harsh expression. There is another objection to be made. Prince Henry, in his challenge of Percy, had indeed commended him, but with no such hyperboles as might represent him above praise; and there seems to be no reason why Vernon should magnify the Prince's candour beyond the truth. Did then Shakspeare forget the foregoing scene? or are some lines lost from the Prince's speech? JOHNSON.

I do not suspect any omission. Our author in repeating letters and speeches of former scenes in his plays, seldom attends minutely to what he had written. I believe, in these cases he always trusted to memory. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *He made a blushing cital of himself:*] Mr. Pope observes, that by *cital* is meant *taxation*; but I rather think it means *recital*.

And chid his truant youth with such a grace,  
 As if he master'd<sup>5</sup> there a double spirit,  
 Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.  
 There did he pause: But let me tell the world,—  
 If he outlive the envy of this day,  
 England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
 So much misconstrued in his wantonnefs.

*Hor.* Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured  
 Upon his follies; never did I hear<sup>6</sup>  
 Of any prince, so wild, at liberty:<sup>7</sup>—  
 But, be he as he will, yet once ere night

The verb is used in that sense in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,  
 Act IV. sc. i:

“ — for we *cite* our faults,

“ That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives.”

Again, in *K. Henry V.* Act V. sc. ii:

“ Whose want gives growth to the imperfections

“ Which you have *cited*,” &c. COLLINS.

<sup>5</sup> — *be* master'd —] i. e. was master of. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Upon his *follies*; never did I *bear* —] The old copies—on his follies. Mr. Pope introduced the syllable necessary to metre. Mr. Malone, however, tells us, that—*bear* is used, in this instance, as a disyllable, and consequently, I suppose, would read the line as follows:

On his | *follies*; | never | did I | *be-ar*. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Of any prince, *so wild*, at liberty:] Of any prince that played such pranks, and was not confined as a madman. JOHNSON.

The quartos 1598, 1599, and 1608, read—*so wild* a libertie. Perhaps the author wrote—*so wild* a libertine. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts.”

The oldest reading, however, may be the true one; for in *The Comedy of Errors* the same phraseology occurs again:

“ — prating mountebanks,

“ And many such like *liberties* of sin.” STEVENS.

Our author uses the expression in the text again, in *King Richard III*:

“ My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

“ And so doth mine. I muse, why she's at liberty.”

MALONE.



*Enter a Messenger.*

*Enter another Messenger.*

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Sound all the lofty instruments of war,  
 And by that musick let us all embrace:  
 For, heaven to earth,<sup>9</sup> some of us never shall  
 A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Plain near Shrewsbury.*

*Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the battle.*  
*Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.*

BLUNT. What is thy name, that in the battle<sup>2</sup> thus  
 Thou croffest me? what honour dost thou seek  
 Upon my head?

DOUG. Know then, my name is Douglas;  
 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,  
 Because some tell me that thou art a king.

BLUNT. They tell thee true.

DOUG. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath  
 bought  
 Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,  
 This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,  
 Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Northumberland, and has been long used by his predecessors.  
 Sometimes it was expressed *Esperance ma Comforte*, which is still  
 legible at Alnwick castle over the great gate. PERCY.

Our author found this word of battle in Holinshed. He seems  
 to have used *Esperance* as a word of four syllables. So, in *The*  
*Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“ And *Honi soit qui mal y pensé*, write.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *For, heaven to earth,*] i. e. one might wager heaven to earth.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> — in the battle—] *The*, which is not in the old copies, was  
 added for the sake of the measure, by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

BLUNT. I was not born a yielder, thou proud  
 Scot;<sup>3</sup>  
 And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
 Lord Stafford's death.  
 [*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

HOT. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holme-  
 don thus,  
 I never had triúmph'd upon a Scot.  
 DOUG. All's done, all's won; here breathless  
 lies the king.  
 HOT. Where?  
 DOUG. Here.  
 HOT. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full  
 well:  
 A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;  
 Semblably furnish'd<sup>4</sup> like the king himself.

<sup>3</sup> *I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;*] The folio reads,  
 I think, better:

*I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot."* RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> Semblably furnish'd &c.] i. e. in resemblance, alike. This  
 word occurs in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"So, *semblably* doth he with terror strike."

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1609:

"*Semblably* prisoner to your general."

The same circumstance is also recorded in the 22d Song of  
 Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"The next, fir Walter Blunt, he with three others slew,

"*All armed like the king*, which he dead fure accounted;

"But after, when he saw the king himself remounted,

"This hand of mine, quoth he, four kings this day have  
 slain,

"And swore out of the earth he thought they sprang  
 again." STEEVENS.

**DOUG.** A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!<sup>3</sup>  
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.  
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

**HOT.** The king hath many marching in his coats.

**DOUG.** Now, by my sword, I will kill all his  
coats;  
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,  
Until I meet the king.

**HOT.** Up, and away;  
Our foldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*]

*Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.*

**FAL.** Though I could 'scape shot-free at London,<sup>4</sup> I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but

<sup>3</sup> A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!] The old copies read: Ah, fool, go with thy soul, &c. but this appears to be nonsense. I have ventured to omit a single letter, as well as to change the punctuation, on the authority of the following passage in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"With one fool's head I came to woo,

"But I go away with two."

Again, more appositely in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"Go, and a knave with thee."

See a note on *Timon of Athens*, Act V. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has but partially eradicated the nonsense of this passage. Read:

*A fool go with thy soul, where-e'er it goes.* RITSON.

*Whither*, I believe, means—to whatever place. So, p. 441:

"—— But hark you, Kate;

"Whither I go, thither shall you go too." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —— shot-free at London,] A play upon *shot*, as it means the part of a reckoning, and a missive weapon discharged from artillery. JOHNSON.

So, in *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, 1630: "—— the best *shot* to be discharged is the tavern bill; the best *alarum* is the sound of healths." Again, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:

"Then after your drinking, how fall ye to winking?

"Sir, after drinking, while the *shot* is tinkling."

upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you; Here's no vanity!<sup>5</sup>—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's but three of my hundred and fifty<sup>6</sup> left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Again, Heywood, in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*:

“ And it is yll commynge, I have heard say,

“ To the end of a *shot*, and beginnyng of a fray.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *Here's no vanity!*] In our author's time the negative, in common speech, was used to design, ironically, the excess of a thing. Thus, Ben Jonson, in *Every Man in his Humour*, says:

“ O here's no *foppery*!

“ 'Death, I can endure the stocks better.”

Meaning, as the passage shews, that the *foppery* was excessive. And so in many other places. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether this interpretation, though ingenious and well supported, is true. The words may mean, here is real honour, *no vanity*, or *empty appearance*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Warburton is right: the same ironical kind of expression occurs in *The Mad Lover* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ————— Here's no *villainy*!

“ I am glad I came to the hearing.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

“ Here was no *subtle device* to get a wench!”

Again, in the first part of *Jeronimo*, &c. 1605:

“ Here's no *fine villainy*! no damned brother!”

Again, in our author's *Taming of the Shrew*: “ Here's no knavery!” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *there's but three of my hundred and fifty*—] All the old copies have—*There's not three*, &c. They are evidently erroneous. The same mistake has already happened in this play, where it has been rightly corrected. See p. 553, n. 7. So again, in *Coriolanus*, 1623:

“ Cor. Ay, but mine own desire?

“ I Cit. How, *not* your own desire?” MALONE.

*Enter Prince HENRY.*

*P. HEN.* What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: Pr'ythee, lend thy sword.<sup>7</sup>

*FAL.* O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms,<sup>8</sup> as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

*P. HEN.* He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.<sup>9</sup> I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

*FAL.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

<sup>7</sup> — *Pr'ythee, lend thy sword.*] Old copies, redundantly,  
— *Pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.* STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms.*] Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the Emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his history, hath made Gregory so odious, that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one.  
WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> — *I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.*

*P. Hen. He is, indeed; and &c.*] The Prince's answer, which is apparently connected with Falstaff's last words, does not cohere so well as if the knight had said—

*I have made him sure; Percy's safe enough.*

Perhaps a word or two like these may be lost. JOHNSON.

*Sure* has two significations; *certainly disposed of*, and *safe*. Falstaff uses it in the former sense, the Prince replies to it in the latter.

STEVENS.

*P. HEN.* Give it me: What, is it in the case?

*FAL.* Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.<sup>1</sup>

[*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*<sup>2</sup>

*P. HEN.* What, is't a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

*FAL.* Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.<sup>4</sup> If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come

<sup>1</sup> — sack a city.] A quibble on the word *sack*.

JOHNSON.  
The same quibble may be found in *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, 1630: "——it may justly seem to have taken the name of *sack* from the *sacking* of cities." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — a bottle of sack.] The same comic circumstance occurs in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, (written long before the time of Shakspeare,) bl. l. no date:

"*Glotony.* We shall have a warfare it ys told me,

"*Man.* Ye; where is thy harnes?

"*Glotony.* Mary, here may ye se,

"Here ys harnes inow.

"*Wrath.* Why hast thou none other harnes but thys?

"*Glotony.* What the devyll harnes should I mys,

"Without it be a *bottell*?

"Another *bottell* I wyll go purvey,

"Left that drynk be scarce in the way,

"Or happely none to sell." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.] Certainly, *he'll pierce him*, i. e. Prince Henry will, who is just gone out to seek him. Besides, *I'll pierce him*, contradicts the whole turn and humour of the speech, WARBURTON,

I rather take the conceit to be this; To *pierce* a vessel is to *tap* it. Falstaff takes up his bottle which the Prince had tossed at his head, and being about to animate himself with a draught, cries: *If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him*, and so draws the cork. I do not propose this with much confidence. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson has the same quibble in his *New Inn*, Act III;

"Sir *Pierce* anon will *pierce* us a new hoghead,"

in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me.<sup>3</sup>  
 I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath:  
 Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not,  
 honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end.

[Exit.

## S C E N E IV.

*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, Prince HENRY,  
 Prince JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.*

K. HEN. I pr'ythee,  
 Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much:<sup>4</sup>—  
 Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. JOHN. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. HEN. I do beseech your majesty, make up,  
 Left your retirement do amaze your friends.<sup>5</sup>

I believe Falstaff makes this boast that the Prince may hear it;  
 and continues the rest of the speech in a lower accent, or when he  
 is out of hearing. Shakspeare has the same play on words in  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. sc. ii. Vol. V. p. 265, n. 8.

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare was not aware that he here ridiculed the serious  
 etymology of the Scottish historian: "*Piercy a penetrando oculum  
 Regis Scotorum, ut fabulatur Boetius.*" Skinner. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>3</sup> — *a carbonado of me.*] A carbonado is a piece of meat  
 cut cross-wise for the gridiron. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Spanish Gypsie* by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

"Carbonado thou old rogue my father,——"

"While you slice into collops the rusty gammon his man."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *thou bleed'st too much.*] History says, the Prince was  
 wounded in the face by an arrow. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *amaze your friends.*] i. e. throw them into consternation.

STEEVENS.



*K. HEN.* I will do so:—  
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

*WEST.* Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

*P. HEN.* Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:  
And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive  
The prince of Wales from such a field as this;  
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

*P. JOHN.* We breathe too long:—Come, cousin Westmoreland,  
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince JOHN and WESTMORELAND.*]

*P. HEN.* By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,  
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:  
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;  
But now, I do respect thee as my foul.

*K. HEN.* I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,  
With lustier maintenance than I did look for  
Of such an ungrown warrior.<sup>6</sup>

*P. HEN.* O, this boy  
Lends mettle to us all! [Exit.]

<sup>6</sup> *I saw him hold lord Percy at the point, With lustier maintenance than I did look for &c.* So, Holinshed, p. 759: "—the earle of Richmond withstood his violence, and kept him at the sword's point without advantage, longer than his companions either thought or judged." STEEVENS.

*Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.*

DOUG. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,  
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. HEN. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves  
at heart,  
So many of his shadows thou hast met,  
And not the very king. I have two boys,  
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:  
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

DOUG. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;  
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:  
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,  
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger, enter Prince HENRY.*

P. HEN. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou  
art like  
Never to hold it up again! the spirits  
Of Shirley,<sup>5</sup> Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:  
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee;  
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.<sup>6</sup>—

[*They fight; DOUGLAS flies.*

<sup>5</sup> *Of Shirley, &c.*] The old copies, redundantly,  
*Of valiant Shirley, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.*] We should certainly read:

*Who never promiseth, but means to pay.*

which agrees with what the Prince says in the first Act:

"And pay the debts I never promised." M. MASON.

Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—  
Sir Nicholas Gawfey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

*K. HEN.* Stay, and breathe a while:—  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;<sup>7</sup>  
And shew'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,  
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

*P. HEN.* O heaven! they did me too much injury,  
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.  
If it were so, I might have let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;  
Which would have been as speedy in your end,  
As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

*K. HEN.* Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas  
Gawfey. *[Exit King HENRY.]*

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*HOT.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*P. HEN.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

*HOT.* My name is Harry Percy.

*P. HEN.* Why, then I see  
A very valiant rebel of the name.

<sup>7</sup> *Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;*] i. e. thy lost reputation; for in that sense the word was then used. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Thierry and Theodoret*:

“What opinion will the managing

“Of this affair bring to my wisdom! my invention

“Tickles with approbation on't!”

Again, in *The Gamester*, by Shirley, 1637:

“Patience! I mean you have the opinion of a valiant gentleman; one that dares fight and maintain your honour against odds.”

REED.

I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,  
To share with me in glory any more:  
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;  
Nor can one England brook a double reign,  
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

*HOT.* Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come  
To end the one of us; And 'would to God,  
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

*P. HEN.* I'll make it greater, ere I part from  
thee;  
And all the budding honours on thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

*HOT.* I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*FAL.* Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you  
shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls  
down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS.  
HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.*

*HOT.* O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my  
youth:<sup>8</sup>  
I better brook the loss of brittle life,

<sup>8</sup> O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:] Shakspeare has chosen to make Hotspur fall by the hand of the Prince of Wales; but there is, I believe, no authority for the fact. Holinshed says, "The king slew that day with his own hand fix and thirty persons of his enemies. The other [i. e. troops] of his party, encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and slew the Lord Percy, called Henry Hotspur." Speed says Percy was killed by an unknown hand. MALONE.

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;  
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword  
my flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;  
And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop.<sup>9</sup> O, I could prophecy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,  
And food for— [Dies.

P. HEN. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well,  
great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!<sup>2</sup>  
When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;  
But now, two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough:<sup>3</sup>—This earth, that bears thee dead,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — those proud titles thou hast won of me;

*They wound my thoughts,*—

*But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;*

*And time,*—

*Must have a stop.*] Hotspur in his last moments endeavours to console himself. The glory of the prince wounds his thoughts; but *thought*, being dependent on *life*, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is itself of no great value, being the *fool* and sport of *time*; of *time*, which with all its dominion over sublunary things, must itself at last be stopped. JOHNSON.

Hotspur alludes to the *Fool* in our ancient farces, or the representations commonly called *Death's Dance*, &c. The same allusion occurs in *Measure for Measure*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*.

STEEVENS.

The same expression is to be found in our author's 106th Sonnet:

“Love's not *Time's fool*.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Ill-weav'd ambition*, &c.] A metaphor taken from cloth, which shrinks when it is ill-weav'd, when its texture is loose. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *A kingdom for it was too small a bound*; &c.]

“Carminibus confide bonis—jacet ecce Tibullus;

“Vix manet è toto parva quod urna capit.” Ovid.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — that bears thee dead,] The most authentick copy, the

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
 If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
 I should not make so dear a show<sup>5</sup> of zeal:—  
 But let my favours hide thy mangled face;<sup>6</sup>  
 And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
 For doing these fair rites of tendernefs.  
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!  
 Thy ignomy<sup>7</sup> sleep with thee in the grave,  
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
 Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!  
 I could have better spar'd a better man,  
 O, I should have a heavy misf of thee,  
 If I were much in love with vanity.  
 Death hath not struck so fat a deer<sup>8</sup> to-day,  
 Though many dearer,<sup>9</sup> in this bloody fray:—

quarto of 1598, and the folio, have—*the* dead. The true reading is found in a quarto of no authority or value, 1639; but it is here clearly right. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *so dear a show*—] Thus the first and best quarto. All the subsequent copies have—*so great*, &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *But let my favours hide thy mangled face;*] We should read—*favour*, face, or countenance. He is stooping down here to kiss Hotspur. WARBURTON.

He rather covers his face with a scarf, to hide the ghastliness of death. JOHNSON.

See p. 518, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *ignomy*—] So the word *ignominy* was formerly written. Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act V. sc. iii:

“Hence broker lacquey! *ignomy* and shame,” &c.

REED.

Again, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

“With scandalous *ignomy* and slanderous speeches.”

See Vol. IV. p. 265, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *so fat a deer*—] There is in these lines a very natural

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;  
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.

FAL. [*Rising slowly.*] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me,<sup>9</sup> and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise, as well as I?

mixture of the serious and ludicrous, produced by the view of Percy and Falstaff. I wish all play on words had been forborn.

JOHNSON.

I find the same quibble in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“Life is as dear in deer, as 'tis in men.”

Again, in *A Maidenhead well Lost*, 1632, a comedy by Heywood:

“There's no deer so dear to him, but he will kill it.”

STEEVENS.

*Fat* is the reading of the first quarto 1598, the most authentick impression of this play, and of the folio. The other quartos have—*fair*. MALONE.

So *fat* a deer, seems to be the better reading, for Turbervile, in *The Terms of the Ages of all Beasts of Venerie and Chase*, observes, “— You shall say by anie deare, a great deare, and not a *fat* deare, unless it be a rowe, which in the fifth year is called a *fat* rowe-bucke.” TOLLET.

<sup>9</sup> — *many dearer*,] Many of greater value. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *to powder me*,] *To powder* is to salt. JOHNSON.

Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*Stabbing him.*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.  
[*Takes HOTSPUR on his back.*]

*Re-enter Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.*

*P. HEN.* Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd  
Thy maiden sword.

*P. JOHN.* But, soft! whom have we here?  
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

*P. HEN.* I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding  
Upon the ground.<sup>8</sup>—

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy  
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;  
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—  
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

*FAL.* No, that's certain; I am not a double man:<sup>9</sup>  
but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.  
There is Percy: [*Throwing the body down.*] if your  
father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him  
kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either  
earl or duke, I can assure you.

*P. HEN.* Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

*FAL.* Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world  
is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and  
out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at

<sup>8</sup> Upon the ground.] Old copies—

On the ground.— STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —a double man:] That is, I am not Falstaff and Percy  
together, though having Percy on my back, I seem double.

JOHNSON.



an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believ'd, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh:<sup>2</sup> if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

*P. JOHN.* This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

*P. HEN.* This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:  
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

*[A retreat is sounded.]*

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.  
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,  
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

*[Exeunt Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.]*

*FAL.* I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

*[Exit, bearing off the body.]*

<sup>2</sup> — *I gave him this wound in the thigh:* The very learned Lord Lyttelton observes, that Shakspeare has applied an action to Falstaff, which William of Malmesbury, tells us was really done by one of the Conqueror's knights to the body of King Harold. I do not however believe that Lord Lyttelton supposed Shakspeare to have read this old Monk. The story is told likewise by Matthew Paris and Matthew of Westminster; and by many of the English Chroniclers, Stowe, Speed, &c. &c. FARMER.

## S C E N E V.

*Another Part of the Field.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and Others, with WORCESTER and VERNON, prisoners.*

*K. HEN.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.<sup>3</sup>—  
 Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,  
 Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?  
 And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?  
 Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?  
 Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
 A noble earl, and many a creature else,  
 Had been alive this hour,  
 If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne  
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

*WOR.* What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;  
 And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
 Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

*K. HEN.* Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:  
 Other offenders we will pause upon.—  
 [*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.*]  
 How goes the field?

*P. HEN.* The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when  
 he saw  
 The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

<sup>3</sup> *Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.*] Thomas Churchyard, in a catalogue of his own printed works, prefixed to his *Challenge*, 1593, informs us, that he had published "a booke called *A Rebuke to Rebellion* [dedicated] to the good old Earle of Bedford."

The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;  
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,  
That the pursuers took him. At my tent  
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,  
I may dispose of him.

*K. HEN.*

With all my heart.

*P. HEN.* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to  
you

This honourable bounty shall belong:  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:  
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,  
Hath taught us<sup>4</sup> how to cherish such high deeds,  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.<sup>5</sup>

*K. HEN.* Then this remains,—that we divide our  
power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,  
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest  
speed,

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

<sup>4</sup> *Hath taught us*—] This reading, which serves to exclude an inelegant repetition, (and might have been derived from the quarto 1598, corrected by our author,) is refused by Mr. Malone. See the subsequent note: and yet, are we authorized to reject the fittest word, merely because it is not found in the earliest copy? In a note on p. 587, Mr. Malone accepts a reading from a late quarto, which he acknowledges to be of no value. STEEVENS.

*Hath shown us*—] Thus the quarto, 1598. In that of 1599, *shown* was arbitrarily changed to *taught*, which consequently is the reading of the folio. The repetition is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Here Mr. Pope inserts the following speech from the quartos:

“*Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courtesy,

“Which I shall give away immediately.”

But Dr. Johnson judiciously supposes it to have been rejected by Shakspeare himself. STEEVENS.

Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,  
 To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.  
 Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
 Meeting the check of such another day:  
 And since this business so fair is done,<sup>6</sup>—  
 Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>6</sup> *And since this business so fair is done,]* Fair for fairly. Either that word is here used as a dissyllable, or *business* as a trisyllable.

MALONE.

*Business* is undoubtedly the word employed as a trisyllable.

STEVENS.

*The following Observations arrived too late to be inserted in their proper place, and are therefore referred to the conclusion of Mr. Malone's note, p. 375.*

Neither evidence nor argument has in my opinion been yet produced, sufficient to controvert the received opinion, that the character of *Falstaff* was originally represented under the name of *Oldcastle*. The contraction of the original name *Old*, left standing in the first edition, as the prolocutor of one of *Falstaff*'s speeches, this address of "*Old* lad of the *castle*," the *Epilogue to King Henry V.* plainly understood, the tradition mentioned by Mr. Rowe, and the united testimony of contemporary or succeeding writers, not to insist on the opinions of the most eminent critics and commentators, seem irrefragable. It has been observed, that "if the verses be examined in which the name of *Falstaff* occurs, it will be found that *Oldcastle* could not have stood in those places;" and that "those only who are entirely unacquainted with our author's history and works, can suppose him to have undergone the labour of new-writing each verse." These verses, I believe, are in number *seven*; and why he, who wrote between thirty and forty plays with ease, cannot be reasonably supposed to have submitted to the drudgery of new-writing *seven lines*, to introduce an alteration commanded by his sovereign, is to me utterly incomprehensible. But what need after all, of new-writing? There was but a single syllable, in difference between the two names, to be supplied; which might surely be effected, in some places at least,

without an entirely new line. The verses in question are, at present, as follows:

1. " Away, good Ned. *Falstaff* sweats to death;"
2. " And asking every one for sir John *Falstaff*;"
3. " Give me my sword and cloak; *Falstaff* good night;"
4. " Now, *Falstaff*, where have you been all this while?"
5. " Fare you well, *Falstaff*, I, in my condition;"
6. " Well, you must now speak sir John *Falstaff* fair;"
7. " Go, carry sir John *Falstaff* to the Fleet;"

And may be supposed to have stood originally thus:

1. " Away, good Ned. *Oldcastle* sweats to death;"
2. " And asking every one for sir John *Oldcastle*;"
3. " Give me my sword and cloak; good night, *Oldcastle*;"
4. " Now, *Oldcastle*, where've you been all this while?" or,  
" *Oldcastle*, where have you been all this while?"
5. " Fare you well, *Oldcastle*, I, in my condition;"
6. " You must now speak sir John *Oldcastle* fair;"
7. " Go, carry sir John *Oldcastle* to th' Fleet;" or,  
" Carry sir John *Oldcastle* to the Fleet."

Now, it is remarkable, that, of these seven lines, the *first* actually requires the name of *Oldcastle* to perfect the metre, which is at present a foot deficient, and consequently affords a proof that it was originally written to suit that name and no other; the *second* and *fifth* do not require the alteration of a single letter; the *third* but a slight transposition; and the *fourth*, *sixth*, and *seventh*, the addition at most of a single syllable. So that all this mighty labour, which no one acquainted with our author's history and works can suppose him to have undergone, consisted in the substitution of *Falstaff* for *Oldcastle*, the transposition of *two words*, and the addition of *three syllables*! a prodigious and insurmountable fatigue to be sure! which might have taken no less space than two long minutes; and which, after all, he might probably and safely commit to the players.

However the character of Sir John Oldcastle, in the original play, might be performed, he does not, from any passage now in it, appear to have been either a *pamper'd glutton* or a *coward*; and therefore it is a fair inference that all those extracts from early writers, in which *Oldcastle* is thus described, refer to our author's character so called, and not to the old play. If it be true that Queen Elizabeth, on seeing both or either of these plays of *Henry IV.* commanded Shakspeare to produce his fat knight in a different situation, she might at the same time, out of respect to the memory of Lord Cobham, have signified a desire that he would change his name; which, being already acquainted with another cowardly knight of the same christian name, one *Sir John*

*Falstaffe*, in the old play of *Henry VI.* (for both Hall and Holinshed call him rightly *Falstolfe*) he was able to do without having the trouble to invent or hunt after a new one; not perceiving or regarding the confusion which the transfer would naturally make between the two characters. However this may have been, there is every reason to believe that when these two plays came out of our author's hands, the name of *Oldcastle* supplied the place of *Falstaff*. He continued *Ned* and *Gadshill*, and why should he abandon *Oldcastle*? a name and character to which the public was already familiarised, and whom an audience would indisputably be much more glad to see along with his old companions than a stranger; if indeed our author himself did not at the time he was writing these dramas, take the *Sir John Oldcastle* of the original play to be a real historical personage, as necessarily connected with his story as *Hal* or *Hospar*. RITSON.

Mr. TOLLET's Opinion concerning the MORRIS DANCERS upon his Window.

THE celebration of May-day, which is represented upon my window of painted glass, is a very ancient custom, that has been observed by noble and royal personages, as well as by the vulgar. It is mentioned in Chaucer's *Court of Love*, that early on May-day "furth goth al the court, both most and lest, to fetch the flouris fresh, and braunch, and blome." Historians record, that in the beginning of his reign, Henry the Eighth with his courtiers "rose on May-day very early to fetch May or green boughs; and they went with their bows and arrows shooting to the wood." Stowe's *Survey of London* informs us, that "every parish there, or two or three parishes joining together, had their Mayings; and did fetch in May-poles, with diverse warlike shews, with good archers, Morrice Dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long." Shakspeare\* says it was "impossible to make the people sleep on May morning; and that they rose early to observe the rite of May." The court of King James the First, and the populace, long preserved the observance of the day, as Spelman's *Glossary* remarks under the word, *Maiuma*.

\* *King Henry VIII.* A& V. sc. iii. and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, A& IV. sc. i.

Better judges may decide, that the institution of this festivity originated from the Roman Floralia, or from the Celtic la Beltine, while I conceive it derived to us from our Gothic ancestors. *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, Lib. XV. c. viii. says "that after their long winter from the beginning of October to the end of April, the northern nations have a custom to welcome the returning splendor of the sun with dancing, and mutually to feast each other, rejoicing that a better season for fishing and hunting was approached." In honour of May-day the Goths and southern Swedes had a mock battle between summer and winter, which ceremony is retained in the Isle of Man, where the Danes and Norwegians had been for a long time masters. It appears from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, Vol. III. p. 314, or in the year 1306. that, before that time, in country towns the young folks chose a summer king and queen for sport to dance about Maypoles. There can be no doubt but their majesties had proper attendants, or such as would best divert the spectators; and we may presume, that some of the characters varied, as fashions and customs altered. About half a century afterwards, a great addition seems to have been made to the diversion by the introduction of the Morris or Moorish dance into it, which, as Mr. Peck, in his *Memoirs of Milton*, with great probability conjectures, was first brought into England in the time of Edward III. when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, where he had been to assist Peter, King of Castile, against Henry the Bastard. "This dance," says Mr. Peck, "was usually performed abroad by an equal number of young men, who danced in their shirts with ribbands and little bells about their legs. But here in England they have always an odd person besides, being a boy\* dressed in a girl's habit, whom they call Maid Marian, an old favourite character in the sport." "Thus," as he observes in the words of Shakspeare,† "they made more matter for a May morning: having as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a Morris for May-day."

We are authorized by the poets, Ben Jonson and Drayton, to call some of the representations on my window Morris Dancers, though I am uncertain whether it exhibits one Moorish personage; as none of them have black or tawny faces, nor do they brandish swords or staves in their hands,‡ nor are they in their shirts

\* It is evident from several authors, that Maid Marian's part was frequently performed by a young woman, and often by one, as I think, of unsullied reputation. Our Marian's deportment is decent and graceful.

† *Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. iv. *All's well that ends well*, Act II: sc. ii.

‡ In the Morisco the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward, says Dr. Johnson's note in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. ix. The Goths did the same in their military dance, says *Olaus Magnus*, Lib. XV. ch. xxiii. Haydocke's translation of *Lomazzo on Painting*, 1598, Book II. p. 54.

adorned with ribbons. We find in *Olaus Magnus*, that the northern nations danced with brass bells about their knees, and such we have upon several of these figures, who may perhaps be the original English performers in a May-game before the introduction of the real Morris dance. However this may be, the window exhibits a favourite diversion of our ancestors in all its principal parts. I shall endeavour to explain some of the characters, and in compliment to the lady I will begin the description with the front rank, in which she is stationed. I am fortunate enough to have Mr. Stevens think with me, that figure 1. may be designed for the Bavian fool, or the fool with the flabbering bib, as Bayon, in Cotgrave's *French Dictionary*, means a bib for a flabbering child; and this figure has such a bib, and a childish simplicity in his countenance. Mr. Stevens refers to a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by which it appears that the Bavian in the Morris dance was a tumbler, and mimicked the barking of a dog. I apprehend that several of the Morris dancers on my window tumbled occasionally, and exerted the chief feat of their activity, when they were aside the May-pole; and I apprehend that jigs, hornpipes, and the hay, were their chief dances.

It will certainly be tedious to describe the colours of the dresses, but the task is attempted upon an intimation, that it might not be altogether unacceptable. The Bavian's cap is red, faced with yellow, his bib yellow, his doublet blue, his hose red, and his shoes black.

Figure 2. is the celebrated Maid Marian, who, as queen of May, has a golden crown on her head, and in her left hand a flower, as the emblem of summer. The flower seems designed for a red pink, but the pointals are omitted by the engraver, who copied from a drawing with the like mistake. *Olaus Magnus* mentions the artificial raising of flowers for the celebration of May-day; and the supposition of the like practice \* here will account for the queen of May having in her hand any particular flower before the season of its natural production in this climate. Her vesture was once fashionable in the highest degree. It was anciently the custom for maiden ladies to wear their hair † dishevelled at their coronations,

says: "There are other actions of dancing used, as of those who are represented with weapons in their hands going round in a ring, capering skilfully, *flaking their evasions* after the manner of the Morris, with divers actions of meeting," &c. "Others hanging Morris bells upon their ankles."

\* Markham's translation of Herubatch's Husbandry, 1631, observes, "that gilliflowers, set in pots and carried into vaults or cellars, have flowered all the winter long, through the warmth of the place."

† Leland's *Collections*, 1770, Vol. IV. p. 219, 293, Vol. V. p. 332, and Holinshed, Vol. III. p. 802, 931; and see Capitli in Spelman's *Glossary*.



their nuptials, and perhaps on all splendid solemnities. Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII. was married to James, King of Scotland, with the crown upon her head: her hair hanging down. Betwixt the crown and the hair was a very rich coif hanging down behind the whole length of the body.—This single example sufficiently explains the dress of Marian's head. Her coif is purple, her surcoat blue, her cuffs white, the skirts of her robe yellow, the sleeves of a carnation colour, and her stomacher red with a yellow lace in cross bars. In Shakspeare's play of *Henry VIII.* Anne Bullen at her coronation is *in her hair*, or as Holinshed says, "her hair hanged down," but on her head she had a coif with a circlet about it full of rich stones.

Figure 3. is a friar in the full clerical tonsure, with the chaplet of white and red beads in his right hand; and, expressive of his professed humility, his eyes are cast upon the ground. His corded girdle, and his russet habit, denote him to be of the Franciscan order, or one of the grey friars, as they were commonly called from the colour of their apparel, which was a russet or a brown russet, as Holinshed, 1586, Vol. III. p. 789, observes. The mixture of colours in his habit may be resembled to a grey cloud, faintly tinged with red by the beams of the rising sun, and streaked with black; and such perhaps was Shakspeare's Aurora, or "the morn in russet mantle clad." *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. i. The friar's stockings are red, his red girdle is ornamented with a golden twist, and with a golden tassell. At his girdle hangs a wallet for the reception of provision, the only revenue of the mendicant orders of religious, who were named Walleteers or budget-bearers. It was customary\* in former times for the priest and people in procession to go to some adjoining wood on May-day morning, and return in a sort of triumph with a May-pole, boughs, flowers, garlands, and such like tokens of the spring; and as the grey friars were held in very great esteem, perhaps on this occasion their attendance was frequently requested. Most of Shakspeare's friars are Franciscans. Mr. Steevens ingeniously suggests, that as Marian was the name of Robin Hood's beloved mistress, and as she was the queen of May, the Morris friar was designed for friar Tuck, chaplain to Robin Hood, king of May, as Robin Hood is styled in Sir

\* See *Mail inductio* in *Cowell's Law Dictionary*. When the parish priests were inhibited by the diocesan to assist in the May games, the Franciscans might give attendance, as being exempted from episcopal jurisdiction.

Splendid girdles appear to have been a great article of monastick finery. Wykeham, in his *Visitatio Notabilis*, prohibits the Canons of Selborne any longer wearing filken girdles ornamented with gold or silver: "*Zonifve sericis auri vel argenti ornatum habentibus.*" See *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*, p. 371, and *Appendix*, p. 459. HOLT WHITE.

David Dalrymple's extracts from the book of the *Universal Kirk*, in the year 1576.

Figure 4. has been taken to be Marian's gentleman-usher. Mr. Steevens considers him as Marian's paramour, who in delicacy appears uncovered before her; and as it was a custom for betrothed persons to wear some mark for a token of their mutual engagement, he thinks that the cross-shaped flower on the head of this figure, and the flower in Marian's hand, denote their espousals or contract. Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, April, specifies the flowers worn of paramours to be the pink, the purple columbine, gilliflowers, carnations, and sops in wine. I suppose the flower in Marian's hand to be a pink, and this to be a stock-gilliflower, or the Hesperis, dame's violet, or queen's gilliflower; but perhaps it may be designed for an ornamental ribbon. An eminent botanist apprehends the flower upon the man's head to be an Epimedium. Many particulars of this figure resemble Absolon, the parish clerk in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, such as his curled and golden hair, his kirtle of watchet, his red hose, and Paul's windows corvin on his shoes, that is, his shoes pinked and cut into holes, like the windows of St. Paul's ancient church. My window plainly exhibits upon his right thigh a yellow scrip or pouch, in which he might, as treasurer to the company, put the collected pence, which he might receive, though the cordelier must, by the rules of his order, carry no money about him. If this figure should not be allowed to be a parish clerk, I incline to call him Hocus Pocus, or some juggler attendant upon the master of the hobby-horse, as "faire de tours de (jouer de la) gibeciere," in Boyer's French Dictionary, signifies to play tricks by virtue of Hocus Pocus. His red stomacher has a yellow lace, and his shoes are yellow. Ben Jonson mentions "Hokos Pokos in a juggler's jerkin," which Skinner derives from kirtlekin; that is, a short kirtle, and such seems to be the coat of this figure.

Figure 5. is the famous hobby-horse, who was often forgotten or disused in the Morris dance, even after Maid Marian, the friar, and the fool, were continued in it, as is intimated in Ben Jonson's masque of *The Metamorphosed Gipsies*, and in his *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Aliborpe*.\* Our hobby is a spirited horse

\* Vol. VI. p. 93, of Whalley's edition, 1756:

"Clo. They should be Morris dancers by their gingle, but they have no napkins.

"Coc. No, nor a hobby-horse.

"Clo. Oh, he's often forgotten, that's no rule; but there is no Maid Marian nor friar amongst them, which is the surer mark."

Vol. V. p. 211:

"But see, the hobby-horse is forgot.

"Fool, it must be your lot

"To supply his want with faces,

"And some other buffoon graces."

of pasteboard, in which the master dances,\* and displays tricks of legerdemain, such as the threading of the needle, the mimicking of the whigh-hie, and the daggers in the nose, &c. as Ben Jonson, edit. 1756, Vol. I. p. 171, acquaints us, and thereby explains the swords in the man's cheeks. What is stuck in the horse's mouth I apprehend to be a ladle ornamented with a ribbon. Its use was to receive the spectators' pecuniary donations. The crimson foot-cloth fretted with gold, the golden bit, the purple bridle with a golden tassell, and studded with gold; the man's purple mantle with a golden border, which is latticed with purple, his golden crown, purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knop, induce me to think him to be the king of May; though he now appears as a juggler and a buffoon. We are to recollect the simplicity of ancient times, which knew not polite literature, and delighted in jesters, tumblers, jugglers, and pantomimes. The emperor Lewis the Debonair not only sent for such actors upon great festivals, but out of complaisance to the people was obliged to assist at their plays, though he was averse to publick shews. Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Kenelworth with Italian tumblers, Morris dancers, &c. The colour of the hobby-horse is a reddish white, like the beautiful blossom of the peach-tree. The man's coat or doublet is the only one upon the window that has buttons upon it, and the right side of it is yellow, and the left red. Such a particoloured jacket,† and hose in the like manner, were occasionally fashionable from Chaucer's days to Ben Jonson's, who, in Epigram 73, speaks of a "partie-per-pale picture, one half drawn in solemn Cyprus, the other cobweb lawn."

Figure 6. seems to be a clown, peasant, or yeoman, by his brown visage, notted hair, and robust limbs.‡ In Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, a clown is placed next to the Bavarian fool in the Morris dance; and this figure is next to him on the file, or in the downward line. His bonnet is red, faced with yellow, his jacket red, his sleeves yellow, striped across or rayed with red, the upper part of his hose is like the sleeves, and the lower part is a coarse deep purple, his shoes red.

Figure 7. by the superior neatness of his dress, may be a franklin or a gentleman of fortune. His hair is curled, his bonnet purple,

\* Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 434, mentions a dance by a hobby-horse and six others.

† Holinshed, 1586, Vol. III. p. 326, 805, 812, 844, 963. Whalley's edition of Ben Jonson, Vol. VI. p. 248. Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1720, Book V. p. 164, 166. Urry's *Chaucer*, p. 198.

‡ So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the yeoman is thus described: "A nott hede had he, with a brown visage."

Again, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: "— your not-headed country gentleman."

his doublet red with gathered sleeves, and his yellow stomacher is laced with red. His hose red, striped across or rayed with a whitish brown, and spotted brown. His cod-piece is yellow, and so are his shoes.

Figure 8. the May-pole, is painted yellow and black in spiral lines. Spelman's *Glossary* mentions the custom of erecting a tall May-pole painted with various colours. Shakspeare, in the play of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. sc. ii. speaks of a painted May-pole. Upon our pole are displayed St. George's red cross, or the banner of England, and a white pennon or streamer emblazoned with a red cross terminating like the blade of a sword, but the delineation thereof is much faded. It is plain however from an inspection of the window, that the upright line of the cross, which is disjoined in the engraving, should be continuous.\* Keyser, in p. 78, of his *Northern and Celtic Antiquities*, gives us perhaps the original of May-poles; and that the French used to erect them appears also from Mezeray's *History of their King Henry IV.* and from a passage in Stowe's *Chronicle* in the year 1560. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton acquaint us that the May-games, and particularly some of the characters in them, became exceptionable to the puritanical humour of former times. By an ordinance of the Rump Parliament† in April, 1644, all May-poles were taken down and removed by the constables and church-wardens, &c. After the Restoration they were permitted to be erected again. I apprehend they are now generally unregarded and unfrequented, but we still on May-day adorn our doors in the country with flowers and the boughs of birch, which tree was especially honoured on the same festival by our Gothic ancestors.

To prove figure 9. to be Tom the Piper, Mr. Steevens has very happily quoted these lines from Drayton's third Eclogue:

" Myself above Tom Piper to advance,  
" Who so bestirs him in the Morris dance  
" For penny wage."

His tabour, tabour-stick, and pipe, attest his profession; the feather in his cap, his sword, and silver-tinctured shield, may de-

\* St. James was the apostle and patron of Spain, and the knights of his order were the most honourable there; and the ensign that they wore, was white, charged with a red cross in the form of a sword. The pennon or streamer upon the May-pole seems to contain such a cross. If this conjecture be admitted, we have the banner of England and the ensign of Spain upon the May-pole; and perhaps from this circumstance we may infer that the glass was painted during the marriage of King Henry VIII. and Katharine of Spain. For an account of the ensign of the knights of St. James, see Ashmole's *History of the Order of the Garter*, and Mariana's *History of Spain*.

† This should have been called the *Long Parliament*. The *Rump Parliament* was in Oliver's time. REED.

note him to be a squire minstrel, or a minstrel of the superior order. Chaucer, 1721, p. 181, says: "Minstrels used a red hat." Tom Piper's bonnet is red, faced or turned up with yellow, his doublet blue, the sleeves blue, turned up with yellow, something like red muffedees at his wrists, over his doublet is a red garment, like a short cloak with arm-holes, and with a yellow cape, his hose red, and garnished across and perpendicularly on the thighs, with a narrow yellow lace. This ornamental trimming seems to be called gimp-thigh'd in Grey's edition of *Butler's Hudibras*; and something almost similar occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. sc. ii. where the poet mentions, "Rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose." His shoes are brown.

Figures 10. and 11. have been thought to be Flemings or Spaniards, and the latter a Morisco. The bonnet of figure 10. is red, turned up with blue, his jacket red with red sleeves down the arms, his stomacher white with a red lace, his hose yellow, striped across or rayed with blue, and spotted blue, the under part of his hose blue, his shoes are pinked, and they are of a light colour. I am at a loss to name the pennant-like slips waving from his shoulders, but I will venture to call them side-sleeves or long sleeves, slit into two or three parts. The poet Hocclive or Occleve, about the reign of Richard the Second, or of Henry the Fourth, mentions side-sleeves of pennyle's grooms, which swept the ground; and do not the two following quotations infer the use or fashion of two pair of sleeves upon one gown or doublet? It is asked in the appendix to Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*: "What use is there of any other than arming sleeves, which answer the proportion of the arm?" In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. sc. iv. a lady's gown is described with down-sleeves, and side-sleeves, that is, as I conceive it, with sleeves down the arms, and with another pair of sleeves, slit open before from the shoulder to the bottom or almost to the bottom, and by this means unsustained by the arms and hanging down by her sides to the ground or as low as her gown. If such sleeves were slit downwards into four parts, they would be quartered; and Holinshed says: "that at a royal mummery, Henry VIII. and fifteen others appeared in Almain jackets, with long quartered sleeves;" and I consider the bipartite or tripartite sleeves of figures 10. and 11. as only a small variation of that fashion. Mr. Steevens thinks the winged sleeves of figures 10. and 11. are alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Pilgrim*:

"—— That fairy rogue that haunted me

" He has sleeves like dragon's wings."

And he thinks that from these perhaps the fluttering streamers of the present Morris dancers in Sussex may be derived. Markham's *Art of Angling*, 1635, orders the angler's apparel to be "without hanging sleeves, waving loose, like sails."

Figure 11. has upon his head a silver coronet, a purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knop. In my opinion he personates a nobleman, for I incline to think that various ranks of life were meant to be represented upon my window. He has a post of honour, or, "a station in the valued file,"\* which here seems to be the middle row, and which according to my conjecture comprehends the queen, the king, the May-pole, and the nobleman. The golden crown upon the head of the master of the hobby-horse, denotes pre-eminence of rank over figure 11. not only by the greater value of the metal,† but by the superior number of points raised upon it. The shoes are blackish, the hose red, striped across or rayed with brown or with a darker red, his codpiece yellow, his doublet yellow, with yellow side-sleeves, and red arming sleeves, or down-sleeves. The form of his doublet is remarkable. There is great variety in the dresses and attitudes of the Morris dancers on the window, but an ocular observation will give a more accurate idea of this and of other particulars than a verbal description.

Figure 12. is the counterfeit fool, that was kept in the royal palace, and in all great houses, to make sport for the family. He appears with all the badges of his office; the bauble in his hand, and a cockcomb hood with asses ears on his head. The top of the hood rises into the form of a cock's neck and head, with a bell at the latter; and Minshew's *Dictionary*, 1627, under the word *cock's comb*, observes, that "natural idiots and fools have [accustomed] and still do accustom themselves to wear in their cappes cocke's feathers or a hat with a necke and a head of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon," &c. His hood is blue, guarded or edged with yellow at its scalloped bottom, his doublet is red, striped across or rayed with a deeper red, and edged with yellow, his girdle yellow, his left side hose yellow, with a red shoe, and his right side hose blue, soled with red leather. Stowe's *Chronicle*, 1614, p. 899, mentions a pair of cloth-stockings soled with white leather called "cashambles," that is, "Chausses semelles de cuir," as Mr. Anstis, on the Knighthood of the Bath, observes. The fool's bauble and the carved head with asses ears upon it are all yellow. There is in *Olaus Magnus*, 1555, p. 524, a delineation of a fool, or jester, with several bells upon his habit, with a bauble in his hand, and he has on his head a hood with asses ears, a feather, and the resemblance of the comb of a cock. Such jesters seem to have been formerly much caressed by the northern nations,

\* The right hand file is the first in dignity and account, or in degree of value, according to Count Mansfield's *Directions of War*, 1624.

† The ancient kings of France wore gilded helmets, the dukes and counts wore silvered ones. See Selden's *Titles of Honour for the raised points of Coronets*.

especially in the court of Denmark; and perhaps our ancient *jo-culator regis* might mean such a person.

A gentleman of the highest class in historical literature, apprehends, that the representation upon my window is that of a Morris dance procession about a May-pole; and he inclines to think, yet with many doubts of its propriety in a modern painting, that the personages in it rank in the bouftrophedon form. By this arrangement (says he) the piece seems to form a regular whole, and the train is begun and ended by a fool in the following manner: Figure 12. is the well-known fool. Figure 11. is a Morisco, and figure 10. a Spaniard, persons peculiarly pertinent to the Morris dance; and he remarks that the Spaniard obviously forms a sort of middle term betwixt the Moorish and the English characters, having the great fantastical sleeve of the one, and the laced stomacher of the other. Figure 9. is Tom the Piper. Figure 8. the May-pole. Then follow the English characters, representing as he apprehends, the five great ranks of civil life. Figure 7. is the franklin, or private gentleman. Figure 6. is a plain churl or villane. He takes figure 5. the man within the hobby-horse, to be perhaps a Moorish king, and from many circumstances of superior grandeur plainly pointed out as the greatest personage of the piece, the monarch of the May, and the intended consort of our English Maid Marian. Figure 4. is a nobleman. Figure 3. the friar, the representative of all the clergy. Figure 2. is Maid Marian, queen of May. Figure 1. the lesser fool closes the rear.

My description commences where this concludes, or I have reversed this gentleman's arrangement, by which in either way the train begins and ends with a fool; but I will not assert that such a disposition was designedly observed by the painter.

With regard to the antiquity of the painted glass there is no memorial or traditional account transmitted to us; nor is there any date in the room but this, 1621, which is over a door, and which indicates in my opinion the year of building the house. The book of *Sports or lawful Recreations upon Sunday after Evening-prayers, and upon Holy-days*, published by King James in 1618, allowed May-games, Morris dances, and the setting up of May-poles; and, as Ben Jonson's Masque of *The Metamorphosed Gypsies*, intimates, that Maid Marian, and the friar, together with the often forgotten hobby-horse, were sometimes continued in the Morris dance as late as the year 1621, I once thought that the glass might be stained about that time; but my present objections to this are the following ones. It seems from the prologue to the play of *King Henry VIII.* that Shakspeare's fools should be dressed "in a long motley coat guarded with yellow;" but the fool upon my window is not so habited; and he has upon his head a hood, which I apprehend might be the coverture of the fool's head before the days of Shakspeare, when it was a cap with a comb like a cock's, as

both Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson assert, and they seem justified in doing so from King Lear's fool giving Kent his cap, and calling it his coxcomb. I am uncertain, whether any judgement can be formed from the manner of spelling the inscribed inscription upon the May-pole, upon which is displayed the old banner of England, and not the union flag of Great Britain, or St. George's red cross and St. Andrew's white cross joined together, which was ordered by King James in 1606, as Stowe's *Chronicle* certifies. Only one of the doublets has buttons, which I conceive were common in Queen Elizabeth's reign; nor have any of the figures ruffs, which fashion commenced in the latter days of Henry VIII. and from their want of beards also I am inclined to suppose they were delineated before the year 1535, when "King Henry VIII. commanded all about his court to poll their heads, and caused his own to be polled, and his beard to be notted, and no more shaven." Probably the glass was painted in his youthful days, when he delighted in May-games, unless it may be judged to be of much higher antiquity by almost two centuries.

Such are my conjectures upon a subject of so much obscurity; but it is high time to resign it to one more conversant with the history of our ancient dresses. TOLLST.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.













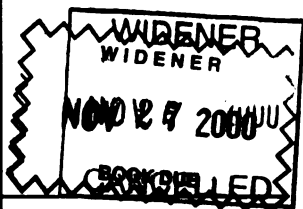
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